© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

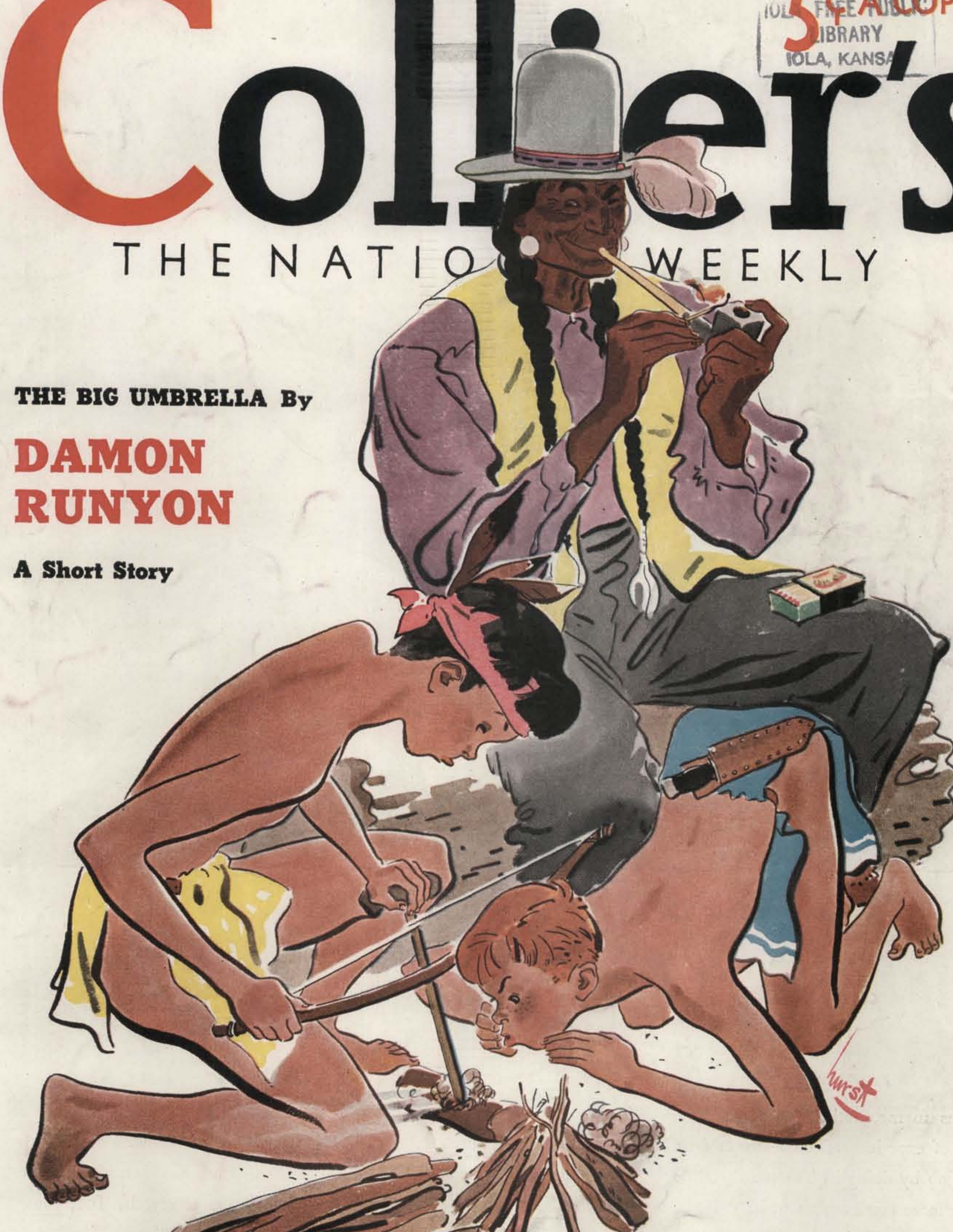
August 7, 1937

5¢ A COPY

IOL FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSA

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

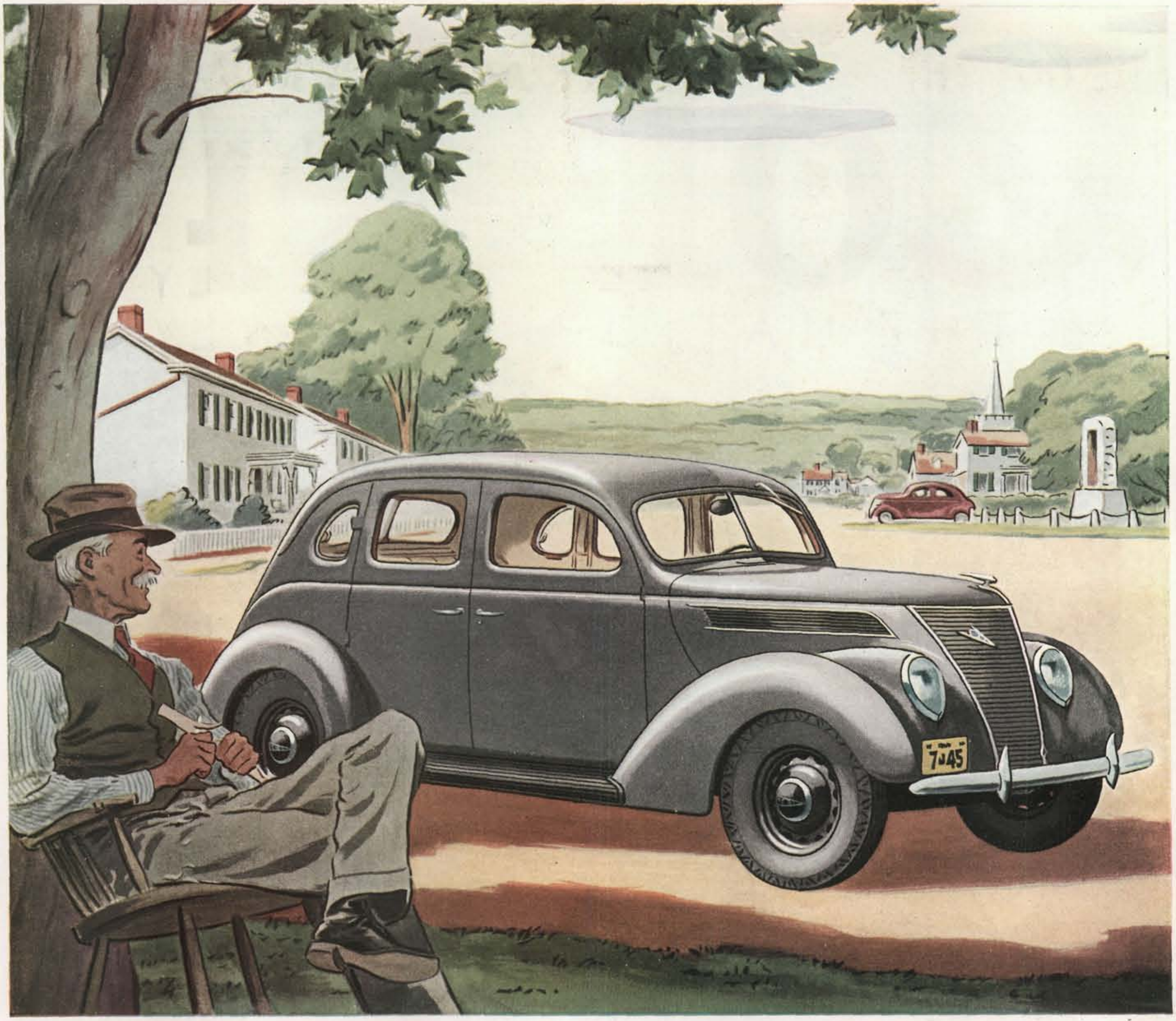


THE BIG UMBRELLA By

DAMON RUNYON

A Short Story

Aug. 7, 1937



"A man learns a lot, building 25 million cars!"

"Seems to me, nothing ever takes the place of experience. You learn to do a good job by doing it. The more you do it, the more you learn about it.

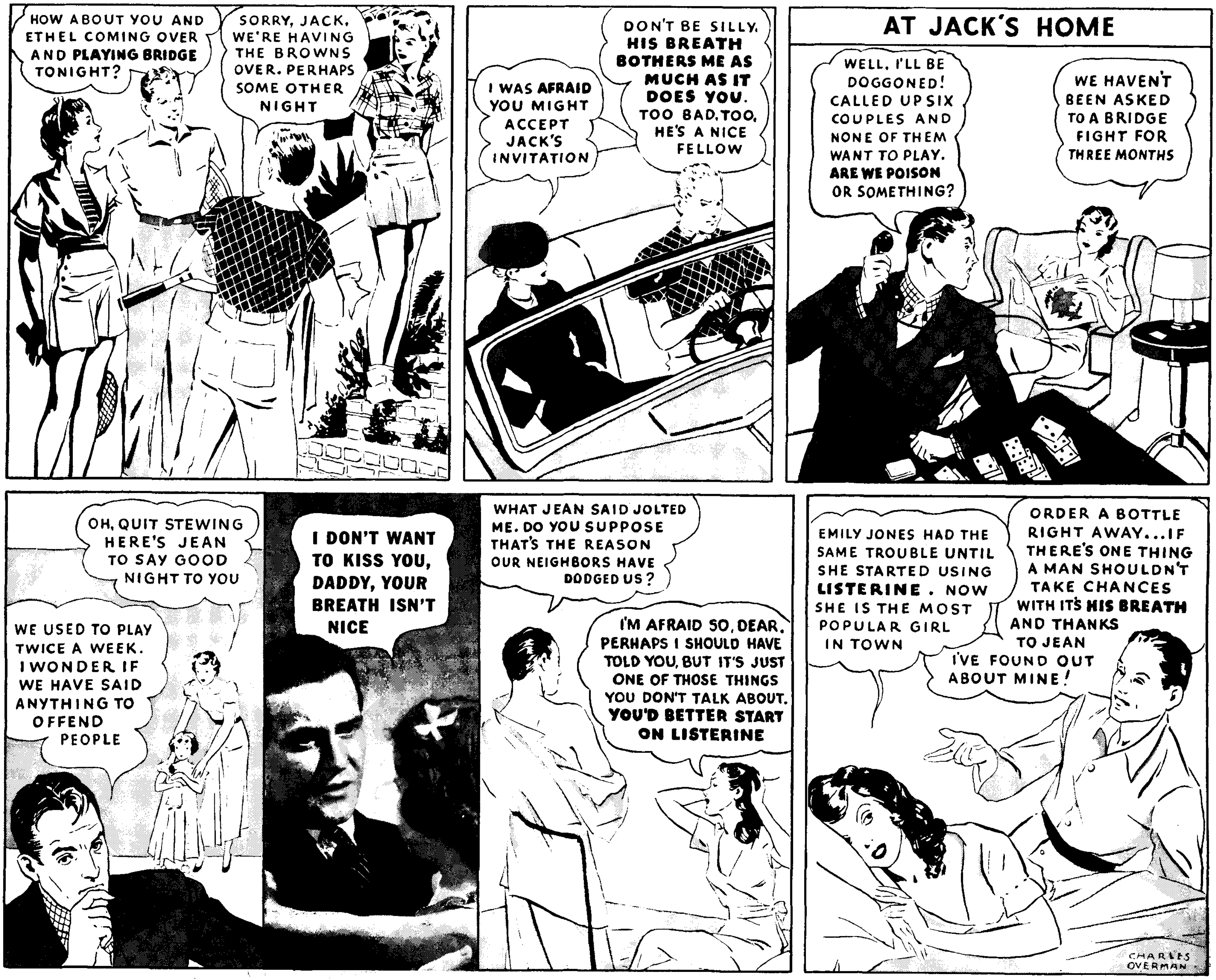
"Take cars, for instance. They tell me Henry Ford has built 25 million. Nobody else ever had near that much experience. So, the way I figure, Henry Ford's the man I want to build my car.

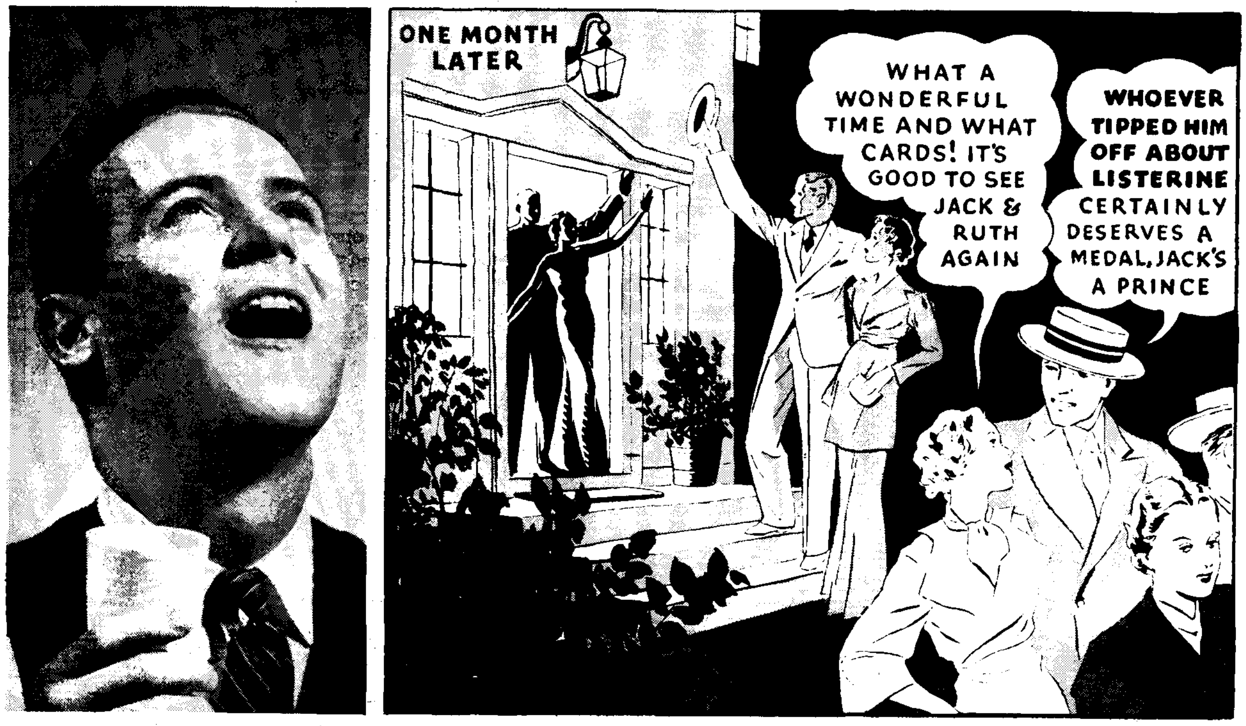
"Besides, all those cars weren't sold—most were bought. Bought because folks got more for their money—because Henry Ford did a better job every year.

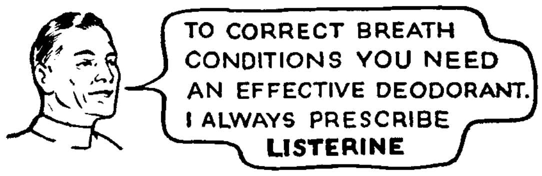
"This year's Ford is the best yet. Handles easy, rides easy, runs smooth and sweet. I know. One day after I'd been sitting here watching the Fords go by, I says to myself, 'Jud, you go buy one.' And I did!"

FORD V·8

HE GOT THE TRUTH FROM HIS OWN DAUGHTER


HOW ABOUT YOU AND ETHEL COMING OVER AND PLAYING BRIDGE TONIGHT?
SORRY, JACK, WE'RE HAVING THE BROWNS OVER. PERHAPS SOME OTHER NIGHT
I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT ACCEPT JACK'S INVITATION
DON'T BE SILLY. HIS BREATH BOTHERS ME AS MUCH AS IT DOES YOU. TOO BAD, TOO, HE'S A NICE FELLOW
AT JACK'S HOME
WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! CALLED UP SIX COUPLES AND NONE OF THEM WANT TO PLAY. ARE WE POISON OR SOMETHING?
WE HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED TO A BRIDGE FIGHT FOR THREE MONTHS
OH, QUIT STEWING HERE'S JEAN TO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO YOU
WE USED TO PLAY TWICE A WEEK. I WONDER IF WE HAVE SAID ANYTHING TO OFFEND PEOPLE
I DON'T WANT TO KISS YOU, DADDY, YOUR BREATH ISN'T NICE
WHAT JEAN SAID JOLTED ME. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT'S THE REASON OUR NEIGHBORS HAVE DODGED US?
I'M AFRAID SO, DEAR. PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU, BUT IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT. YOU'D BETTER START ON LISTERINE
EMILY JONES HAD THE SAME TROUBLE UNTIL SHE STARTED USING LISTERINE. NOW SHE IS THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN
ORDER A BOTTLE RIGHT AWAY...IF THERE'S ONE THING A MAN SHOULDN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH IT'S HIS BREATH AND THANKS TO JEAN I'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT MINE!
CHARLES OVERMAN


ONE MONTH LATER
WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME AND WHAT CARDS! IT'S GOOD TO SEE JACK & RUTH AGAIN
WHOEVER TIPPED HIM OFF ABOUT LISTERINE CERTAINLY DESERVES A MEDAL, JACK'S A PRINCE


TO CORRECT BREATH CONDITIONS YOU NEED AN EFFECTIVE DEODORANT. I ALWAYS PRESCRIBE LISTERINE

WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY? Modern habits explain why so many people have halitosis—(bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social and business engagements. It's just what you need—a quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves; kills millions of odor-producing bacteria outright. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable.

LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis **(BAD BREATH)** *use* **LISTERINE**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

August 7, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN**
Associate Editors

Next Week

HONOR had been engaged for two years before she went to work for Paul Cartwright. He was something new in her experience, a man of the world with the glamor of great affairs and far places about him. But Paul Cartwright was married.

That didn't keep him from falling in love with Honor or her from falling with him. There was nothing, he said, that he wouldn't do for her. The earth and its treasures were to be hers. Next week Kathleen Norris begins the new short serial "Heartbroken Melody."

THERE was a little difference of opinion in Washington last spring between Senator Vandenberg and Secretary Perkins. The senator said that employment was almost up to the 1929 level; how then, he inquired, could there be as many unemployed as the relief rolls indicated? Miss Perkins replied that the government was feeding the unemployed and therefore could be relied on to know how many there were. The argument was never settled. In an article entitled "What a Relief!" Dr. Carl Norcross reveals the reason for confusion and goes straight to the heart of the unemployment problem.

BARTY BRANIGAN, the battling boxer from Bellview, was less formidable than his name. He was a nice young man, a dancer, an amateur boxer and a bank clerk—until his boxing won him too much publicity. Judy was just a dancer, but she knew all about fighters and didn't like them. Their story is told in "Smart Work," by Joseph F. Dinneen.

HELEN VINSON, who in private life is Mrs. Fred Perry, alternates between watching her famous husband perform on the tennis court and performing herself in Hollywood. The only thing she fails to take seriously is life. Kyle Crichton tells her story.

THE small circumstance that led Paul Webb to fill and test his fountain pen in a department store had *curious results. It led to one man's* death, restored another's sanity and a woman's happiness. Though why all this was so will never be clear to Paul. Harry Klingsberg explains it in "Chains May Break."

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN writes the Short Short Story. W. B. Courtney, Henry Anton Steig, J. D. Ratcliff, William MacHarg, George F. Worts, Freling Foster and others complete the issue. Watch for them!

This Week

SHORT STORIES

DAMON RUNYON
The Big Umbrella. Battle royal. Page 9

H. VERNOR DIXON
Experience Not Necessary. She stopped the show. Page 16

FREDERICK NEBEL
The Human Side. Written evidence. Page 19

JAMES H. STREET
Bayou Man. Romance in the swampland. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Night by a Wagon Trail, by Alan Le May. Page 12

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS
Dangerous Young Man, Part VIII. Fame at the wrong moment. Page 14

ROSE FRANKEN and WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
Call Back Love, Conclusion. Answering the call. Page 48

ARTICLES

T. R. YBARRA
Spain à la Franco. A dictator in the rough. Page 13

RUTH CARSON
Home Relief. Light housekeeping made lighter. Page 15

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Aiming to Please. Skeet champion. Page 18

W. B. COURTNEY
Don't Call Me Napoleon. Edgar S. Gorrell, teaching teamwork on high. Page 25

●

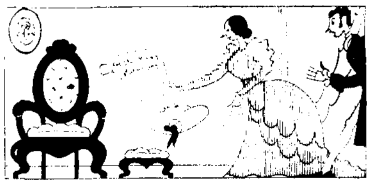
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A thing or two. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Religion in a Free Land. Page 62

COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

Any Week

IT WAS last fall when the presidential campaign was hottest that a fellow editor told us that he had been asked for the address of Thomas Jefferson. We had some trouble believing that one. But our turn came the other day. From Mr. John George Hartwig of St. Louis, president of the Eugene Field Society, we got a letter addressed to "Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, author of Sonnets from the Portuguese." Feeling that Mrs. Browning would not mind, we opened the letter. This is what Mr. Hartwig had to say: "Dear Fellow Author: At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eugene Field Society a resolution was adopted to the effect that an Honorary Membership may be conferred upon an author, in recognition of his or her outstanding contribution to contemporary literature. The literary skill and craftsmanship of your published works entitle you to an Honorary Membership, and I am therefore pleased to advise you that we will (subject to your approval) enter your name on the Roll of Honorary Members, and issue a certificate of Honorary Membership. A certificate engrossed on parchment paper, suitable for framing, will be mailed to you upon request. Wishing you continued success in your writing career, I am . . ."

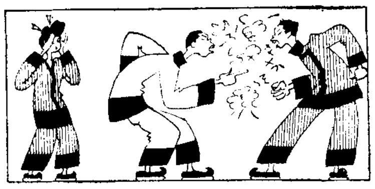


IT ALWAYS saddens us to learn that recognition comes thus to an author too late. We feel that Mrs. Browning would have enjoyed Honorary Membership in the Eugene Field Society along with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Upton Sinclair, Faith Baldwin and the Rev. F. J. McAuliffe, editor of Our Sunday Visitor—selecting just a few names from the Honorary Membership. We wouldn't be at all surprised, too, if things might have gone better in Wimpole Street had Mrs. Browning lived to accept her certificate instead of dying in 1861. However, Mrs. Browning was something of a Spiritualist and Mr. Hartwig might consult a good medium.

HAD the honor gone to Mr. King Hephzibah of Sacramento, California, Mr. Hartwig might have got much prompter action. Mr. Hephzibah read George Creel's "Judge Hunting" in this magazine, wherein Mr. Creel set forth a pretty formidable list of names from which the President might choose if he were to have his way about the Supreme Court. It's just a laugh to Mr. Hephzibah, who says: "Not one of them knows what the figure 1 stands for in numbers. How then can they know anything about the law? They come from the University of Chicago, Yale, Harvard, Oklahoma, etc. None of these institutions teaches education. How then can they teach law?"

IF WE were Mrs. Beryl Guth of Chicago, Illinois, we'd write to Mr. Hephzibah. We suspect that he'd be even more interested than we are in a beauty suggestion she is nurturing. "What," asks Mrs. Guth, "is more terror-striking than the bells of fire engines in the dead of night? Is this necessary? If we must have bells on fire engines why not beautiful chimes, the Westminster chimes for example? Then, awakened from our sleep, we shall know that some poor soul's house is in flames but we shall be able to sink back to our slumbers peacefully with a prayer for the unfortunate house owner."

THE moment we see our rambling Far East reporter, Jim Marshall, we shall ask him to answer a nasty one put to us by Mr. Evan David of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Asks Mr. David: "Do the Chinese people ever swear or use any sort of profane language?" We wouldn't know offhand. But something tells us that if they have a little profanity around nobody could justly blame them for using it.



"WOULD you be interested in an autobiography of an unknown person who has never been north of Chicago, south of Louisville, west of St. Louis or east of Dayton, Ohio?" asks Mr. Lewis G. Sonenberg of Indianapolis, Indiana. "This person has spent the last twenty-seven years on the front porch of his home watching the world go by. He has read more than three thousand books—novels, biography, science, travel, religion and art. And not one thing in any of those books has been new to him. Everything they contained has passed by his front porch in twenty-seven years."

AND probably a lot more.

Vol. 100, No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return.

The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada: $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

6 YEARS THRU BLIZZARDS, DUST-STORMS

NEBRASKA SALESMAN "SAVES ON PLYMOUTH!"

"The Car that Stands Up Best"

"Plymouth can take it," says Curtis Weiler, Omaha. "I've never had engine head or pan off any of my four Plymouths... and 80% of my driving is over gravel or dirt roads!"

BIG New Plymouth is Even Greater Value

THROUGH every kind of Nebraska weather Curtis Weiler has driven Plymouth cars for six years.

"I've had four of them...piled up 161,930 miles...spent next to nothing for the few repairs needed...and have never had an engine head or pan removed," he says.

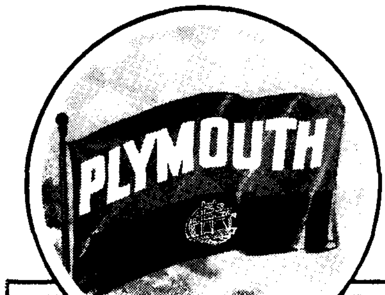
EVERYWHERE you find such Plymouth records...and, in the case of the big, new Plymouth, even more impressive ones!

It's the *only* low-priced car with an all-steel body, double-action hydraulic brakes and a Safety Interior.

SEE Plymouth's roominess. FEEL how the big, airplane-type shock-absorbers swallow bumps and jolts. How live rubber body mountings stop vibration and rumble.

Plymouth owners report 18 to 24 miles to a gallon of gas...*lowest* oil consumption and upkeep.

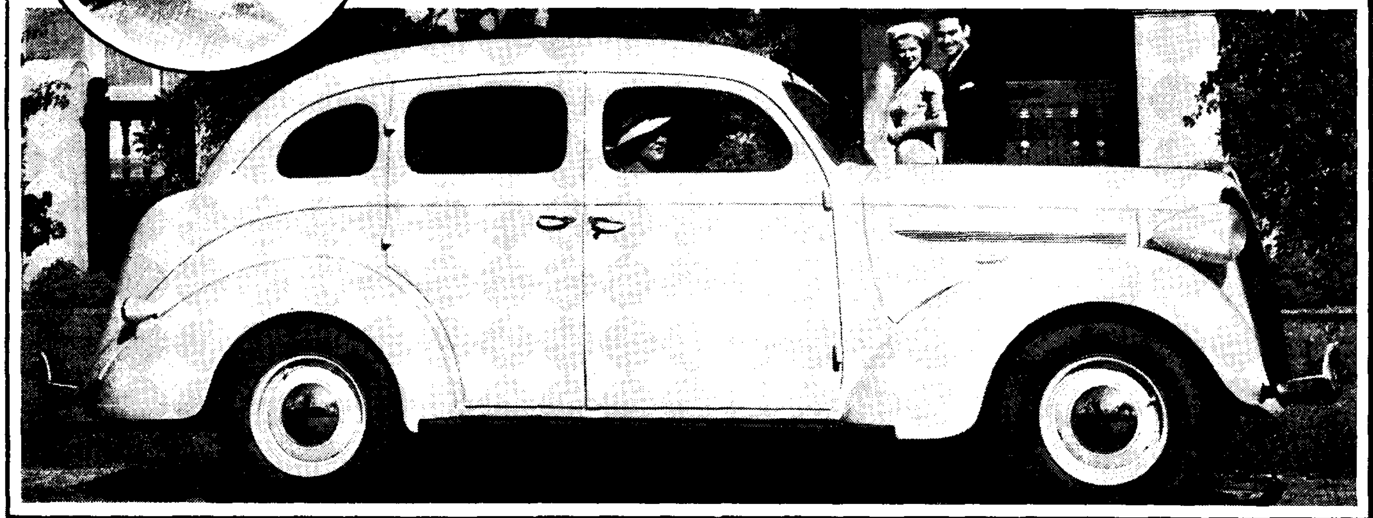
Take a new Plymouth for a drive. See for yourself why it's the car that stands up best!—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



BEST BUY OF "ALL THREE"

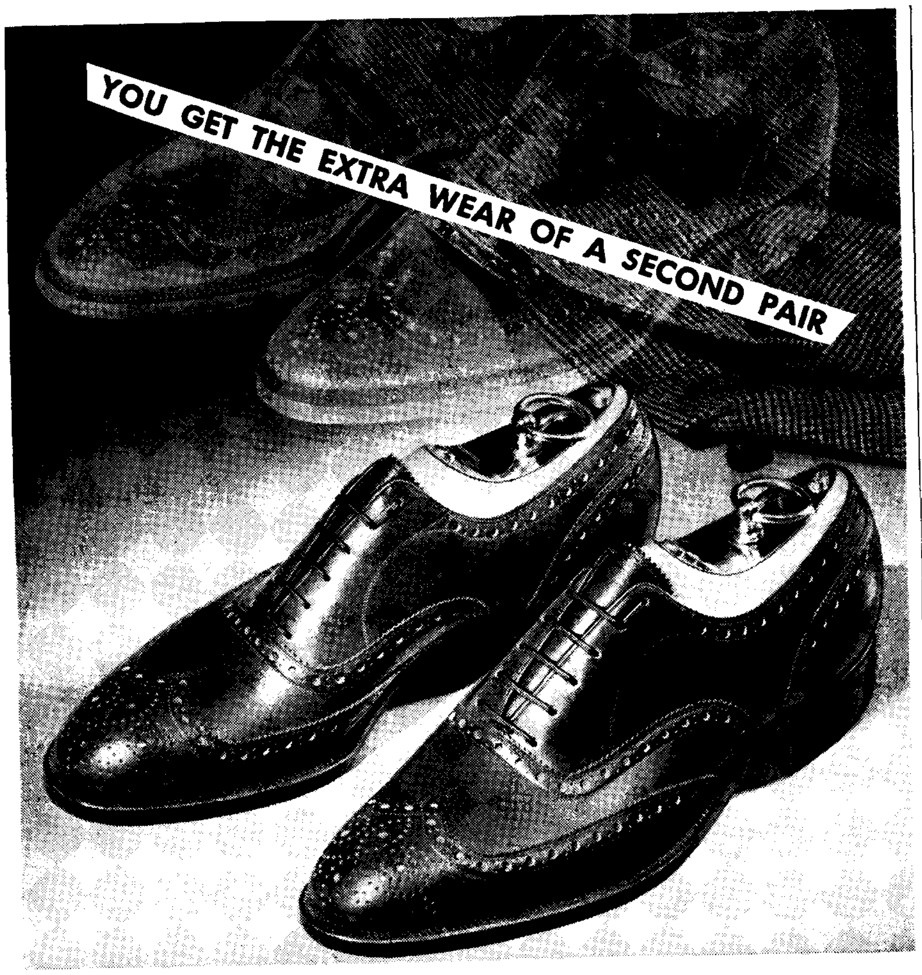
TODAY, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and offers you very convenient terms. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through all De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers—terms which make it exceptionally easy to purchase a new Plymouth *today*.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p. m., E. D. S. T.



BIGGEST of "All Three" low-priced cars...pictured above is the beautiful new Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan with spacious built-in trunk.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



Months and Miles
of Added EXTRA WEAR

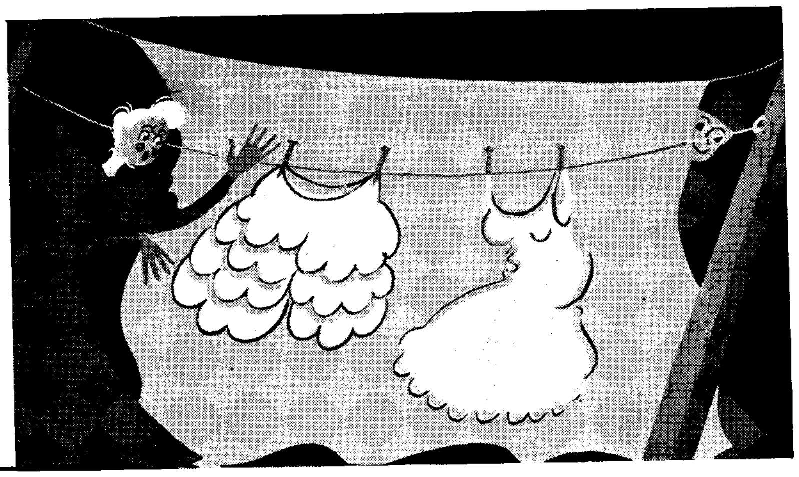
When the last page has been written in the life of an ordinary shoe, there still remain many glorious untold chapters in the career of a Florsheim. "Finis" comes late in the life of a Florsheim Shoe . . . because every Florsheim is built to give "the extra wear of a second pair." Where other shoes drop out of the running, Florsheims march stalwartly on, conquering precious months and miles of added, extra wear. High in miles-per-pair . . . low in cost-per-mile . . . that's *real* economy . . . it's what you get in Florsheims. *Style illustrated above,* The SAXON, S-748, *a wing tip model in brown calfskin with the patented Ped Flex construction that needs no "breaking-in."*

MOST STYLES

$9.50 AND $10

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Women's underwear was first sold over an American counter in New York in 1876. Until then, all such garments were made in the home because they were considered too intimate to be displayed in a showcase or shop window. Even when hung on an outdoor clothesline, they were concealed from the coarse gaze of passing males by a sheet.

In a cemetery in Cairo, Egypt, stands a $150,000 mausoleum which contains, in addition to its vaults, a luxuriously furnished apartment with two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen, radio, telephone and electric-light plant. In this tomb lives its bachelor owner who, delighted with its magnificence, moved in on the day it was finished.

The largest candle in history, so far as is known, was set up in Naples in 1924 as a memorial to Enrico Caruso. Requiring the work of five men for four months, it was eighteen feet in height, seven feet in circumference, weighed three tons and cost about $5,000. Lighted for 24 hours on every All Souls' Day, this candle is expected to last for 1,800 years.

Although Lima, Peru, has a population of 300,000, most of its streets still have a different name for each block. Thus if a thoroughfare is twenty blocks long, it is quite likely to have twenty different names. Residents, as well as visitors, have a difficult time finding their way around the city, but every attempt to end this confusion has been vigorously opposed.

A "dude ranch for dogs" has been established in the United States. It provides its canine vacationists with good food and soft beds, and offers them the opportunity to enjoy many popular sports such as swimming, hunting and hiking.—*By Margaret Clark, Manhattan Beach, California.*

An amazing coincidence occurred recently in San Francisco harbor. In 1914 two tankers, with the same dimensions, equipment and owners, were built in the same shipyard. In 1922 one collided with a steamer and sank. In March, 1937, the other vessel collided with the same kind of steamer, in the same manner and place and under the same circumstances, and then sank crosswise upon its sister ship.—*By Stanley Smith, Aberdeen, Washington.*

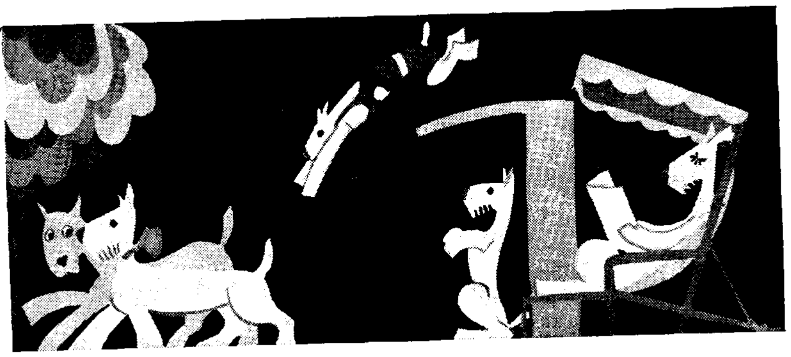
Although the tails of comets have been 200 million miles in length and visible, even in daylight, at incredible distances from the earth, their density is so slight that stars sometimes shine through them almost undimmed.—*By Michael Selfo, New York City.*

The only mirage that has been given its own individual name is "The City of Fra Luchinu," which appears on calm, misty mornings in the sky off the coast of Mazzara del Vallo, Sicily.

In Japan, a professional wrestling match rarely begins when the gong is rung. The wrestlers walk about the ring, make faces at each other and do a few exercises. In the old days, sometimes an hour would pass before they worked themselves into the proper mood. But this "stalling" time is now limited to ten minutes.

Christendom did not begin to date its years from the birth of Christ until almost 550 A. D., when the method was introduced by Dionysius Exiguus, a learned monk of Rome.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

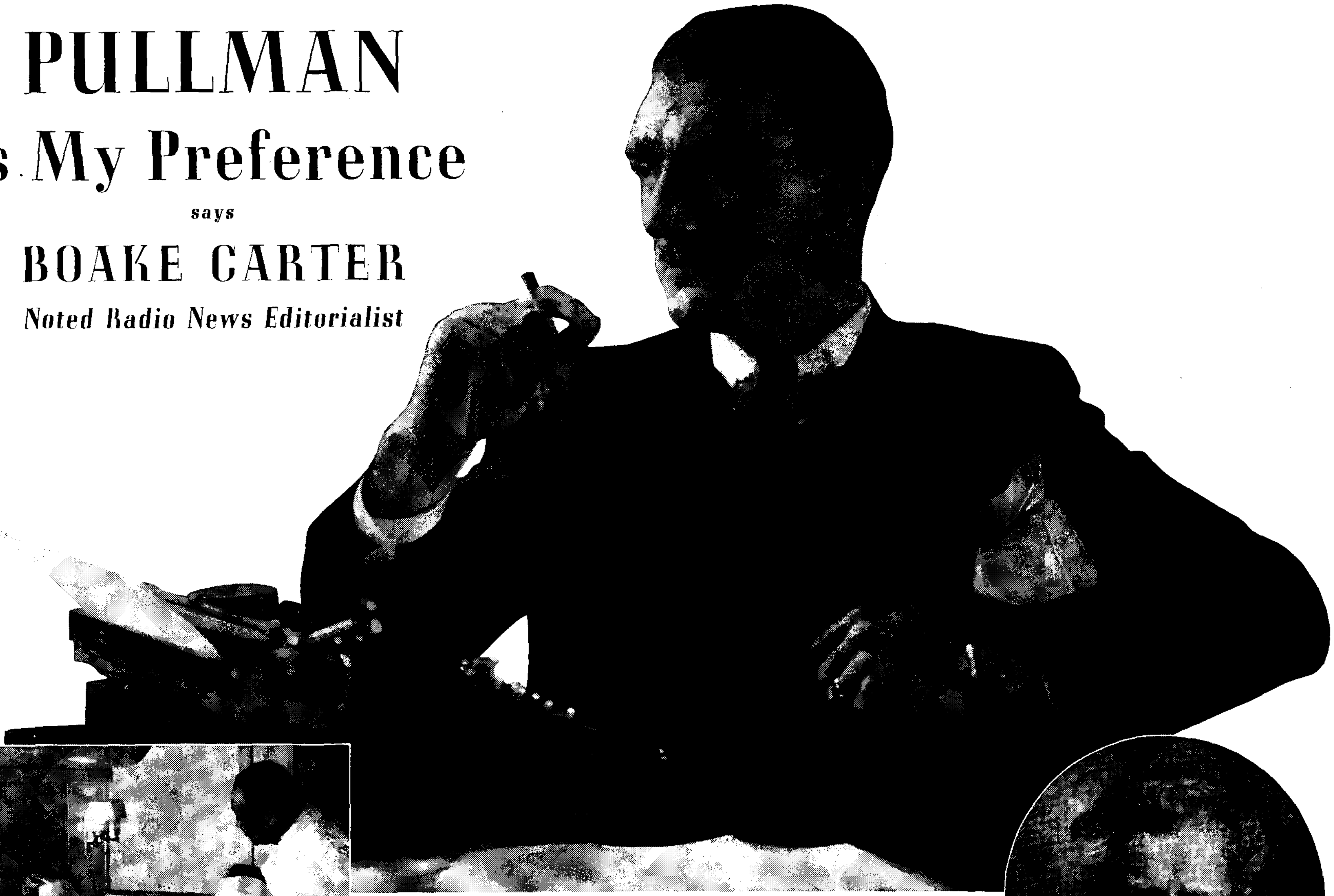


PULLMAN
Is My Preference

says

BOAKE CARTER

Noted Radio News Editorialist



Youth Will Be Served. "My three-year-old son started his Pullman career at the age of six months," says MRS. W. H. HATTENDORF, Little Theatre enthusiast, Western Springs, Ill. "He didn't say so, but I'm sure he was as appreciative as I am of the niceties of Pullman service and the employes' sincere interest in our welfare."

"When I have to 'buzz off' on a trip, Pullman is my preference. Almost every trip I make ends at a microphone. I have to arrive fresh, ready to work. On dozens and dozens of trips around the country, and on many shorter rides, too, I always pick a Pullman drawing room because of its homelike comfort and privacy."

Boake Carter

Incredibly Perfect Service
ARNOLD GENTHE, world-famous photographer and traveler, says: "As a frequent traveler for more than forty years, I am continually impressed with the innovations and comforts of Pullman service. Its perfection is incredible!"

THE Pullman car is spotlessly clean, it is quiet, it is smooth-riding. There is warmth and hospitality, together with a marked consideration of each other's desires between fellow passengers. To travel by Pullman is to travel as a guest, served by a staff trained in the art of making you feel at ease. You enjoy every minute of your journey.

Pullman is the Safest Transportation in the World

The main reason why so many persons invariably take a Pullman is its proved *safety*. It is the safest transportation in the world. And it is the most dependable, come fair weather or bad. You always get there.

The reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations makes them available to every traveler. Pullman service may be had on railroads throughout the nation and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. Your ticket agent will give you full information on Pullman accommodations and their reasonable cost to your destination. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

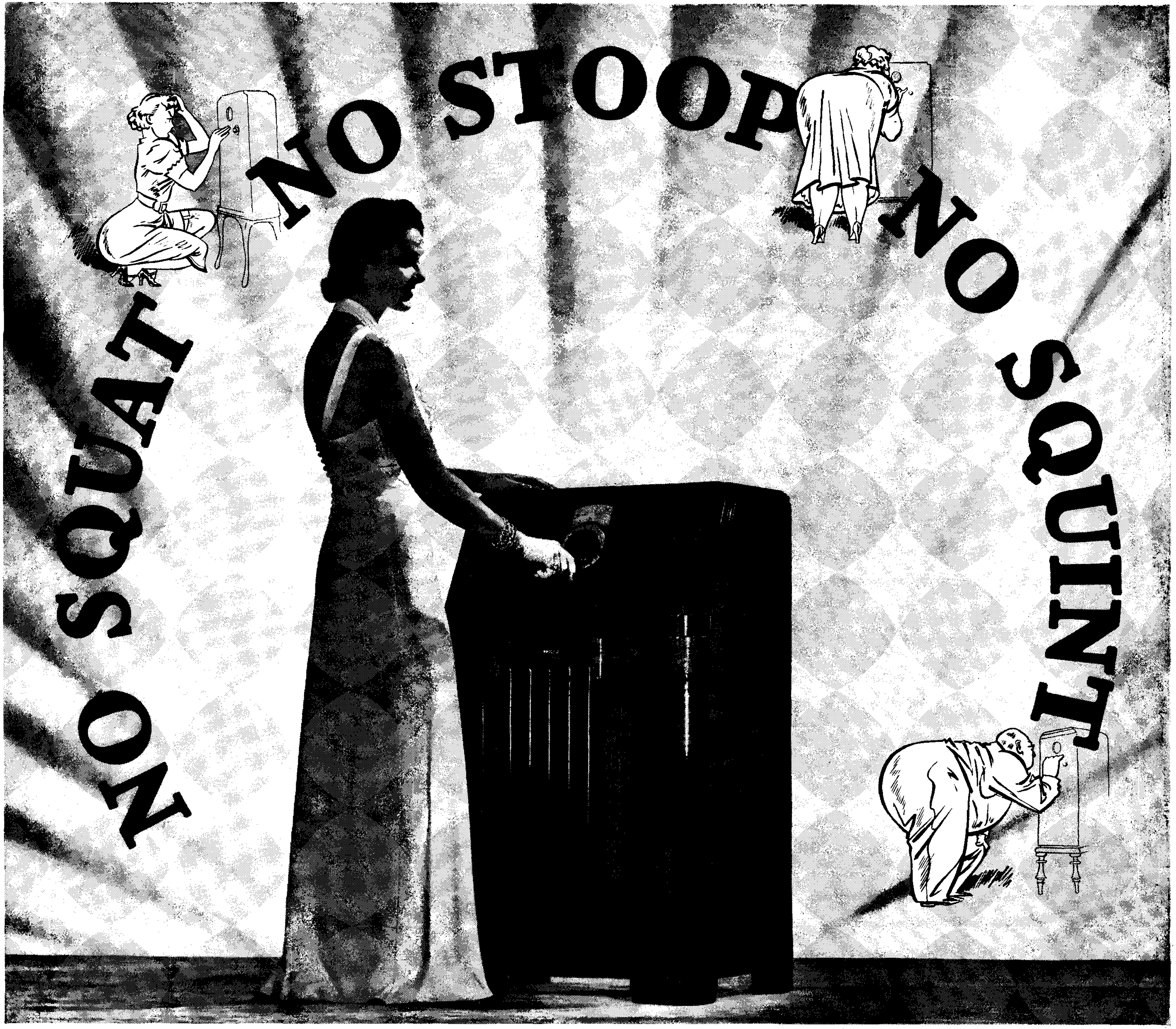
The Art of Making Beds
There is a touch of magic in the way a Pullman bed is made. A generous "pleat" or "expansion tuck" is left in sheet and covers along the inside and at the foot of the berth. You can turn with freedom, yet bedclothes won't pull out; and every wrinkle is smoothed away as perfectly as Pullman sleep smooths away fatigue and care.

All testimonial statements in this advertisement were furnished without compensation

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Copyright 1937, The Pullman Company



with the 1938 Automatic Tuning PHILCO

Radio marches on! For today, and for tomorrow, Philco presents an entirely new radio . . . definitely in tune with the times.

Walk up to this new 1938 Philco 116XX with its *Inclined Control Panel*. Note how the incline enables you to see the call letters of your favorite stations on the Automatic Tuning Dial. You tune with ease and with grace, whether you are sitting or standing. With one silent turn of the Dial you bring in the station you want . . . tuned with absolute precision.

Then note how the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board brings every note up to your ear-level and preserves and amplifies the bass . . . how Philco High-Fidelity more than doubles the tonal range of ordinary radios . . . how the Philco Acoustic Clarifiers eliminate "boom."

Turn from the standard broadcast band to the four short-wave tuning ranges. Notice how foreign stations, police calls, aviation and amateur bands are all named and located on the dial and spread six times farther apart for easy, accurate tuning. This is just the visible part of the built-in Philco Foreign Tuning System which, with the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial, more than doubles the number of short-wave stations you can get and enjoy.

Never before in all the world has such a radio existed . . . Power, Selectivity, Tone, Range, Automatic Tuning . . . everything you could wish for in radio combined in this grand new Musical Instrument of Quality, the 1938 Philco 116XX.

The radio you now have may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and about $1.00 a week, without any red tape. Your Philco dealer will tell you about this Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

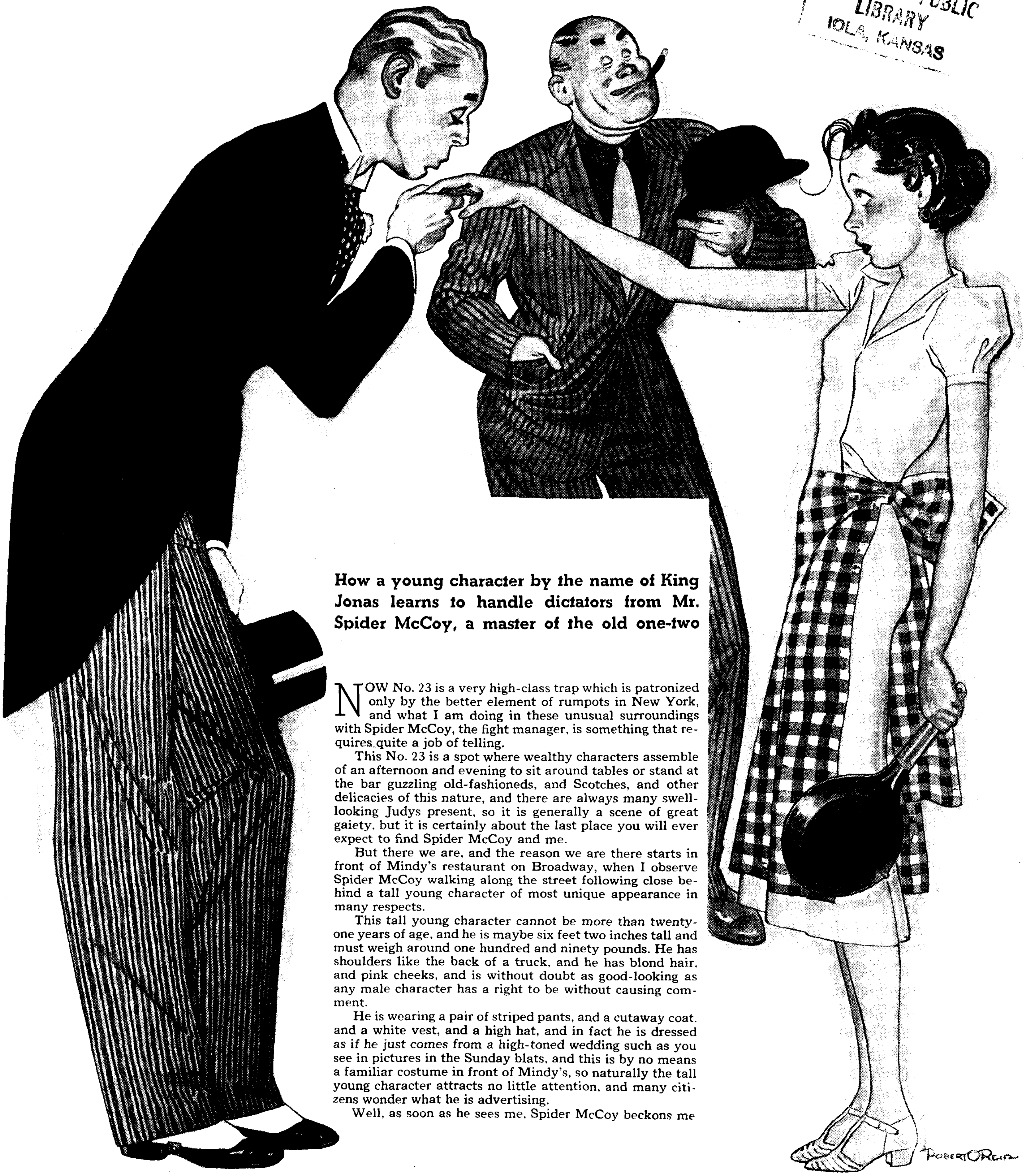
Be sure to ask your dealer to show you the new
DOUBLE-X PHILCOS

PHILCO *A Musical Instrument of Quality*

The Big Umbrella

By Damon Runyon

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS



Spider introduces Jonas to her, and right away Jonas grabs her hand and lifts it to his lips, and this astonishes Margie no little

How a young character by the name of King Jonas learns to handle dictators from Mr. Spider McCoy, a master of the old one-two

NOW No. 23 is a very high-class trap which is patronized only by the better element of rumpots in New York, and what I am doing in these unusual surroundings with Spider McCoy, the fight manager, is something that requires quite a job of telling.

This No. 23 is a spot where wealthy characters assemble of an afternoon and evening to sit around tables or stand at the bar guzzling old-fashioneds, and Scotches, and other delicacies of this nature, and there are always many swell-looking Judys present, so it is generally a scene of great gaiety, but it is certainly about the last place you will ever expect to find Spider McCoy and me.

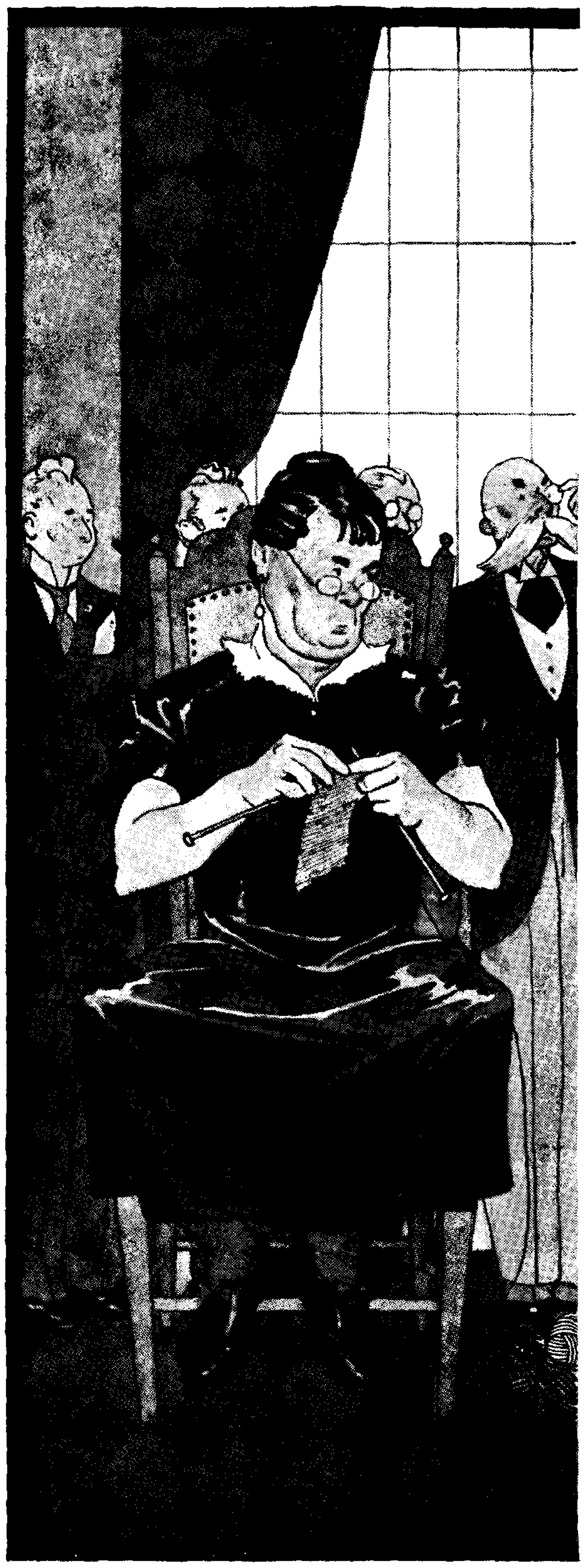
But there we are, and the reason we are there starts in front of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, when I observe Spider McCoy walking along the street following close behind a tall young character of most unique appearance in many respects.

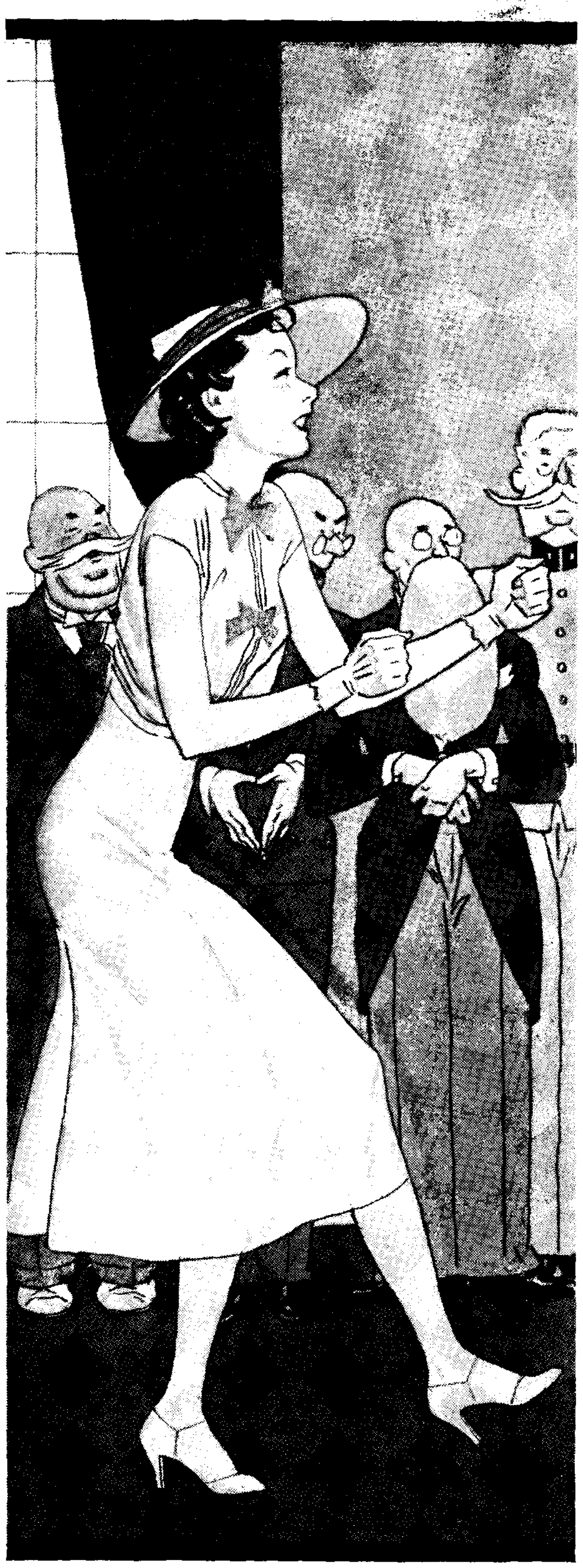
This tall young character cannot be more than twenty-one years of age, and he is maybe six feet two inches tall and must weigh around one hundred and ninety pounds. He has shoulders like the back of a truck, and he has blond hair, and pink cheeks, and is without doubt as good-looking as any male character has a right to be without causing comment.

He is wearing a pair of striped pants, and a cutaway coat, and a white vest, and a high hat, and in fact he is dressed as if he just comes from a high-toned wedding such as you see in pictures in the Sunday blats, and this is by no means a familiar costume in front of Mindy's, so naturally the tall young character attracts no little attention, and many citizens wonder what he is advertising.

Well, as soon as he sees me, Spider McCoy beckons me

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID





to join him, and as I fall into step with him behind the tall young character, Spider McCoy says to me:

"Sh-h-h-h!" Spider McCoy says. "Here is without doubt the next heavyweight champion of the whole world. I just see him kiss the jockey of a short down the street with a right-hand shot that is positively a lily. It does not travel more than three inches. The jockey takes a run at this party quite ferocious and bap, down he goes as still as a plank under his own cab. It is the best natural right hand I ever see. He reminds me of Jack Dempsey," Spider McCoy says. "Also Gene Tunney."

Well, it is very seldom I see Spider McCoy but what he is speaking of some guy who is the next heavyweight champion of the world, and they nearly always remind him of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, and sometimes of Max Schmeling, so I am about to go on about my business when Spider grabs me by the arm and compels me to accompany him.

"Who is the guy, Spider?" I say.

"What difference does it make who a guy is that can punch like he can?" Spider says. "All I know is he is the next heavyweight champion of the world if he gets in the proper hands, such as mine. The broads will go crazy about his looks and the way he dresses. He will be a wonderful card," Spider says. "You can see by the way he carries himself that he is a natural fighter. He is loose and light on his feet," he says. "Chances are there is plenty of animal in him. I like my fighters to have plenty of animal in them, especially," Spider says, "my heavyweights."

"Well, Spider," I say, "from the way your heavyweights I see knock off that hot meat on you, there is plenty of animal in them. But," I say, "how do you know this party wishes to be a fighter, anyway? Maybe he has other plans in life."

"We will find out," Spider McCoy says. "We will tail him until we learn where he hangs out so I can make a connection with him. Look at his chest development," Spider says. "Look at his small waistline," he says. "Look at the shape of his head."

So we follow the tall young character until he leads us into No. 23, and I notice that Sammy the doorman gives him a very small hello, and I figure the tall young character cannot be anybody much, because when anybody is anybody much, Sammy the doorman gives them a very large hello, indeed. In fact, Sammy's hello to the tall young character is almost as small as the hello he gives us, and this is practically unnoticeable.

WELL, I know Sammy the doorman from back down the years when he is not working in a joint as classy as No. 23, and to tell the truth I know him when he is nothing but a steer for a bust-out joint in West Forty-third, a bust-out joint being a joint where they will cheat your eyeballs out at cards, and dice, and similar devices. So I ask Sammy who the tall young character is, and Sammy says:

"Oh," he says, "he is one of these ex-kings. He comes from some nickel country over in Europe. A dictator gives him the foot off the throne and then chases him out of the country and takes personal charge of matters. His name is Jonas. I mean the ex-king," Sammy says. "They are getting to be quite a nuisance around."

"Is this ex-king holding anything?" I say.

"Nothing," Sammy says. "Not a quarter. The hotel where he is stopping catches him out to a society tea the other afternoon and puts a hickey in his keyhole and now he cannot get at his other clothes and has to go around the way you see him. The chances are," Sammy says, "he is in here looking to cadge a drink or a bite to eat."

Well, Spider McCoy is looking the joint over to see if he can find anybody he knows to introduce him to the ex-king, but when I tell him what Sammy says, Spider at once eases himself up alongside the ex-king and begins talking to him, because Spider knows that when guys are not holding anything they are willing to talk to anybody.

He is somewhat surprised to find that the ex-king speaks English and seems to be a nice, pleasant young character, and the chances are he is by no means high-toned even when he is holding something, so pretty soon Spider is buying him Scotches, although this is by no means a dram that Spider approves of for fighters unless they buy them themselves, and finally Spider says to him like this:

"I SEE you tag that taxi jockey over on Broadway," Spider says. "I never see a more beautiful right in my born days. It reminds me something of Georges Carpentier's right, only," Spider says, "Georges always pulls his just a little before shooting to get more leverage, and you just barely move yours. Why," Spider says, "the more I think of it, the more I am amazed. What does the guy do to vex you?"

"Why," the ex-king says, "he does not do anything to vex me. I am quite unvexed at the time. It is almost inadvertent. The taxi driver gets off his seat and starts to run after a passenger that fails to settle his account with him, and he is about to collide with me there on the sidewalk, so," he says, "I just put out my right hand to ward him off, and he runs into it with his chin and knocks himself unconscious. I must look him up some day, and express my regrets. But," he says, "I will never think of deliberately striking anybody without serious provocation."

Well, at this, Spider McCoy is somewhat nonplused, because he can now see that what he takes for the ex-king's natural punch is merely an accident that may not happen if it is on purpose, and furthermore, the ex-king's expressions are scarcely the expressions of anybody with much animal in them, and Spider is commencing to regret the purchase of the Scotches for the ex-king. In fact, I can see that Spider is reaching a state of mind that may cause him to take a pop at the ex-king for grossly deceiving him.

But Spider McCoy cannot look at six feet two and 190 pounds of anybody under thirty without becoming most avaricious, and so after a couple of more Scotches, he begins feeling the ex-king's muscles, which causes the ex-king to laugh quite heartily, as it seems he is a little ticklish in spots, and finally Spider says:

"Well," he says, "there is undoubtedly great natural strength here, and all it needs is to be properly developed. Why," Spider says, "the more I think of you knocking a guy out by just letting him run into your hand, the more impressed I am. In fact," he says, "I can scarcely get over it. How do you feel about becoming a professional?"

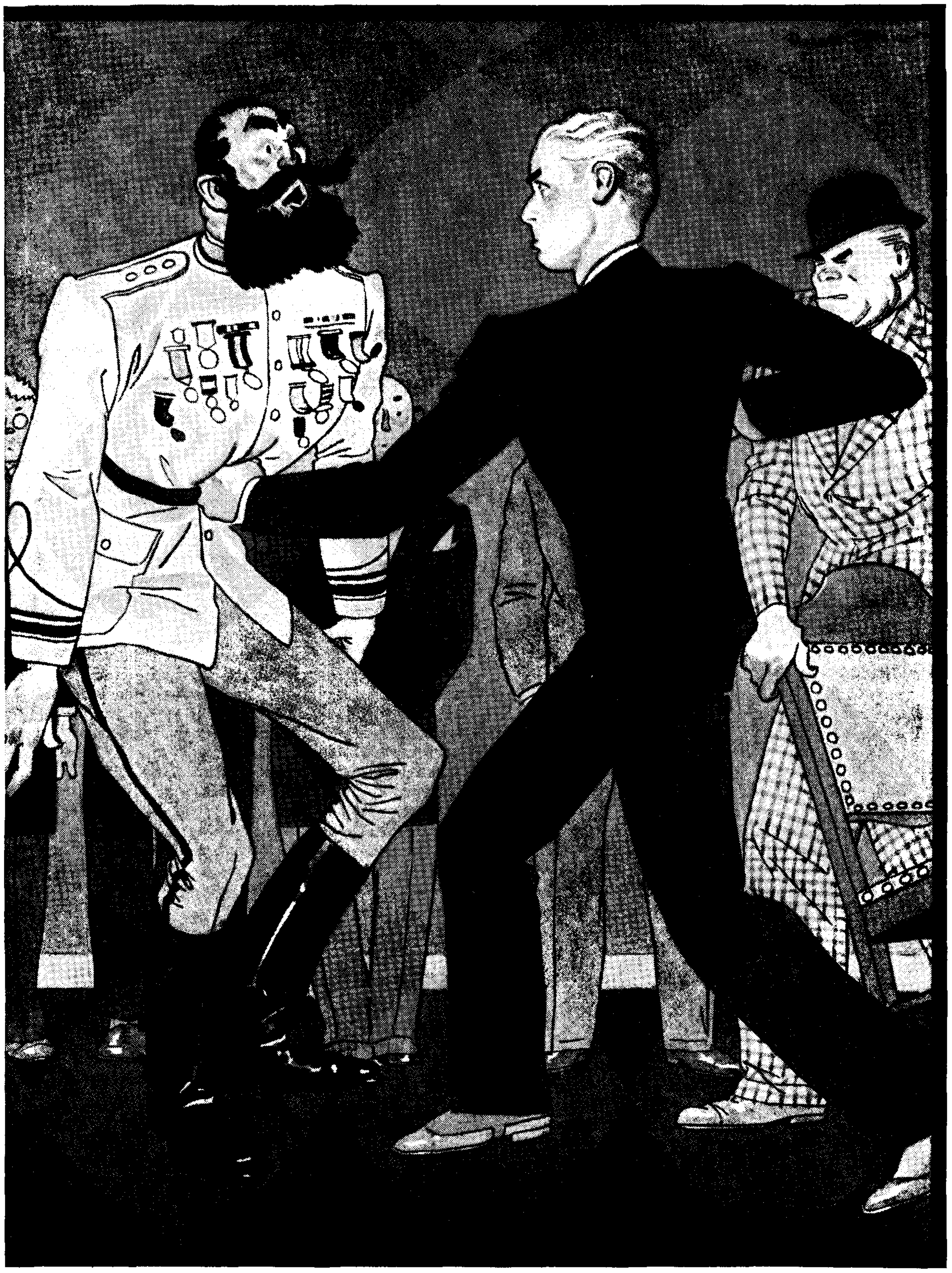
"A professional what?" the ex-king says.

"A professional boxer," Spider says. "It is a name we have in this country for prize fighters."

"I never give such a matter a thought," the ex-king says. "What is the idea?"

"The idea is money," Spider McCoy says. "I hear of other ideas for professional boxing, but," he says, "I do not approve of them, your Majesty."

"Call me Jonas," the ex-king says. "Do you mean to tell me I can make money out of boxing? Well, I will feel right kindly toward anything I can make money out of. I find," he says, "that money seems to be somewhat necessary in this country."



"Downstairs, Jonas," I say. "In the elly-bay, Jonas." So Jonas hits Poltafuss a left hook in the stomach, and Polty goes oof. "The old one-two, Jonas," I say, and Jonas stabs Poltafuss' nose with a long left, then follows through with a right cross

So then Spider McCoy explains to him how he can make a ton of money by winning the heavyweight championship of the world and that all he requires to do this is to have Spider for his manager. Furthermore, Spider explains that all he will ask for being the manager is thirty-three and a third per cent of the ex-king's earnings, with the expenses off the top, which means before they cut up anything.

Well, the ex-king listens very intently and keeps nodding his head to show that he understands, and finally he says:

"In the meantime," he says, "do I eat?"

"The best, your Majesty," Spider says.

"Call me Jonas," the ex-king says again. "All right, then," Jonas says, "I will become heavyweight champion of the world as you say, and make a ton of money, and then I can snap my fingers at Dictator Poltafuss, the dirty rat."

"The big heel," Spider says.

So Spider McCoy takes Jonas to his home, which is in an apartment in West Fiftieth Street, where his orphan niece, Miss Margie Grogan, keeps house for him, and bosses him around no little, and quite some, and I go with them to lend moral support to Spider, because by this time he is slightly Scotched up, and he always likes to have a little moral support when he goes home Scotched.

His niece, Miss Margie Grogan, is a Judy of maybe twenty, and if you like them small, and lively, and with huckleberry hair, and blue eyes, and freckles on the nose, and plenty of temper, she is all right. In fact, I hear some say that Margie is extra all right, but those who say this are younger than I am and maybe not such good judges. Personally, I like them with more heft, and less temper.

It is not a large apartment where Spider McCoy lives, but it is a neat and clean little joint, at that, for Margie is without doubt a good all-around housekeeper. Furthermore, she is much better than a raw hand with a skillet, and she comes flying out of the kitchen with her face red, and her hair all touseled up to meet Spider, but when she sees Jonas behind him she stops, and speaks as follows:

"GOOD grief," Margie says, "another big umbrella."

"What do you mean umbrella?" Spider says.

"Why," Margie says, "something that folds up. I never know you to bring home any other kind."

"This is no umbrella," Spider says. "This is the next heavyweight champion of the world."

"No," Margie says, "it cannot be, for two months you tell me that somebody called Ben Robbins is the next heavyweight champion of the world."

"Ben Robbins is nothing but a bum," Spider says.

"So I find out," Margie says. "Well," she says, "come on in, you and your next heavyweight champion of the world. We are about to put on the corned beef and."

Then Spider introduces Jonas to her, and right away Jonas grabs her hand and lifts it to his lips, and this astonishes Margie no little, and afterward she tells me that she regrets for a moment that she just recently sticks her hand in a pot of boiled onions, and the chances are Jonas does too.

But Miss Margie Grogan is by no means in favor of prize fighters in any manner, shape or form, because all they ever mean to her is an extra plate, and more cooking, and it is plain to be seen that though he seems to be an expert hand-kisser, Jonas is no more welcome than any of the others that Spider brings home, and he brings them home too often to suit Margie.

The ones he brings home are always heavyweight prospects, for while Spider McCoy manages a number of fighters, he never gets excited about anything but a heavyweight, and this is the way all fight managers are. A fight manager may have a lightweight champion of the world, but he will get more heated up about some sausage who scarcely knows how to hold his hands up if he is a heavyweight.

Personally, I consider it most remarkable that Margie is able to spot Jonas as one of Spider's heavyweight prospects in a high hat and a cutaway coat, but Margie says it is a sixth sense with her. She says Spider once brings home a party with a beard halfway down to his waist, but that as soon as she opens the door she pegs him as a heavyweight prospect that Spider does not yet have time to get shaved.

But she says she is so fond of Spider that she takes them all in, and feeds them up good, and the only time she ever bars anybody on him is the time Spider brings home a big widow he finds in Mickey Walker's bar and claims he is going to make her the only female contender for the heavyweight title in the world. Miss Margie Grogan says she has to draw the line somewhere on Uncle Spider's prospects.

WELL, from now on, Spider has Jonas in the gymnasium for several hours every day, teaching him to box, and anybody will tell you that Spider is as good a teacher as there is in the world, especially of a punch that is called the one-two, although this punch is really two punches. It is a left jab followed through fast with a right cross, and it is considered quite a gravy punch if properly put on.

Jonas lives in a spare room in Spider's apartment, and takes his meals there, and Spider tells me everything will be very nice, indeed, for them all, if Margie does not happen to take more of a dislike than somewhat to Jonas, especially when she learns that he is once a king and gets the old hoovus-goovus from a dictator.

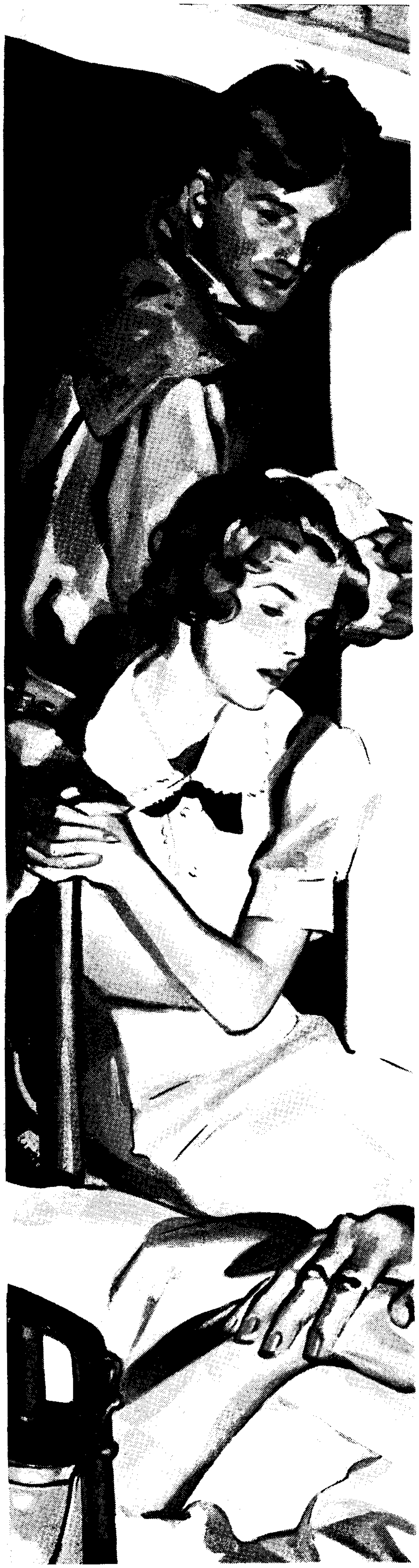
Margie tells Spider McCoy that it proves there must be anyway a trace of umbrella in a character who lets anybody run him out of his own country, and Spider says the only reason he does not give her an argument on the matter is that he is not sure but what she is right, though not because Jonas lets himself get run out.

"I do not figure this in at all," Spider says. "I sometimes let myself get run out of places, and I do not think there is umbrella in me, or anyway not much. But," he says, "a young heavyweight prospect is a peculiar proposition. You can find out in the gymnasium if he can box, if he is fast, and if he can punch, but you cannot find out if he can take a punch and if he is dead game until you see him boffed around good in the ring."

"And," Spider says, "this is what you must find out before you know if you have a heavyweight contender, or just a heavyweight. This Jonas looks great in the gym, but," he says, "sometimes I wonder about him. I do not know why I wonder, but I remember I wonder the same way about Ben Robbins, who is such a gymnasium marvel that I turn down twenty thousand for his contract. Then," Spider says, "I put him with this punching bag, Joe Grosher, in Newark, and my guy geeks it the first good smack he gets. Somehow," Spider says, "Jonas has a certain look in his eyes that reminds me of Ben Robbins."

"Well," I says, "if you are not sure about him, why not chuck him in with somebody the same as you do Ben, and find out if he can fight, or what?"

"Look," Spider McCoy *(Continued on page 59)*



Sometimes he waited on her during that long night, but she stayed with Ernie Ewell now and they did not talk again

Night by a Wagon Trail

By Alan Le May

WHEN the stage had rolled away, careening lazily behind its six indifferent ponies, three people were left at the little adobe beside the wagon trail. They were a cattleman named Clayborne, from the Spotted Range country; the man he had shot, and a girl who said she was a nurse.

The cattleman had flagged the stage to ask that a doctor be sent. He hadn't figured on the girl. She had got off the stage of her own accord to help the wounded man. Clayborne was annoyed. He knew nothing about her, and cared less; but he had pessimistic views about girls, and wanted none of them around in a pinch. He had let her stay simply because he couldn't seem to help himself.

The girl from the stagecoach, looking unbelievably fresh and clean in the middle of all that dust and heat, was counting the wounded man's pulse again. She said, "Find something clean to tear up for bandages."

"Ma'am, there's nothing. I looked."

"Then bring in my small valise."

When he had brought it she made him open it and hunt through until he found a white cotton dress. He felt queer, pawing through her things; they seemed so soft and so delicate to his unaccustomed hands. He watched her as she cut away the man's shirt, and bathed him and tore clean bandages from the white dress. Her lips were pale and her eyes winced, but her hands were quick and steady.

Dusk was closing; Clayborne found a couple of lanterns and made a light. Presently he hunted around in the lean-to and found material for coffee and biscuits, and fried some salt pork.

"You'd better come and eat something. It'll be eight or nine hours before Doc Monroe can get here from Copper Creek."

She shook her head without moving her eyes from the wounded man's face. He ate alone in the lean-to. Clayborne was thinking what a rough business he had here for a girl like this. The experiences upon which Clayborne based his ideas of women had not been fortunate. He could not understand why the girl had put herself out so far to help a hurt man who was not only worthless but highly unattractive, and he was mystified.

He kept thinking, too, about how she looked, sitting at the side of the wounded man's pole-and-rawhide bunk. Her eyes had somber depth, and a pity close to tenderness, and the suggestion of a thin, tense threat of courage. He realized she was probably lovely. The longer he was near her the better he knew that. He presently admitted that she was nearly as beautiful as a thoroughbred horse—fine and sensitive and game. Then after a while it seemed to him that this idea was cheap and shallow. She had something he had never met before, anywhere, even in livestock of the best.

It was two or three hours before she left the wounded man's side. Clayborne poured coffee for her and she accepted it and ate part of a biscuit. She looked very tired and very young, so that now her face was like that of a child in sad repose. She shouldn't have been here, facing out the ugliness of a probable death.

"I'm sorry you got dragged into this," he said. "I'm sorry to be in it myself. But with me, it was forced on me. You see, I run cattle, a far piece up-country in the Spotted Range. It's easy for cattle to leak away, with the feed so far spread out. But mine leak too fast. It took a lot of riding to trace some of 'em to here."

He couldn't tell whether she was listening to him. Her hands were folded in her lap and her dark eyes were set far beyond the open door as if waiting for something that must come through the dry night.

"I place this man, now," he said. "His name is Ernie Ewell. I never knew anything against him before. But when I got here, one of my own cow ponies was standing in his corral."

"So you shot him," she said, hardly moving her lips.

"I asked him what he knew about the horse. One word led to another. He drew."

He was aware that he had left almost all of the story out. Perhaps it was just as well. He wouldn't want to make her see the ugly, rising panic in the eyes of the thief. Nor would he want to make her live the quick reach for the guns, the smashing concussions as they spoke, the smell of powder, the collapsed, sick look of a man who is shot. . . .

In the silence the breathing of the wounded man seemed terribly loud. If a coyote had wailed, somewhere out on the plain, it would have been a relief. Clayborne ate a biscuit. He made and smoked a cigarette.

He had to tell her something more. He had to tell her because he was ashamed of himself. Not for shooting Ewell, but because at first he had not wanted her here, and because he had held a poor opinion of women for so long. He believed now that he had been wrong.

"Listen," he said. "Things have happened to me that have made me believe in the general ill will of women. Women drive a man and change him. What's left may be harmless; or maybe just the opposite, like—here. But whatever is left, it isn't the man."

Her mouth twisted a little, but she did not reply.

"BUT you're different," he went on. "That's what I want to tell you now. I want you to know that I think you're mighty fine. You're gentle and kind and brave. You're everything a man can hunt for forever, and never find, until he doesn't believe it's in the world any more. And if there were enough like you, there wouldn't ever be any Ernie Ewells, dying in their bunks."

Suddenly he saw that her lips had gone white again. She rose quickly and went into the adobe. Listening, he thought the tempo of that tormented breathing had changed.

Sometimes he waited on her during that long night, but she stayed with Ernie Ewell now and they did not talk again.

Doc Monroe rode up about an hour before dawn.

When Clayborne took Doc inside they saw that the girl was sitting on the floor, her face hidden in her arms. It took Doc only a minute to make sure that the thief was dead.

Pretty soon Doc Monroe joined Clayborne where he leaned against the corral and smoked.

"Doc," Clayborne said, "it's hard on a fellow to kill a man, however needful. But let me tell you something. It was worth going through with, just to learn there can be a woman like that."

Doc looked at him queerly. "You think so?"

"I'll tell you how much I think so," Clayborne said. He was wondering at himself, and the wonder was in his voice. "I don't know who she is, nor where from; I don't even know her name. But if she's free, I'm going to marry her." It was a definite statement. But he added. "If I can."

Doc's tone had a strained, harsh note in it. "No," he said. "Not in a thousand years."

Clayborne looked at Doc Monroe, and waited.

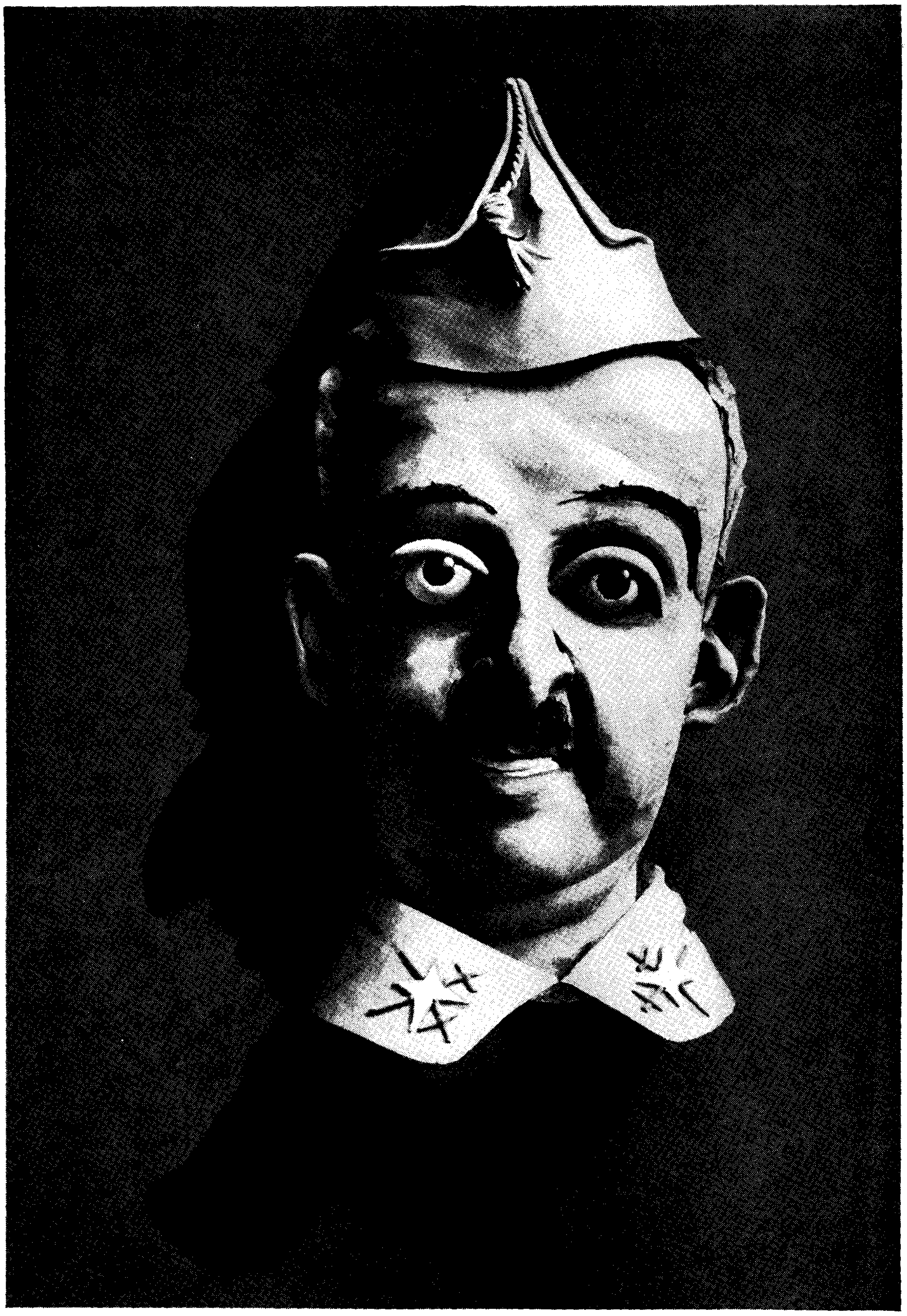
"I found out who she is," Doc Monroe said. "This is the girl Ernie Ewell left in Texas and never sent for. This is—was—Ernie Ewell's wife."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Spain à la Franco

By T. R. Ybarra

Collier's sent T. R. Ybarra to interview Spain's man of the hour. He found General Franco established in the palace of the Bishop of Salamanca and asked him about his plans for the future. The hopeful dictator here tells just where Spain will stand—when and if he is victorious



MODELED IN CLAY BY ALAN FOSTER

"PLEASE follow me."

A tall, handsome young Spanish officer, aggressively aristocratic, beckons. He wears a dark brown shirt, a brown strap across one shoulder, black trousers, high black boots. On his shirt, a black cross on a white ground proclaims him one of the Requetés, stiff-necked royalists, who, from the outset of Spain's civil war, have been fighting fanatically on the side of the insurgents.

We plunge into jostling confusion, into an eternal clanking of side arms, spurs and rifles on the ground floor of the headquarters at Salamanca of General Francisco Franco. He is, as you probably know, commander in chief of the armies and head of the civil administration of that "Spanish State" which, since last summer, he has been trying to substitute by force of arms for the regular government of the Spanish Republic.

Franco has his headquarters in the palace of the Bishop of Salamanca. Today it no more suggests a bishopry than a bombardment suggests a benediction. We push past officers girt with pistols, past soldiers trailing rifles. We almost bowl over a huge Moorish warrior, in a grimy turban, hobbling on crutches, one arm in a sling, one leg wrapped in dirty bandages.

We ascend a grand marble staircase, skied by a sumptuously ornate ceiling. Halfway up, this staircase divides into two narrower ones, branching off right and left.

At the point of division stand two gigantic Moorish sentinels. They are uniformed in light green khaki coats and trousers, fringed with red. Around their waists are broad silk sashes, striped red, yellow, red—the traditional colors of pre-republican Spain.

As we approach, each brings one hand straight across his breast, holding the fingers at right angles to his bayoneted rifle. The noble Spaniard accompanying me gravely returns the salute. I bob my head self-consciously.

We enter a big room. On the walls are a couple of placards. One reads: "By order of His Excellency only aides-de-camp and others duly authorized are allowed to stay here." On the second is printed, in bold letters: "Silence! Enemy ears are listening!" A tarnished painting of a saint is all that remains to remind one of the Bishop of Salamanca.

A door swings open. An aide, in the full khaki garb of the Spanish regular army, motions to us. We follow him into another big room.

Rising from his seat behind a broad desk, heaped with letters and papers, a man of medium height comes toward us—Francisco Franco, who yearns to become the Fuehrer, the Duce, of the "Spain united, great and free" of their public proclamations and private imaginings.

He holds out his right hand in cordial greeting, motions me to a chair. "Please sit down."

Then, turning to my escort who is standing stiffly at attention, he greets him not one whit less politely. "Please sit down."

Then he seats himself between us.

The Problem of Civil Administration

General Franco is wearing the regulation khaki uniform of the Spanish army. Polished boots reach to his knees. Pinned to the left side of his coat are several ribbons of various hues, reminders of his long years of service in Spanish Morocco and the wild districts beyond its borders, where he won his spurs in rough-and-tumble fighting against ferocious Riffian tribesmen.

Though civil war was raging all around him and the fortunes of battle seesawing so violently that any prediction of victory or defeat would then have been idle, this man who longs to be Spain's Mussolini had other things to think of. Motioning to the heap of papers on his desk, he said:

"It isn't merely problems of war that are worrying us around here just now. We also have serious civil problems. Do you realize that we are being forced to improvise whole civil administrations for the parts of Spain now under the control of our forces?"

He spoke eagerly, rapidly, leaning forward in his seat. His black eyes roved restlessly to and fro. The most striking thing about the man is the dancing of those eyes.

"Formerly, the administration of Spain was centered at Madrid, the capital. Its work was carried on by no less than 22,000 civil functionaries. We are trying to get along with only 200."

To speak with Franco nowadays one must catch him between trips to the front or between conferences with military advisers.

While I waited in the room outside Franco's office, a procession of solemn generals had filed past. There was General Faupel, Hitler's ambassador to Franco's Spain, who stalked past with his arm upraised in the Nazi salute. Doubtless,

(Continued on page 29)

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Story Thus Far:

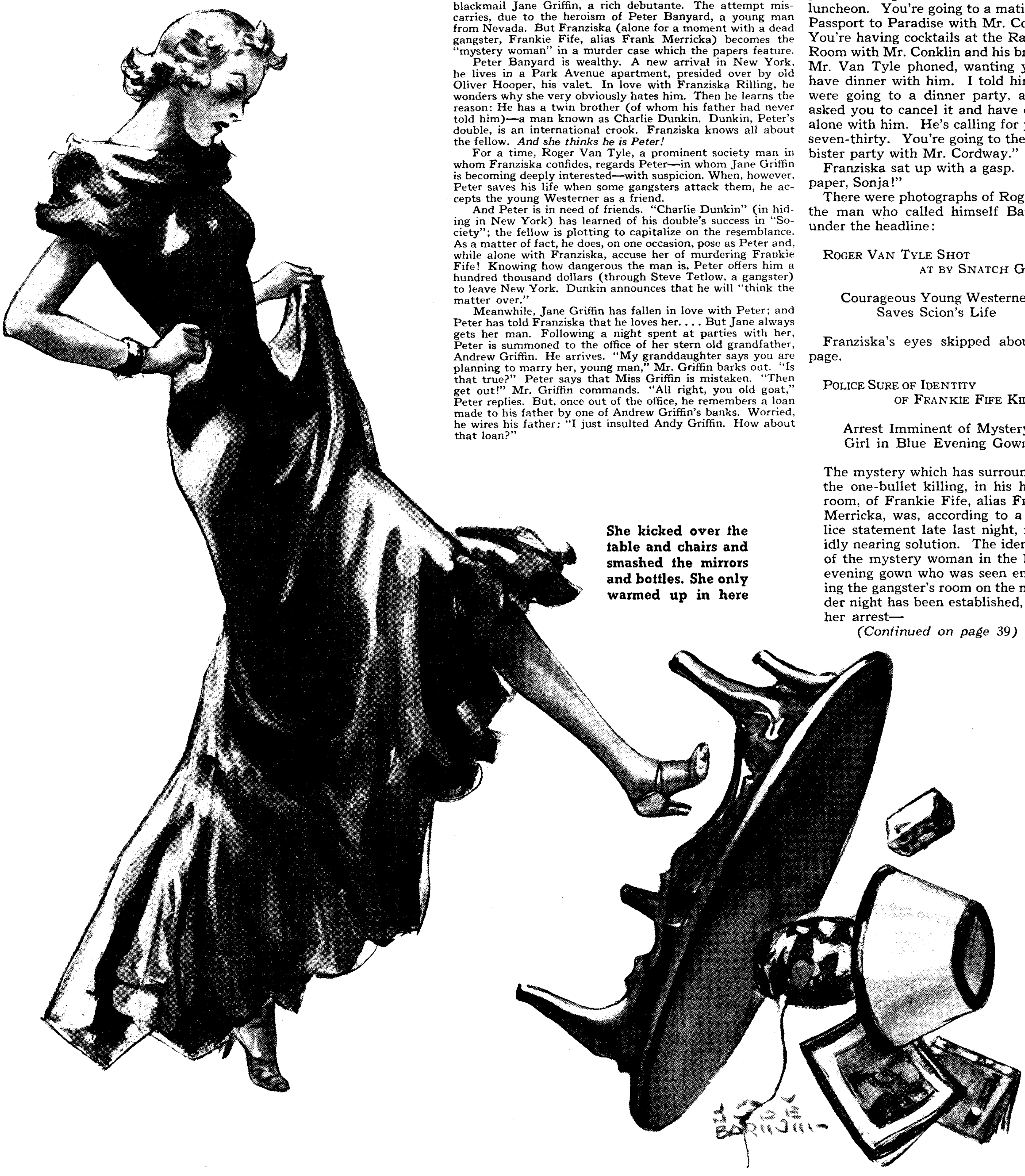
FRANZISKA RILLING, New York society girl, becomes involved in an attempt made by a group of extortionists to blackmail Jane Griffin, a rich debutante. The attempt miscarries, due to the heroism of Peter Banyard, a young man from Nevada. But Franziska (alone for a moment with a dead gangster, Frankie Fife, alias Frank Merricka) becomes the "mystery woman" in a murder case which the papers feature.

Peter Banyard is wealthy. A new arrival in New York, he lives in a Park Avenue apartment, presided over by old Oliver Hooper, his valet. In love with Franziska Rilling, he wonders why she very obviously hates him. Then he learns the reason: He has a twin brother (of whom his father had never told him)—a man known as Charlie Dunkin. Dunkin, Peter's double, is an international crook. Franziska knows all about the fellow. *And she thinks he is Peter!*

For a time, Roger Van Tyle, a prominent society man in whom Franziska confides, regards Peter—in whom Jane Griffin is becoming deeply interested—with suspicion. When, however, Peter saves his life when some gangsters attack them, he accepts the young Westerner as a friend.

And Peter is in need of friends. "Charlie Dunkin" (in hiding in New York) has learned of his double's success in "Society"; the fellow is plotting to capitalize on the resemblance. As a matter of fact, he does, on one occasion, pose as Peter and, while alone with Franziska, accuse her of murdering Frankie Fife! Knowing how dangerous the man is, Peter offers him a hundred thousand dollars (through Steve Tetlow, a gangster) to leave New York. Dunkin announces that he will "think the matter over."

Meanwhile, Jane Griffin has fallen in love with Peter; and Peter has told Franziska that he loves her. . . . But Jane always gets her man. Following a night spent at parties with her, Peter is summoned to the office of her stern old grandfather, Andrew Griffin. He arrives. "My granddaughter says you are planning to marry her, young man," Mr. Griffin barks out. "Is that true?" Peter says that Miss Griffin is mistaken. "Then get out!" Mr. Griffin commands. "All right, you old goat," Peter replies. But, once out of the office, he remembers a loan made to his father by one of Andrew Griffin's banks. Worried, he wires his father: "I just insulted Andy Griffin. How about that loan?"



She kicked over the table and chairs and smashed the mirrors and bottles. She only warmed up in here

VIII

IT'S eleven-thirty, Miss Rilling."

"I know it, Sonja. I haven't slept a wink since four. I simply can't relax."

"Oh, Miss Rilling, and you needed the sleep so."

Franziska yawned and stretched and turned her head away from the light. Her eyes looked feverish and her lips looked dry.

"I dozed off at about three, and I woke up at four and I haven't slept a wink since. What am I doing today?"

"You have a luncheon party at the Junior League — Miss Henrington's luncheon. You're going to a matinee of Passport to Paradise with Mr. Conklin. You're having cocktails at the Rainbow Room with Mr. Conklin and his brother. Mr. Van Tyle phoned, wanting you to have dinner with him. I told him you were going to a dinner party, and he asked you to cancel it and have dinner alone with him. He's calling for you at seven-thirty. You're going to the Armbister party with Mr. Cordway."

Franziska sat up with a gasp. "That paper, Sonja!"

There were photographs of Roger and the man who called himself Banyard, under the headline:

ROGER VAN TYLE SHOT
AT BY SNATCH GANG

Courageous Young Westerner
Saves Scion's Life

Franziska's eyes skipped about the page.

POLICE SURE OF IDENTITY
OF FRANKIE FIFE KILLER

Arrest Imminent of Mystery
Girl in Blue Evening Gown

The mystery which has surrounded the one-bullet killing, in his hotel room, of Frankie Fife, alias Frank Merricka, was, according to a police statement late last night, rapidly nearing solution. The identity of the mystery woman in the blue evening gown who was seen entering the gangster's room on the murder night has been established, and her arrest—

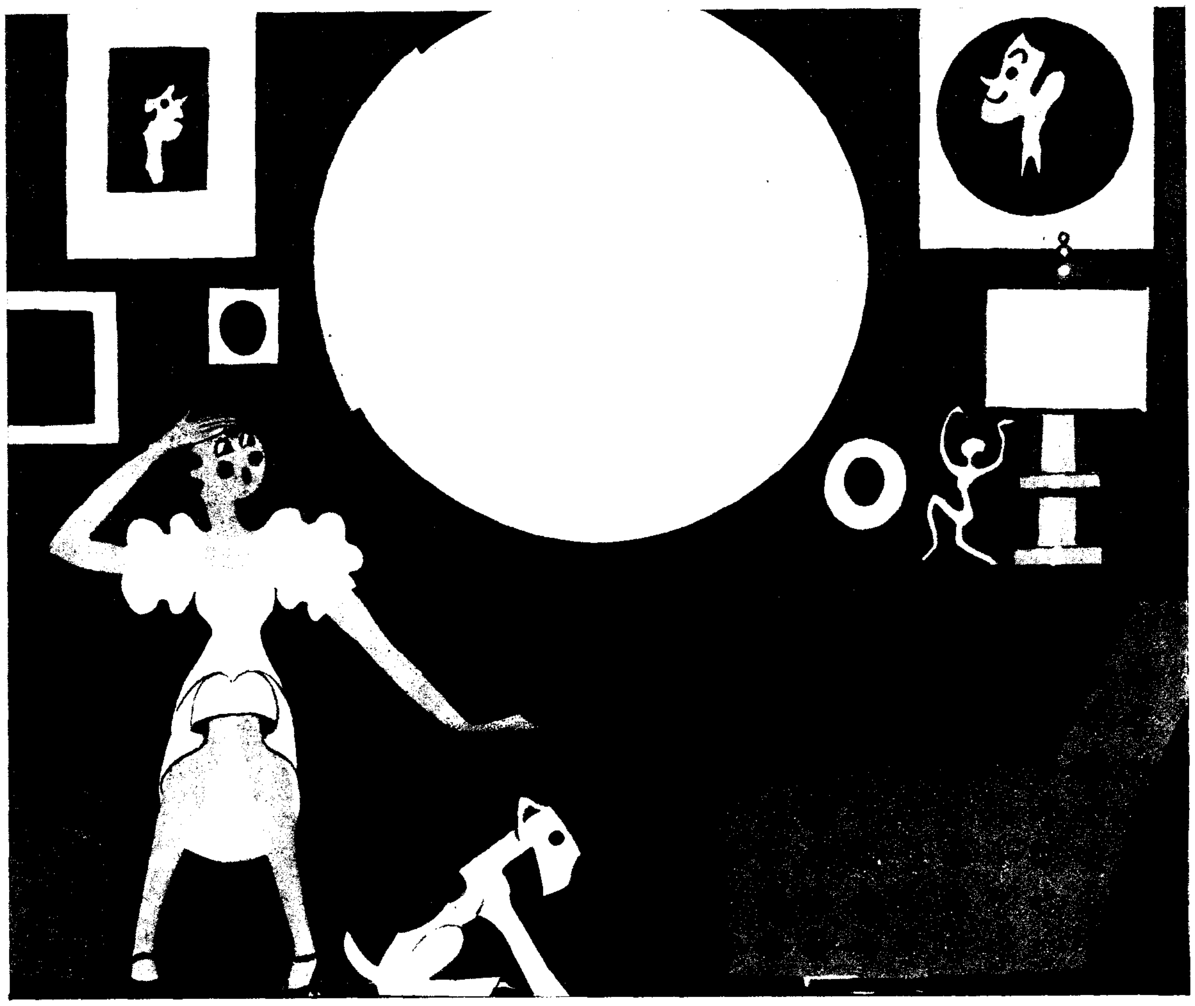
(Continued on page 39)

Home Relief

By Ruth Carson

Keeping the house clean and cool and the family well fed needn't be a struggle for the housewife, no matter what the thermometer may say. Use a little system and foresight and keep your head above the heat waves

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Stop stewing. Take things easy and don't let your housework ride you

Polish each pan as it is washed, and don't save up the dingy ones for a future day of reckoning

THE lady of the house who turned it upside down for spring house-cleaning, shampooing, cleaning, moth-chasing, polishing and shining in the latest approved fashion has a right to feel discouraged now. That clean glow is gone with the spring, dust keeps right on settling, cooking and dishwashing go on forever, and who wants to work in all this heat? But everyone wants to eat. And even a cabin in the woods needs some straightening around, if you are going to keep cool and collected inside it, while most of us are in fact living in quarters that are quick to show all signs of neglect, dust settling alike on city duplex and six-room bungalow on the edge of the prairie.

So the best way to cope with the problem is to sit you down in the coolest spot to be found, having first placed a tall, cold drink within easy reach, and to figure out a system. Whether the final results are to be achieved by yourself in person or by a delegate, the surest way of arriving at them is to make the road easy and well laid out. And, in fact, with the goal of a cool-looking, spotless haven from the heat before you, with refreshments on the side, this job of making it so takes on less the aspect of drudgery and more the excitement of a game to outdo the elements that be.

For proof that managing your home is a matter requiring study, witness the flourishing schools given to this subject, the books that have been written on it, the specialists who make a business of caring for the homes of others, from closing houses for the summer to seeing that the north bedroom wallpaper is properly cleaned. Taking successful care of a house entails such knowledge of such a variety of things that the lady who does it may well puff with pride. But we are assuming that at the moment you want as much of a vacation from all this as possible. So we have consulted all manner of experts, who recommend the following short ways to that cool, clean look.

It is obvious that the more a room contains in the way of pictures, mirrors, rugs, upholstered pieces, bric-a-brac and draperies, the longer it will take to clean. So the thing to do is to dispense with even more of them than you thought possible back in early summer.

The more a room contains in the way of pictures, mirrors, bric-a-brac, the longer it takes to clean

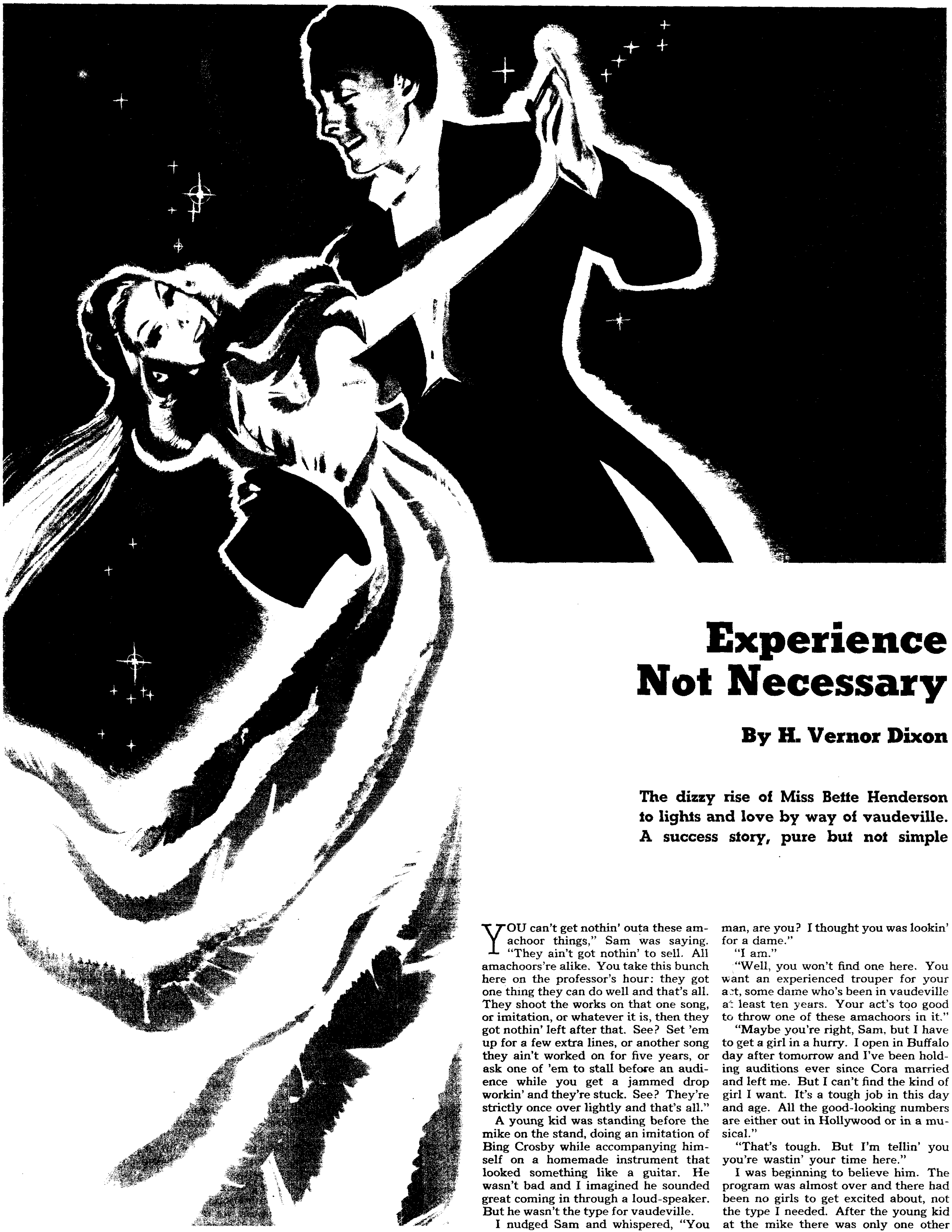
Bric-a-brac, having a hot, cluttering effect anyway, and bent on flaunting dust for all to see, is best packed away by the lot. When you take it out again in the fall, perhaps your eye, refreshed by lack of clutter, will be a little more judicious about what goes back, the heat of acquisition being no longer upon you. All silver and copper things such as vases and candlesticks that require constant polishing will be treated, after a thorough cleaning, to a protecting coat of clear lacquer, or preferably put away in their tarnishproof wrappings for the summer, giving way to cool glass and pottery.

You have probably already dealt with the heavy drapery problem, but if not or if your windows are still a trouble to you, think of cool-looking natural bamboo shades in place of glass curtains that blow and become bedraggled at open windows, or those wooden-slat blinds that are lighter than Venetians; both of these easily cleaned with their own special brushes. Either can be a year-round joy. And for an airy surprise try side curtains of heavily gathered sheer material that is tubbable, and that will give you a head start on next summer's cooling process.

Perhaps your heavy rugs are up for the summer, with fiber rugs or washable matting in their place. If not, and there are places under the couch and on the stairs where your vacuum won't reach, instead of blowing up clouds with a brush try this stunt: Dip a clean cloth in hot water and wring it very dry. Rub with it against the nap and the dust will come up in curls, leaving the rich color of your rug to show up gratefully and making your summer scene much brighter. If you have fallen for the cool look of a white rug, and now find it's not so white, sprinkle it with powder or cornmeal, let it stand awhile, and then vacuum-clean it and all will be white and serene.

Glass and mirror, among the hardest items to keep spotless, are also among the coolest looking to have about, so instead of elimination we recommend the sparkle brought by a bit of ammonia in your washing water. And keep tissue paper handy. It's good for in-between polishing.

The glass on pictures is not to be neglected here, but elimination is again possible because pictures are decorations we are apt to add to without realizing. Try the effect of fewer pictures, and remember that many modern rooms are very handsome without any. With your favorites you can *(Continued on page 61)*



It was a landslide. We took more bows than I had ever taken

Experience Not Necessary

By H. Vernor Dixon

The dizzy rise of Miss Bette Henderson to lights and love by way of vaudeville. A success story, pure but not simple

YOU can't get nothin' outa these amachoor things," Sam was saying. "They ain't got nothin' to sell. All amachoors're alike. You take this bunch here on the professor's hour: they got one thing they can do well and that's all. They shoot the works on that one song, or imitation, or whatever it is, then they got nothin' left after that. See? Set 'em up for a few extra lines, or another song they ain't worked on for five years, or ask one of 'em to stall before an audience while you get a jammed drop workin' and they're stuck. See? They're strictly once over lightly and that's all."

A young kid was standing before the mike on the stand, doing an imitation of Bing Crosby while accompanying himself on a homemade instrument that looked something like a guitar. He wasn't bad and I imagined he sounded great coming in through a loud-speaker. But he wasn't the type for vaudeville.

I nudged Sam and whispered, "You mean like this kid?"

"Yeah. Say, you're not lookin' for a man, are you? I thought you was lookin' for a dame."

"I am."

"Well, you won't find one here. You want an experienced trouper for your act, some dame who's been in vaudeville at least ten years. Your act's too good to throw one of these amachoors in it."

"Maybe you're right, Sam, but I have to get a girl in a hurry. I open in Buffalo day after tomorrow and I've been holding auditions ever since Cora married and left me. But I can't find the kind of girl I want. It's a tough job in this day and age. All the good-looking numbers are either out in Hollywood or in a musical."

"That's tough. But I'm tellin' you you're wastin' your time here."

I was beginning to believe him. The program was almost over and there had been no girls to get excited about, not the type I needed. After the young kid at the mike there was only one other performer. He or she would probably be like the others.

The kid left the mike and the studio audience listened to the professor announcing and then there was a young girl at his side and Sam and I looked at each other and everyone in the audience stirred. The girl was that kind. She was small, not much over five feet, had a Peter Pan build, except for the proper curves here and there, pouting red lips, baby-blue eyes that looked green when she laughed and a wealth of pinkish-red hair that made you catch your breath. Sam said it was orange.

SHE was introduced as Bette Henderson and her speaking voice was cute and pleasing. I noticed the audience smiling while she was talking. She had them on her side before she even started. That was real personality. Then she went into a blues number and we all laughed. Her singing voice was husky and deep, like it was from another person. But it was good. The contrast made it excellent, especially for a theater. Already I could picture her on the stage. From that she went into a light tap routine that brought the house down. It wasn't the dance so much as the way she did it. Every step was applauded and the finish was perfect, one of those cute things—a stumble, a bewildered expression, a bell note and then a laugh at the audience. The applause couldn't have been better.

Sam grinned and said, "You know these amachoors, Larry, but she looked good." He went out with the others when the hour was over.

I cornered the professor and asked him about the girl. He explained that she was from Chicago and that she was dying to go on the stage. I told him about Cora getting married and about needing a new girl in the act. He knew my act and seemed to think this kid would fit it and led the way into another room, where all the performers were gathered, and beckoned to Miss Henderson. She was flushed and smiling and followed us out to his office.

"Miss Henderson," he said, "Larry March is an old friend of mine, one of the best eccentric dancers in the business." She knew who I was and wanted to say something about it, but he interrupted and said, "Larry has something to talk over with you that may be interesting. You have my permission, by the way, to accept any proposition from him. I know he's square."

HE LEFT us alone and Bette dropped into a chair by the desk and said, "You really have some proposition to talk over with me?"

"Yes." I told her about Cora leaving the act and being booked for eight weeks and opening in Buffalo in two days. "You see, Miss Henderson, I'm booked for nine minutes, including my dances and a girl to fill in. I can't kill all that time myself. The pace of my dancing is too tough for nine consecutive minutes. So I need a girl who can kill time between numbers, a little song, a dance and a few gags with me. I think you'll do."

"Me?" Her lips and eyes formed into round circles and she sat on the edge of the chair and gasped, "You mean you want me in your act?"

"Why not?"

"But I'm only—I'm only an amateur. You're known. You're a star. You can't really want me to dance with you."

"You won't exactly dance with me. You'll fill in between numbers."

"Oh."

"I'll pay you fifty a week with transportation and furnish you with a wardrobe. That's not bad for a beginner in show business."

"No, it isn't, Mr. March, and I'm really grateful that you should think of me at all, but—I'm thrilled and all that and it is very generous of you, but I just simply can't take it. It's awful to say that, but I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, I was just checking up on the reports coming in from the different theater managers and it seems that they liked me . . ."

"I see. You think you can do better?"

"Now, I don't mean it that way at all. I think—"

"Okay. We'll double it." Her breath caught a little on that. "I'll make it a hundred a week. My agent will give me hell, but I'm in a spot and have to have you. How does it sound?"

"Why, I think—I think—"

She kissed me on the chin and rushed out of the room before I knew what was happening. I followed her out and she had a little valise and was slipping into a coat. The professor saw us and came over and shook hands and said to her, "This is better for you, Bette. You were great before the studio audience, yet I didn't receive a single call from a manager about you. That just goes to show—"

I looked at her and frowned and she giggled and I had to laugh with her and felt that if she was clever enough to pull that on me, then more power to her. The hundred still went. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw I wasn't sore.

Joe Kuller, my representative, came up to my rooms in the hotel and looked the girl over. Then he said to her, "You go down to the desk, kid, and have the clerk fix you up with a room for the night. Get one on this floor. You'll have a lot of rehearsing and very little sleep. Here." He handed her a ten-dollar bill and said, "Pay for the room in advance —and bring me the change."

As soon as she was gone I asked Joe what he thought of her. He chewed his cigar and smiled, an unusual thing with him, and said, "She's one of the cutest tricks I've ever seen. We'd better sign her for a couple of years. You can even use her in Hollywood this summer. I'll get the studio to take her for the picture."

I WAS surprised at the way he was taking it and so was more confident about her. Sam's warning slipped out of my mind entirely.

When she came back we explained the act to her.

There was a half-size piano in my room and Joe knew how to use it. He played and I faked the routines to give her an idea. Then we showed her how to come on and coached her with the gags, about a minute and a half of talk. In five minutes she knew more than Cora ever had.

The close-fitting dress she had on was too tight for dancing, so she took her valise into the bedroom and came back in a moment dressed in practically nothing at all. It was a one-piece bathing suit, but there wasn't much to it. Joe's eyes opened and he whistled and asked, "How old are you, Bette?"

"Twenty."

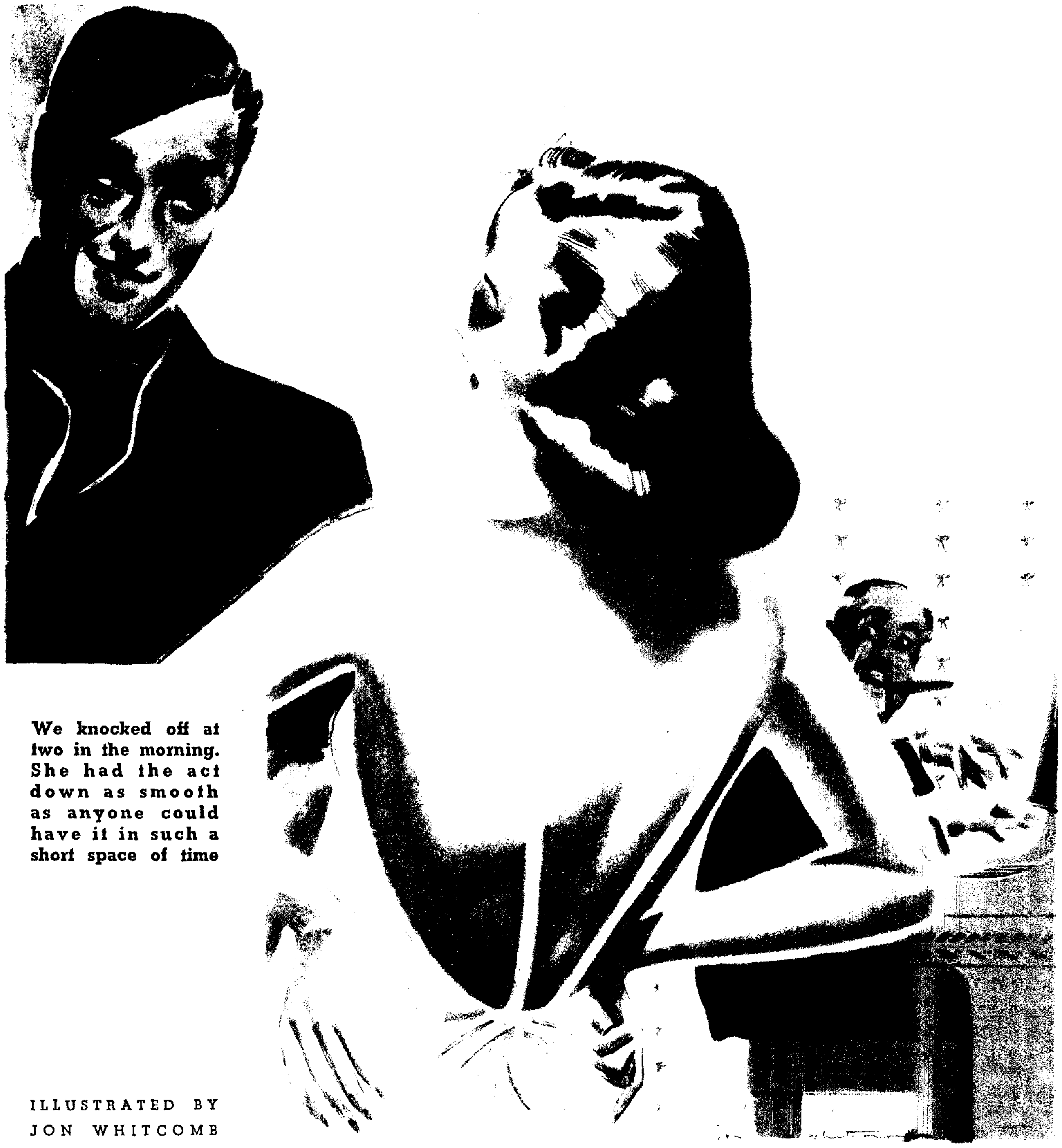
"Hmmmmm. I had an idea you were about sixteen. Do me a favor and don't hide that shape in the act. You got the price of admission right there."

She laughed at him and went to work. We knocked off at two in the morning. She had the act down as smooth as anyone could have it in such a short space of time and we were confident she would be all right. Joe was tired and left and I had a highball and Bette had some orange juice. Then she packed her little valise and was ready to go.

I made her sit down and said, "There's something I have to tell you. This business is a grind. From now on your home will be a trunk and your dressing room. The glamorous theater is so much bunk. You'll run into a lot of crazy people and most of them will be egomaniacs. Romance is a free-and-easy proposition and most of the men will try to make love to you. Keep them off, but don't hurt their vanity. Show people are the worst gossips in the world and they don't mind ruining anyone's reputation. It means nothing to them, but it might to you. Understand?"

She nodded her head, her large eyes unwaveringly fixed on mine, and I continued, "The worst of it is you and I will be talked about, which is what I am getting to. That can't be helped. It

(Continued on page 30)



We knocked off at two in the morning. She had the act down as smooth as anyone could have it in such a short space of time

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

AIMING TO PLEASE

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Dick Shaughnessy of Boston, who became National Skeet Champion at fourteen

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

Twenty million shotgun shells will blast at skeet targets this year. Skeet, you know, is the sport that saves wear and tear on our wild life. There is no age limit—the current champion is fifteen years old

IF THE old gent on the other side of the fence hadn't wanted to put in a hen yard, all this might not have happened, but he suddenly decided to go in for the propagation of Minorcas and Barred Rocks, and he inadvertently cut loose more gunfire than they had in the World War.

It was approximately seventeen years ago that he made his great decision, and its amazing by-product didn't really get under way until a dozen years later, but now, on this continent alone, we have more than 100,000 shotguns blazing away, from the dells of Long Island to the hills behind Hollywood, from the Florida peninsula to the Gaspé Bay country.

They burn up twenty million shotgun shells annually, and shatter to potsherds almost as many little flying black disks about the size of your hand. Those who perpetrate this bloodless gunnery range in age from ten to one hundred; in station from grammar-school kids to Clark Gable and John Barrymore; from garage mechanics with their rusty old goose guns to railroad presidents with hand-tooled, imported numbers costing $1,200 or better.

This nationwide army of addicts is now banded into 2,500 active clubs in this country. They hold regular sectional shoots in every geographical district. Their second national championship tournament last September at the St. Louis Bridlespur Hunt Club found 225 champions from thirty-one states blazing away for five days for seven individual titles, one team award, class prizes and four shooting-industry championships. More than six thousand spectators stood back of the lines on the final day to see a fourteen-year-old Boston schoolboy, Dick Shaughnessy, officially crowned the ace of aces over competitors many of whom had been shooting before he was born.

From Trapshooting to Skeet

And it never would have started—at least not when it did—if that farmer near Andover, Massachusetts, hadn't decided back in 1920 to go in for bigger and better chicken-raising. For the place where he wanted to locate his chicken lot adjoined some land owned by the late C. E. Davies, proprietor of the Glen Rock Kennels. Mr. Davies, his son Henry, a Mr. William H. Foster and a small group of New England upland gunners used that part of the Davies land for some fancy trapshooting when the spirit moved them and it moved them with great regularity.

Trapshooting, of course, was an old, established pastime. Originally a humane improvement upon the barbarous pastime of live-pigeon shooting, it dates back to the '80's when one George Ligowsky of Cincinnati invented both the original clay target and the ground trap to throw it. Both were much like the ones used today.

Trapshooting became and it has remained a most popular pastime, but its variety is rather limited. The trap throws the bird away from the gunner, and the gunner blazes away. The shots are practically all the same. The possibilities of angle-shooting are distinctly limited.

These New England gunners had originality. Strictly for their own amusement, they drew off a circle of twenty-five yards radius and marked it in figures like the face of a clock. The trap, or target-throwing mechanism, was placed at twelve o'clock and adjusted so as to throw the target exactly over the six-o'clock mark.

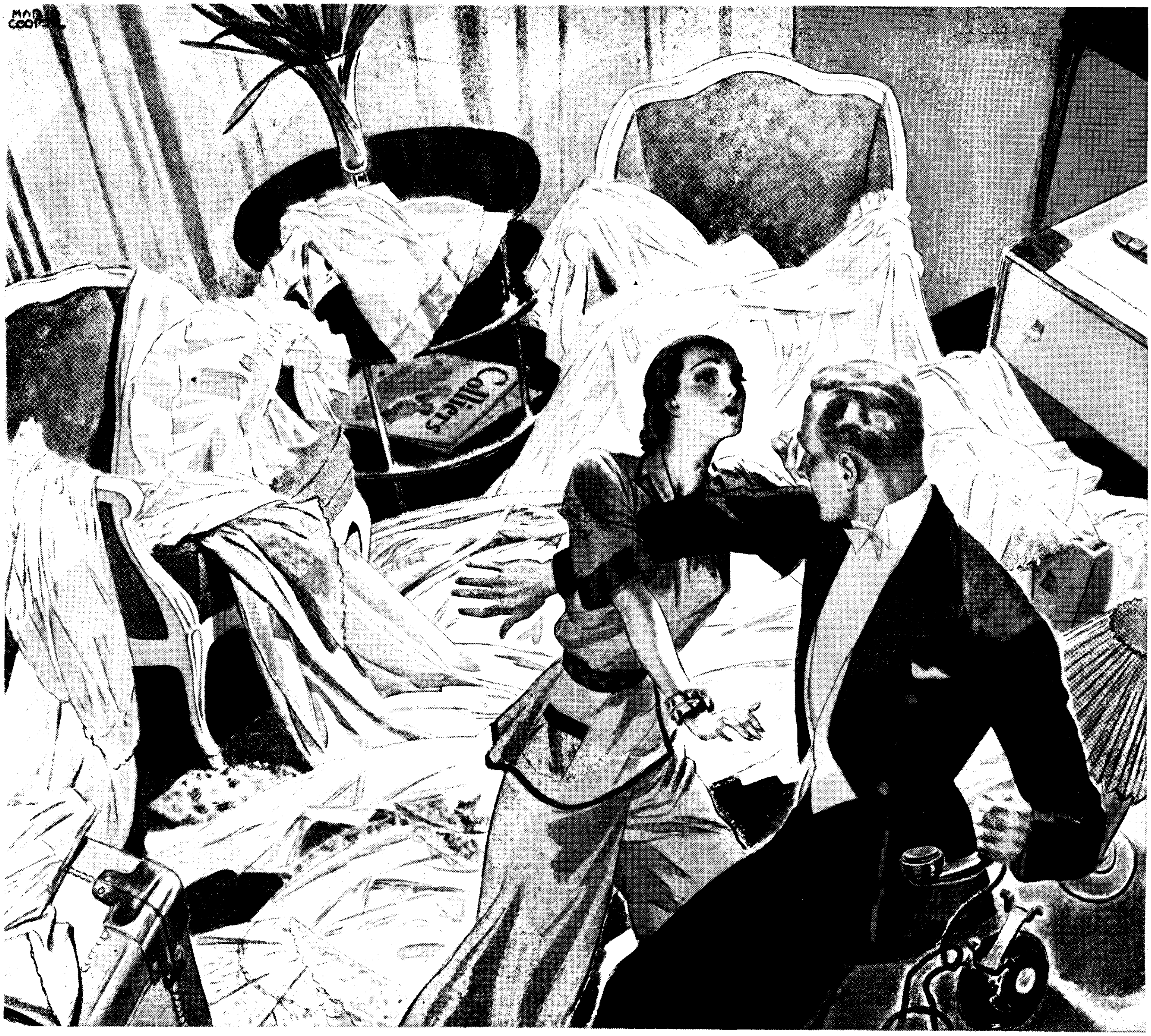
The firing program consisted of two shots for each gunner from each of the twelve stations, and a twenty-fifth shot to complete the roundoff from the exact center of the circle facing the trap. This tested the gunner with shots from all angles at targets flung both toward him and away from him.

For a lack of a better name, they called it "Shooting Around the Clock," and great rivalry developed amongst the several members and their friends. Friends even began to bring friends to compete in the new sort of shooting. Scores were kept, wagers made. It was a lot of good fun, but still strictly a local enthusiasm.

And just about then the old guy on the adjacent land decided to go into the chicken business.

That fell decision gummed up the shooting match, for guns couldn't blaze in the direction of his land any more. It was Mr. W. H. Foster who solved the problem by suggesting the location of a

(Continued on page 47)



He beat her to it, closing one hand over the instrument, barring her way with the other. "What do you think you are going to do?" he asked

The Human Side

By Frederick Nebel

The things Bo Mayo learned from Leah Carrigan. This story tells you what they were—and what effect they had on the life of a man big enough to admit a mistake

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

SEEING her again after almost five years, Mayo forgot for a beguiling moment how Leah Carrigan had, almost overnight, changed the course of his destiny. She had been twenty then and he had turned twenty-five, but the years between had not changed her much, except possibly to add to her beauty, accentuate her grace. She had always known how to dress, and observing her from where he sat on the mezzanine of the cocktail lounge, he privately complimented her on the hat and the suit she wore, and it amused him, ironically, to know that she was unaware of his presence.

He could not, of course, compliment her on her choice of a companion, but then he knew that her association with Josef Passig was purely of a business nature. Craddock, in Washington, had a dossier on Passig that went back ten years. Connolly, Craddock's European man, had supplied the details; he had cabled in code when Passig and Leah sailed from Cherbourg, and by the time they disembarked at New York the government's counter-espionage service was pretty well informed. A properly bribed telephone operator at the hotel on Fifth Avenue where Leah lived had advised Mayo that she would meet Passig at the Cheltham cocktail lounge at five today.

It was Mayo's purpose to run across her casually and while she was with Passig, for he wished to see at close quarters, amicably, the man he might meet again in unpleasant circumstances.

It was not until half past five that he paid for his cocktail, rose and made his way leisurely down the carpeted stairway to the main floor. He chose an aisle that would take him close to their table, and when Leah caught sight of him a startled, unbelieving look struck like a flash of lightning across her face and left it a little pale. He stopped and blinked, as if seeing her here were as complete a surprise to him as it was to her. Despite all he could do, a flash coursed through him; for she had once meant a great deal to him. He smiled. He went on toward the table and stopped before it, saying:

"Leah, of all people!"

"Why, Bo," she said quietly, almost to herself; and the way she said it, intimately, as if they were alone in a room, struck another chord of memory which he had thought was long in limbo.

Then Passig was on his feet, a curious small smile tugging at his precise lips, his squarish heavy head dipped on one side.

Leah relaxed, saying with a confused laugh, "You did give me a start, Bo. Do sit down, won't you? This is Josef Passig. Josef, Bogart Mayo."

Passig's square hand shot out. "It is a pleasure."

A waiter moved a chair in behind Mayo and he sat down and said, "You gave me a start too, Leah. I didn't know you were in town."

"I just got in a week ago. I did fairly well as an entertainer in Europe. Josef is my manager. He thinks he can put me over in America."

Passig's alert dark eyes twinkled. "Yes. Leah has a fine voice, very fine."

"I remember," Mayo nodded.

She turned her head away so that the back of it was toward Passig and for a moment color splashed faintly in her cheeks. She had been studying voice when Mayo knew her, five years ago. He was, at that time, deeply in love with her, and often she had sung to him, tenderly, across her piano.

PASSIG was saying, "You are in the theater, Mr. Mayo?"

"No."

"Oh, not Bo," Leah said. "Banking."

"I was," Mayo said. "Not any more."

"Oh?"

He lied blandly. "I came into a little money. I've been traveling."

"That is nice, very nice," Passig remarked. He looked at his watch. "Will you excuse me, please, while I make a telephone call?"

He rose, gave a short bow and strode off. Mayo looked after him, and when he turned his eyes back to the table, back to Leah, she was gazing vacantly at him.

She said in a low voice, "It was difficult for a minute."

"I suppose it was."

"I was afraid, when I first saw you."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. I guess I expected you to cut me. I guess I expected a look of, well, hatred. You do hate me, don't you?"

"Hate you?" He chuckled. "No." He shook his head slowly. "No, Leah. You taught me certain things: one, to get as much out of life and people as possible; another, never to trust anyone."

Her face clouded; her eyes dropped. "I don't feel flattered."

"I'll flatter you, then: you're more beautiful—"

"Please," she said wearily, without emphasis. She lowered her head so that the brim of her hat hid her face. "The things I taught you, then—I hope they've helped you."

"They have," he replied; and asked, "How is your sister?"

"You wouldn't have heard, of course. Carolyn died almost four years ago. Flu. Roger and the children went out West."

"Oh," he murmured.

Leah took a breath. "Josef is returning. Do you mind leaving, Bo? It's too difficult—"

"Where are you stopping?"

"You needn't be polite."

He knew where she was staying but he went on, "All that's past is past, Leah. I've a lot of time on my hands. We always danced well together. Where are you stopping?"

She bit her lip, then said at last, unhappily, "The Royale."

In another moment Passig was at the table.

Mayo rose. "I've got to go."

"But so soon!" Passig remonstrated jovially. "I have not had time to talk with you."

"I really must go."

"Well, then—" Passig's hand shot out, gripped Mayo's and held it hard and for an extended minute; and glancing at him Mayo saw his dark eyes dancing, twinkling, with a mixture of good humor and level scrutiny. "Some other time," Passig finished in a peculiarly droll voice.

WHEN Mayo reached his hotel on Lexington Avenue there was a message at the desk requesting him to call the Gorham Hotel, Room 630. He made the call from the lobby. It was Craddock, his chief, up from Washington. "Can you come over?" Craddock asked.

Mayo taxied to the Gorham and Craddock met him at the door of 630.

"I didn't expect you up," Mayo said.

"It's about Passig." Craddock turned and shut the door with a backward kick of his heel. He was a trim middle-aged man with a fine straight nape and thin square shoulders. "I think there's a chance we may know what he's after."

"I just met him," Mayo said. He sat down on a cabinet radiator by the window, folded his arms loosely and gazed at the toes of his shoes. Leah was deeply imbedded in his thoughts.

Craddock asked, "What do you think of him?" and poured out two drinks of Scotch.

"Polite," Mayo replied, "and probably tough."

"Leave it to those Continentals!" He brought Mayo one of the drinks. "And you met the girl?"

Mayo took the drink and jangled the ice in it. "Yes."

"Good. You know, you've got to hand it to Passig. Posing as the manager of an entertainer! It's never been done before, and if Connolly hadn't been on his toes we'd never have guessed. We had nothing on Passig until Connolly made that report. Our real break is that you happened to know the girl."

"That's why you hurried me from San Francisco."

Craddock nodded. "Of course."

"It's the part I don't like," Mayo frowned.

"A lot of things we don't like in this business."

"I'd like to tell her; warn her."

CRADDOCK gave him a sharp look. "Nonsense! You are not, you understand, to warn her. You understand that, don't you?" His voice thrust hard and sharp at Mayo.

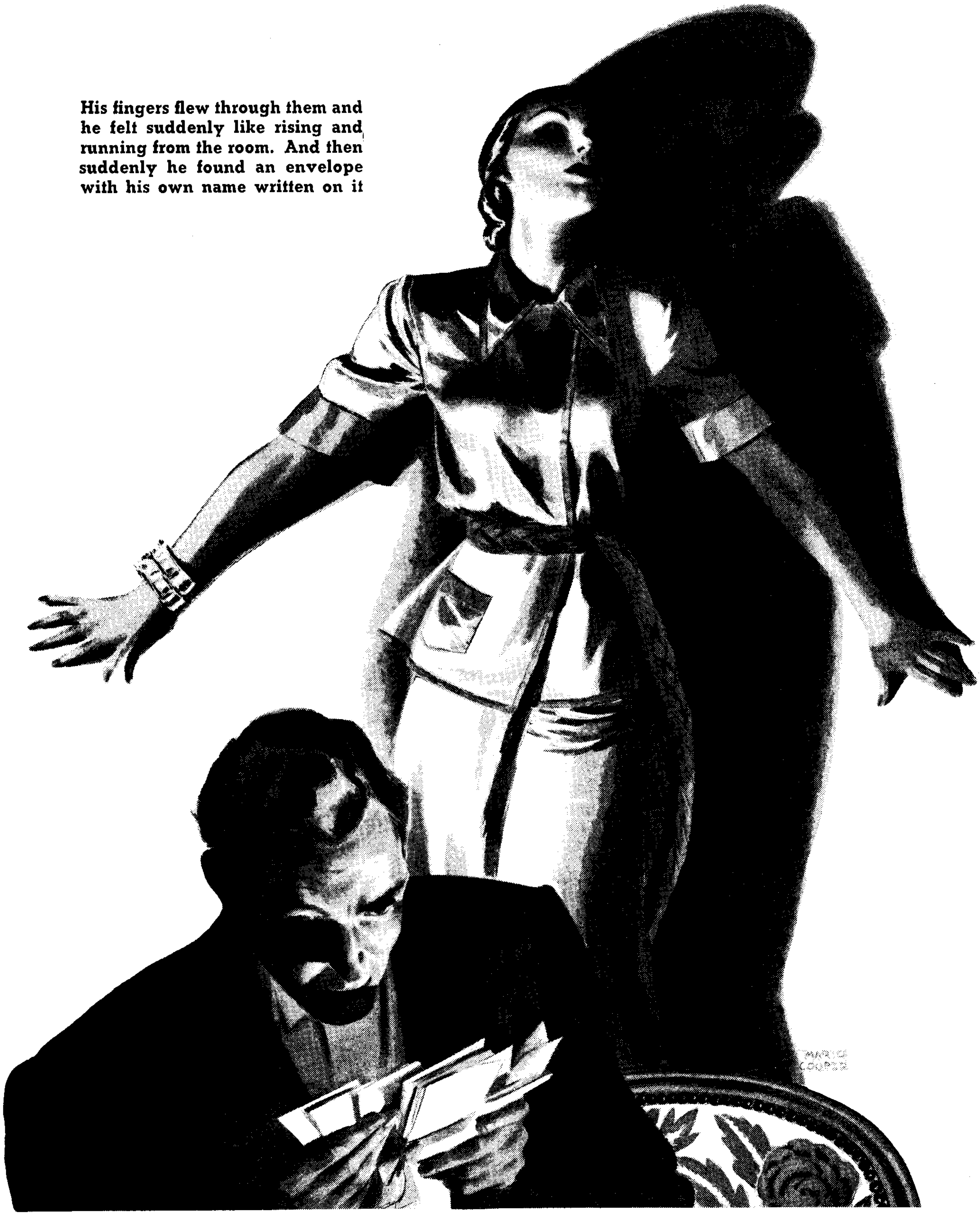
"I suppose so."

"Besides, we are not so sure she doesn't know what it's all about. She's been doing the capitals of Europe for three years; she's run with an international crowd. But whether she's in with him or not, she'll have to take the consequences. Our history of you would indicate that she treated you pretty rottenly four years ago."

Mayo tasted his drink. "What do you think Passig is after?"

"The drawings of that new kickless machine gun. After that explosion at

His fingers flew through them and he felt suddenly like rising and running from the room. And then suddenly he found an envelope with his own name written on it



the laboratory two months ago, they were missing. And a month after the explosion Paul Rader, one of the junior engineers, resigned. A week after he resigned he moved from his apartment in Greenwich Village and left no forwarding address."

"It sounds like a wild guess."

"Not as wild as you think." Craddock sat down on the arm of a lounge chair. "Going back through newspaper files, we found that on her eighteenth birthday Leah Carrigan was given a party at a Westchester country club. You hadn't yet met her, I believe. Among those at the party was Paul Rader. He was, in fact, her escort. Wild guess?"

Mayo swallowed.

Craddock went on: "At his last address, the one in Greenwich Village, Brighton made inquiries. It's the sort of place where the janitor, or superintendent, receives the mail and sorts it and leaves it on a table in the hall. He remembers that Rader received letters frequently that bore foreign postmarks."

Mayo rose and walked the length of the room.

"Brighton is now shadowing Passig," Craddock said. "You are to take care of Leah Carrigan."

MAYO was standing with his face to the wall, his back to Craddock. Five years ago he had been engaged to Leah. He'd had a job, a fairly good one, in a private banking house. He remembered the day he opened the newspaper and saw her name there, and the name of Rian Harcutt, whose wife had found them together, at three in the morning, in his East Side apartment. Leah Carrigan, the girl he was to have married, corespondent in as untidy a scandal as ever hit New York! Before the case came to trial Harcutt died in an automobile crack-up on the Boston Post Road. But Mayo's name had got into the papers too and while he was guilty of nothing but having loved Leah the private banking house let him out.

He had gone to Leah and he remembered how he had been unable to say anything. Anger and deep humiliation and a sense of irretrievable loss had closed his throat, dried it up. She had offered no explanation. Quietly, without a word, she had given him back his ring. He had tossed it upon her desk and turned and walked out.

Craddock was saying, "I suggest you arrange a way to search her hotel apartment. There may be some letters from Rader."

When Mayo made no reply, no movement, Craddock continued in another tone: "If you wish, I'll pull you off the case and put Riordan after her. But even so, no matter who I put on it, you'll not drop one word of warning!"

Mayo finished his drink at a long swallow and carried the empty glass back across the room. "It's my job," he said.

Craddock went to his briefcase. "This is a photo of Rader. It was taken from a group photograph at the lab and enlarged. It's a perfect likeness, they say." He gave it to Mayo and eyed him closely, speculatively. He put his hand on Mayo's shoulder. "I'd be sorry about the girl if I thought she was innocent. But I don't think she is. I think you'll find her meeting Rader one day."

AT NOON next day Mayo telephoned Leah and asked her to dine with him.

Her voice was low, disillusioned. "What's the use, Bo?"

"You're being serious," he said. "Let's not be serious. I feel like dancing and you dance damned well."

"Shall we dress?"

"We may as well."

"Seven-thirty, about?"

"Fine."

When he called for her that night, she wore a gown of pale green and nowhere on it was there an ornament. Her black hair gleamed, her lips were just the right shade of red.

"I don't know why you do it," she said.

"It's an experience, a pleasurable one, to admire beauty in the abstract, Leah."

"I wish you'd stop harping on my beauty."

"It is," he said, "a great asset."

She studied him for a moment, then turned away and said, "I'll get my wrap."

AS SHE went into her bedroom, he looked round the living room, marking where the desk stood and wondering if it were locked. He saw her door key lying on an end table by the divan but at that moment she returned.

"Do you see my key?" she said.

"I believe it's—" He picked it up, jangling the small metal tag.

Downstairs, as they were crossing the lobby, he said, "I'd better leave your key at the desk." He walked back to the desk, paused there for an instant, then turned and caught up with her in the center of the lobby. The key was in his pocket. As they proceeded toward the exit he saw Brighton rise leisurely from a chair and saunter after them. Brighton was young, blond, rosy-cheeked; he was only a year out of college.

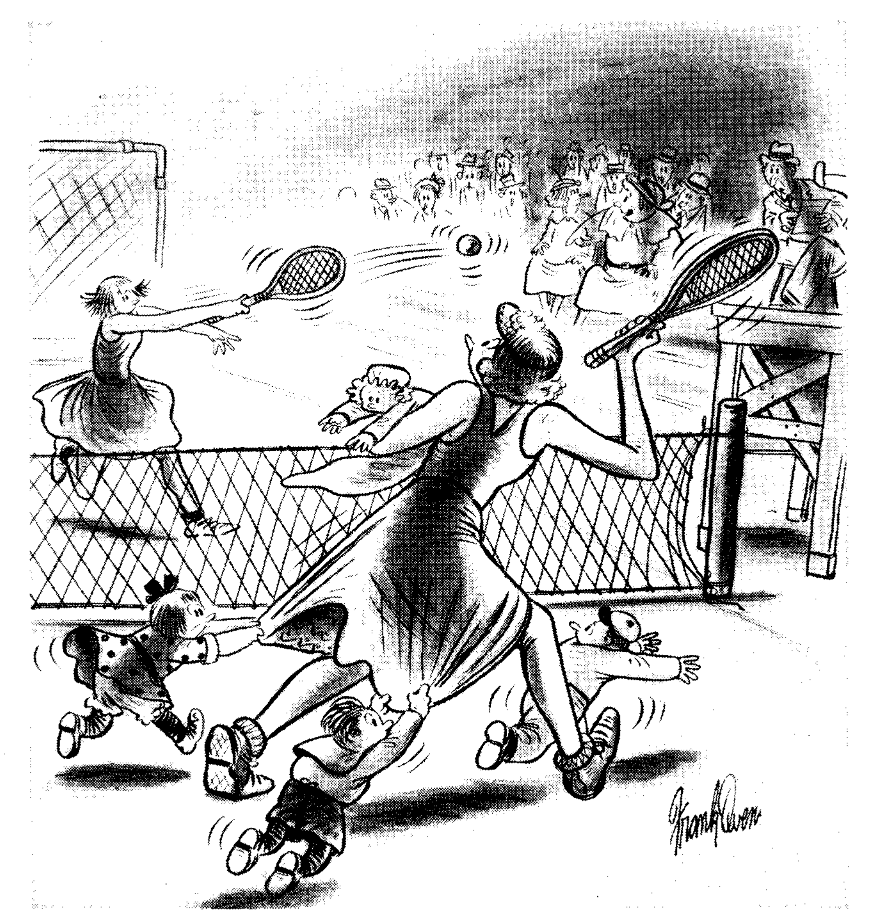
Mayo started the revolving door in motion and Leah went out first. He stooped to pick up a purposely dropped glove and Brighton bumped against him. Mayo rose, saying, "Excuse me," and Brighton said, "My fault," and then under his breath as he went past, "You've been followed."

When Mayo joined Leah outside a taxicab was waiting beneath the glass marquee and near it Brighton was signaling for another. Mayo handed Leah into the first cab and said to the driver, "The Rotunda," loud enough for Brighton to hear also.

"It's a lovely night," Leah said, as they drove off.

Mayo nodded. "Lovely." He turned and smiled at her grave profile. "Aren't you going to be gay?"

"I disappoint you, I know. I'm sorry."



"They say she has her marriage and career both!" FRANK OWEN

"Leah, why can't you let the past lie? Everything you say, every gesture you make, is hinged on something that doesn't exist any more. It was not your fault that you didn't love me."

She pressed her body deeper into the dark corner of the cab. "I can't make you out. Somehow, you frighten me."

He laughed lightly, in the roof of his mouth.

"Even your laughter is strange," she went on. "I wish you had cut me instead. I wish you had walked right up to me and called me what you believe I am. I should have preferred, even, a slap in the face—to this."

"To what?"

"To this play-acting of yours."

He said amiably, "I'm merely trying to be gay, Leah."

A doorman in plum-colored livery opened the taxicab door and they went first into the cocktail lounge, with its blue mirrors, its blue leather.

When they had finished two cocktails apiece, Mayo said, "Shall we go in, Leah? First, perhaps, you'd like to fix your hair. I think the wind got it."

"Will you excuse me?" she said.

MAYO rose and sauntered into the men's washroom and while he was there, washing his hands, Brighton came in and stood at the next basin. Brighton said:

"He's out there now, fourth table from yours toward the entrance. Alone. Blue suit, striped collar, long nose."

"Know him?"

"Never saw him before in my life. He followed you from your hotel."

"How did you happen to be at my hotel?"

"I followed Passig there. He went into the lobby, sat down, and after a while this bird came and sat next to him and they carried on a conversation behind newspapers. Then Passig left. I tried to get you on a house phone but there was no answer and then I saw you get out of the elevator. This bird picked up your trail then. Do you want me to stick around?"

Mayo was drying his hands. "No." He took Leah's key out of his pocket. "This is the key to the girl's apartment. Take it and go over and see what you can find. When you've finished, go by the lobby desk and drop it in front of the desk. A bellboy should see it and he'll pick it up and put it where it belongs. I'll be home at twelve. Meet me there."

"Right."

Mayo returned to his table in the cocktail lounge and took a good look at the man who sat at the fourth table from his. He knew he had never seen him before. The man was perhaps forty, very thin, almost debonair.

Leah, coming back, said, "It *was* a bit wind-blown."

Mayo stood up. "I've a table reserved inside."

He did not look at her; he found that, all at once, he could not look directly at her. Opportunity had put the key into his possession and there was no better time than now for her apartment to be searched. Brighton would be thorough. It would not matter, after all, whether he or Brighton should come upon some piece of damning evidence, it would in the end be turned over to Craddock. A momentary weakness had urged him to let Brighton make the search; he had not wished, in that moment, ever to find the evidence himself. And now he wished, desperately, that Brighton would find nothing.

"We'll order — and then will you dance?" he said.

"Yes, anything," she said.

THE cocktails had given her no lift and she did not seem to react to the music. But she danced with him and she danced beautifully; yet there was no joy in her face, in the movements of her body, and not once did she look into his face. At eleven o'clock she said:

"Do you mind if I ask you to take me home?"

"But the night is young, Leah."

"To me, it's very, very old."

He found himself unable now to chide her, for her mood was creeping across the table and coiling its blueness round him slowly but certainly. They rode to her hotel in silence and he went to the desk with her and watched the clerk as she asked for her key. The clerk gave it to her and Mayo wondered what Brighton had found.

He walked with her toward the elevator. "Please don't come up," she said.

"Not as far as your door?"

"No."

"But you forget that I've a lot of time on my hands—"

"And you forget that I'm human." Her chin quivered and she turned abruptly away and entered the elevator.

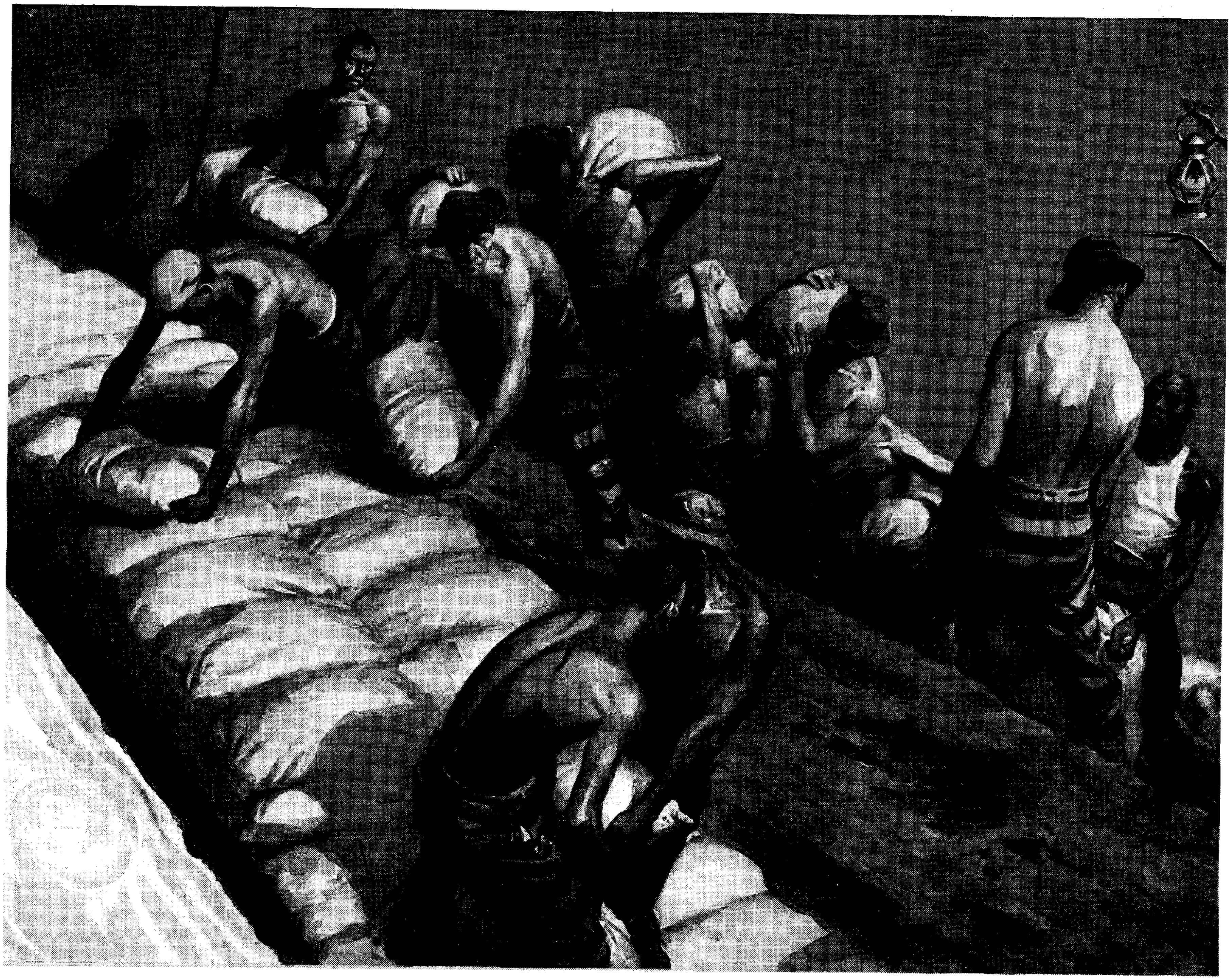
He walked slowly back across the lobby, her last words still resounding dully in his ears. Outside, he turned up his topcoat collar against the sharp chill breeze and moved eastward on Fifty-fourth Street, across Madison and on toward Park. He turned into a lively, noisy bar and, jamming himself between two men, planted his foot on the brass rail. He asked for a brandy and soda and wondered why he had dropped in here. In a moment he knew: he was afraid of what Brighton might have found; he did not wish to go back to his hotel.

But after two drinks, he went, knowing that he should have to go eventually. It was five past twelve when he walked into the lobby and, sure enough, Brighton was there.

Mayo said, barely glancing at him, "Come up," and they took the elevator to the fifth floor. When they entered his small apartment, Mayo took off his hat and overcoat. "Well, what did you get?"

"Two cracks on the jaw and a blow to the short ribs."

(Continued on page 56)



Then the battle began—men against the river. One crew filled the bags, the other packed them to the crest

Bayou Man

By James H. Street

The story of a simple man of courage whose own life meant nothing when those he loved were in danger

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THERE was an affinity between Big Cy and Big Bayou. The bayou ran along merrily when the summer was dry, the rivers gaunt and the swamps were lush and benevolent. But when winter came and the Mississippi got full of northern rains and wallowed home, tracking up the place with mud, the bayou grew sullen and black and moaned to the cypress trees that trooped through the crawling swamps.

Big Cy understood the moods of Big Bayou, for the bayou gave him his name, his home, his daily bread, and even his health. Because those big muscles that bunched around his back were developed by swinging a double-edged ax all day, felling cypress trees in the swamps.

His real name was Cyrus, but those who knew him best called him Big Cy or Big Cypress. Others along the bayou called him "Ap'un Strings" because he had played around Aunt Charity's feet until he was a young man and ready for the labors of cypress chopping. He had known no other mother ever except Aunt Charity, big-bosomed, broad-beamed and black. She had been with him when he was born in the cabin on the swamp's edge. Had been with his mother when she died.

And she had just stayed on, nursing him through malaria and stuffing him with victuals until at twenty-two he was the biggest man in the swamps and no one dared call him "Ap'un Strings" to his face or to jeer at him because he was mothered by an old Negro woman.

He had wanted to be a preacher, but he stammered on his "s's" and "a's" and Aunt Charity had laughed at the idea.

"You can't preach if'n you can't say yo' s's and a's," she teased him one night as she clipped his long black hair on his neck. " 'Cause how you gonna say 'sin' and 'salvation' and 'Samson?' And 'sides, honey, you's a cypress-chopping swamps man and you'll never be happy nowhars else, cep'n right heah in de delta. Now walk down de lane and rest while I knock us togetha som'n t'eat."

BIG CY walked to the bayou's levee and stretched on the cool grass. The stars came out, very red, and there was a glow in the west where the sun had gone. The katydids took up their night cries and the frogs joined the chorus. Black clouds massed in the south and a wet wind blew from the swamps. The rainy season was on the land. Big Cy put his hands under his head and sang softly to the sky:

"Rain, rain, let it pour, and beat
a-a-agin de cabin door,
No need to fear jus' 'cause night time
is here,
Because there a-a-ain't no rain a-a-
across Jordan."

He didn't notice the figure that slipped from the swamps until it laughed very pleasantly and said:

"That's a very pretty song—a preaching song, isn't it? Where did you learn it?"

"From the preacher," retorted Big Cy, "where you 's-s-spects?"

"You live here?" The girl's voice was casual but it had a city accent that Big Cy noticed.

"Yes'm." He got to his feet. "I s-s-stays in that cabin right yonder. Where you s-s-stay?"

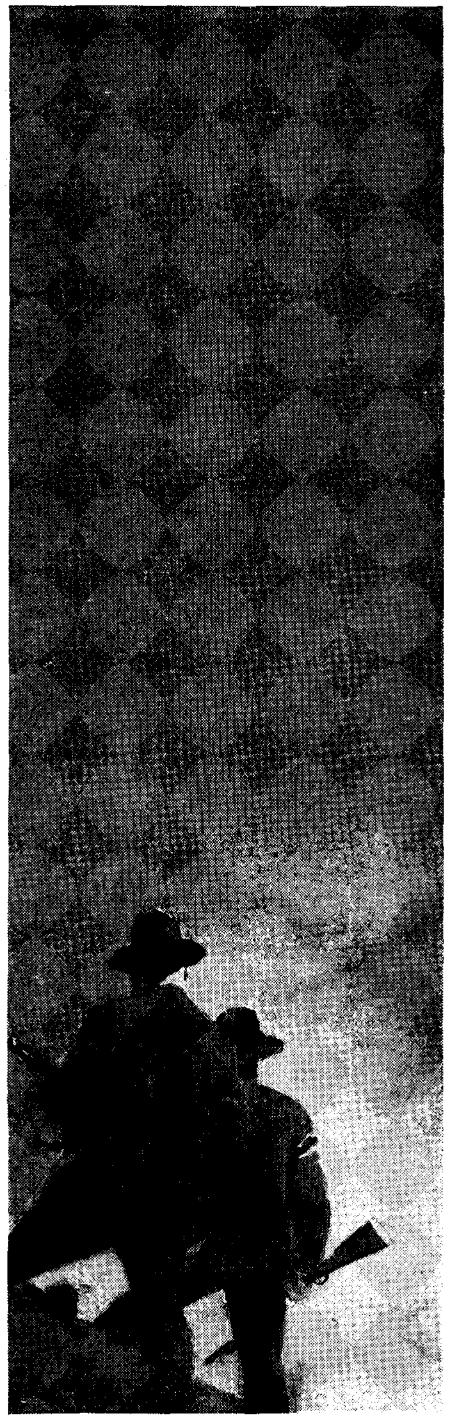
"Well, nowhere exactly. I'm on my way to Greenville. How far is it?"

"Too far to walk at night."

"What place is this?"

"This a-a-ain't no town, ma'am. This is Cun'l Will Morgan's cypress s-s-swamp. He owns the plantation up this bayou, too. I wu'ks for him, cutting cypress. My name's Big Cy. What's yo's?"

"I'm glad to know you, Big Cy." She



laughed again as though pleased at his friendliness. "My name is Susan."

"Wish it didn't begin in s-s's, 'cause I can't say 'em so good." He laughed, too, just as lightning played over the swamps and he saw her face clearly. There were tight little lines around her mouth, and her straw-colored hair was pushed carelessly under her beret.

"You a-a-are tired, ma'am," Big Cy smiled down at her. "Come on up to my cabin and get s-s-some s-s-supper. You needn't worry a-a-about nuthin'. A-a-aunt Charity's there."

Susan was too tired to refuse. She had walked eighteen miles and she couldn't say no in defiance of her hunger and the smell of ham and grits that wafted down from the cabin.

Aunt Charity welcomed her to the cabin. The old Negress never was surprised at anything Big Cy brought home. He always was bringing home something—a stray hound, a stray sheep, and now a stray girl.

"You have a nice cabin." Susan heaped her plate and poured coffee for Big Cy and then for herself.

"You's right peart 'roun' a house, Mis' Susan." Aunt Charity eyed her closely. "Whar you l'arn to po' mens's coffee fo'n you po's yo' own?"

"I used to work in a boardinghouse," Susan answered flatly.

"I s-s-spects we ought to have a blessing over the vittles." Big Cy was surprised that Susan hadn't suggested grace.

But she couldn't pray. She just closed her eyes and listened to the rain that began splattering on the roof. The wind whined under the cypress eaves and whistled around the cabin. She could hear the swamp's moaning, and she shuddered. Over on the Mississippi, just beyond the big levee, a steamboat growled and grunted as it strained against the channel.

"Chunk up de fiah, chile," Aunt Charity told Big Cy when the meal was ended. "Den go see 'bout de hawgs. Be sho' dey's dry, 'cause de rain's here."

She waited until he disappeared in the swishing deluge, then faced the white girl.

"I don't butt into no white folks' doin's, Mis' Susan, but whar you frum and whatcha doin' heah?"

"What do you want to know for?" Susan wasn't accustomed to being spoken to, that way, by Negroes.

"You's frum de city, ain't cha? You's got on slick stockin's, and delta gals don't weah slick stockin's on week days. Is you in trouble?"

SHE spoke so kindly. And Susan did what any other weary girl would have done if she were nineteen and lonely. She put her head in Aunt Charity's lap and cried.

"I—I'm from Little Rock. I worked in a boardinghouse there. But I got tired of it—*tired* of it, I tell you. One of the boarders was nice. He told me he would get me a job in Memphis. But when I got there he expected too—too much. So I ran away!"

"Huh! Das de way wid some white trash. Whar yo' pa and ma, chile?" Aunt Charity stroked her hair.

"They are dead. But I have some kin near Greenville and I was trying to walk there. But I'm tired and scared. Scared of the swamps and the rain and"—her voice choked—"and I don't know where I'm going."

Aunt Charity waddled to her feet and snorted. "You ain't goin' nowhars, cep'n to bed." She wiped Susan's eyes with her big apron.

"Dat's why I w'ah's dis big ap'un." Her voice was cheerful. "Big Cy used to cry a heap when the mens teased him about his studders. Dey called him 'Ap'un Strings' 'cause I mammied him so. Cun'l Will, what owns de place, calls him Big Cypress 'cause he's so stout. He's a mouty fine man, Mis' Susan, and you mout as well know hit, 'cause you's gonna stay wid me and Big Cy till de rains stop."

"Big Cy and Big Cypress"—Susan settled in a chair and stretched. "I think I will call him Big Cypress—I like that. Where's his mother?"

"She died when he wuz bo'n."

"And his father?"

"He was orn'ry and ran away. I hears he's guardin' convicts down on de state farm. Big Cy don't know nuthin' 'bout his pa, and you won't tell him, will you?"

"I won't tell." Her voice was husky.

"An' you don't mind stayin' heah on Big Bayou wid a ol' cull'ed woman and a strapping cypress-chopping mans?"

"Of course not. You are the first folks who have been good to me in a long time."

"Wal—" Aunt Charity reached for her snuff—"You stays. De Lawd sent de rains and de rains sent you, and I ain't one to argue wid de Lawd."

BIG CY was drenched on his return from the hog pen. "You better get out of those wet clothes, Big Cypress." Susan pulled a chair near the fire for him. He looked at her in amazement. No one except Aunt Charity ever had shown any interest in his comfort. He noticed Susan was smiling and the firelight danced in her eyes.

"Why you call me Big Cypress?" He liked the name. "Nobody but Cun'l Will calls me that."

"Because you're so big." She ran her fingers up her temples until her hair came to life and shone, and she smoothed her dress. "You are the biggest man I ever saw, and I'll bet you are the best cypress hand in the delta."

"I cut a heap of trees, a-a-all right." It was the first time Big Cy ever had bragged of himself. And Aunt Charity beamed at his enthusiasm. Soon the three were laughing and joking as though they had been together for years.

"I can stop you of stammering," Susan suggested timidly to Big Cy, fearful lest she hurt his feelings.

"If you can, I'll do a-a-anything you s-s-say."

"All right, now listen." The girl tilted her chair against the fireplace, rolled down her stockings and got very comfortable. "When you get to words that have an 'a' or an 's' at the beginning, just stop talking. And before you try to say the word, wiggle your thumb twice."

"Like this?" He couldn't think of anything to say except "Susan," so he sang:

"On Jordan's—" he stopped, wiggled his thumb twice and continued deliberately—"stor-my banks I—" more wiggles—"*stand, and* cast a wistful eye, tow'd Canaan's fair *and* happy land—"

"See how easy it is?" laughed Susan.

"But it's bad on the *singing,*" he got it out without a stammer.

And before he went to his cot in a lean-to by the kitchen, he was able to shorten Susan to Sue without any trouble or wiggle.

If other swamp families thought anything odd about the arrangement they kept it to themselves. Even Colonel Will Morgan, owner of the land, didn't protest. It was he who had allowed Aunt Charity to rear the white boy. She had requested the privilege and the colonel couldn't object. After all, Aunt Charity had reared him too.

Big Cy no longer was moody, even when Big Bayou got sullen. He went around singing "joree" songs, and the world no longer was drab. He brought Sue the choice skimmings at molasses-making time and kept the larder filled with squirrels and partridges and catfish.

THE time to "tote in the Chris'mus" log was upon them before they realized it. Big Cy had cut a fine hickory log during the summer and left it to cure for the ceremony. The log must be "toted in" on Christmas Eve, and pushed far back on the fire irons. And so long as it burns, Christmas is celebrated.

Sue and Big Cy went together to get their log.

"It's the finest log on the ridge," he told her. "She'll burn four days." He grinned at the girl and asked timidly, "What kind of Chris'mus gift you want, Sue?"

She paused in the shadow of a sentinel pine, a gaunt tree whose needles had been beaten off by the rains.

"Sit down, Big Cypress. Sit on these pine needles."

She tugged at his sleeve, bit her lip and looked up at him longingly.

"I—I want to stay here, Cy. Aunt Charity says I came with the rains. But I—I'm not going away. I'm never going anywhere except where you go."

He fumbled with his big hands and then put his arms around her. The world spun when he kissed her, but she clung to him. They sat there until the frogs welcomed the night.

Big Cy had the Christmas log across his back when they got home. It was dark, but they loved the night. He was singing a "joree" song as they walked.

Aunt Charity scowled as she opened the door. "How come you singing dat cypress choppin' song, and hit Chris'-mus?" she demanded.

"How come I can't?" Big Cy laid the log on the hearth. Charity ignored him. She fired the log with pine chips while Sue got supper. And while the pork chops were sizzling, the shrewd old Negress slipped on her shawl.

"I'se agoin' to see 'bout de hawgs," she announced.

"But we've killed all the hogs!" said Sue in surprise.

"I'se agoin' an' see 'bout 'em, anyhow." And she wallowed into the night.

Aunt Charity went directly to the white owner's big house, in through the kitchen she had ruled in her youth, and asked for Colonel Morgan. He was pleased when she told him she was sure Big Cy and Sue would marry.

"I'm glad the boy's going to marry. She's a good girl, isn't she?"

"She sho' is, Cun'l." Aunt Charity selected the best chair in the kitchen for her bulk. "She's a o'phun, but she's mouty fine. Wish you'd fix me a cabin som'ers, Cun'l Will. I'll have to be gittin' out of Big Cy's house. Hit's awright for white chil'lun to have dey mammy wid 'em when dey's growin' up, but I've mammied dat boy so much Miss Sue'll want him to herself when dey marries."

"I know, Charity." Colonel Morgan put his hands behind his back and warmed them before the fire. "You've done a good job with Big Cypress. His mother would be grateful. Her folks were the best share croppers I ever had. That's why I didn't mind you moving in their cabin and raising the boy. Does he know his father is still alive?"

"Naw suh, and I ain't gonna tell him."

"That's right. It'll do no good. His father's so no-'count that it'll be better if the boy never hears of him. You come on back up here to the big house when they get married, and take it easy. You've earned a rest. Good night, Charity. And Merry Christmas."

SUE and Big Cy were sitting before the fire when Aunt Charity returned. "How's the hogs?" Big Cy grinned.

"Dey's purty good."

"Sue and I have something to tell you," Big Cy began. "We—"

"Uh, huh." The tired old woman gazed into the fire. "I knows—I seed hit a'comin'. Cun'l Will's gonna take me back in de big house, an' you two can have dis cabin."

"No, Aunt Charity." Big Cy spoke softly. "We've come this far together, and you stay with us."

"Naw suh. Hit's awright for me to look after you chil'lun and after any chil'lun you mout have, but after white folks git married up dey ain't no room in a little cabin for a fat ol' mammy. I'se goin' back to Cun'l Will's house. Mis' Sue heah will look afta you."

She patted Sue's yellow hair. "You's de purties' chile I ever see," she said.

Big Cy cried without shame, and wiped his eyes on the apron.

"Stop dat, you big baby," scolded old Charity. "De folks be callin' you 'Ap'un Strings' agin. Now le's git on wid de Chris'mus doin's. Dat's de bigges' lawg I ever see. Hit'll burn fo' days."

The Yule log did burn four days. Big Cy and Sue were married on the third. Aunty Charity moved back to the big house and the couple had the cabin to themselves.

When the winter freshets receded and Big Cy took his ax back in the swamps for the spring chopping, he kept two mule teams tired, dragging out the logs.

Colonel Morgan paid him for every tree he felled and snaked to dry ground, and by July he and Sue had money hoarded in a tin can, safe behind a crack in the fireplace. Dog days came in August, and then came the rains.

The baby was born the night Big Bayou began groaning with his winter burdens. Aunt Charity wouldn't allow Big Cy in the cabin until a midwife reported the young mother out of danger.

"He's a boy, Big Cypress." Sue smiled her pride. "And we are going to name him Cyrus, too—Cyrus McNeil, Jr."

"Gosh, that's fine." Big Cy stared at the mite. "Little Cy and Big Cy. You know, I'd just about forgot my name was McNeil. I wish my ma an' pa could 'a' lived to see the little rascal."

THE spring high water left the land hungry for cotton, and the field hands pushed their patches to the limit. Big Cy and the swamp crew went through the cypress like a tornado, cutting and hauling. Big Cy was a foreman now, but he did more work than any man. Market time, when the lumber was sold and the cotton picked, brought cheats from the city and they swarmed about the place like a plague.

The Memphis salesman who rapped at Sue's door had just the phonograph she wanted. It cost only twenty-five dollars, and that included recordings of "Casey Jones" and "Red Wing." Big Cy was in the barn cutting a hickory ax-handle when the stranger called, and Sue's face blanched when she saw him.

"What you want?" she demanded.

"I have here a phonograph—" He looked closely at Sue. "Oh, *hel*-lo. I didn't recognize you at first. What are you doing here?"

"I won't talk with you. And if you bother me, I'll call my husband."

"Married, huh? Well, well. The little boardinghouse girl has a family, and living in a swamp cabin. Okay, Toots, but it's a mighty fine phonograph—"

He latched the gate as he walked away. But midway down the lane he looked back. Sue was standing in her door—the starchy freshness of her gingham dress—her lithe movements—

She tried to close the door as he stepped back on the porch, but he warned her. "I wouldn't do that, Susan."

"I haven't got any money—"

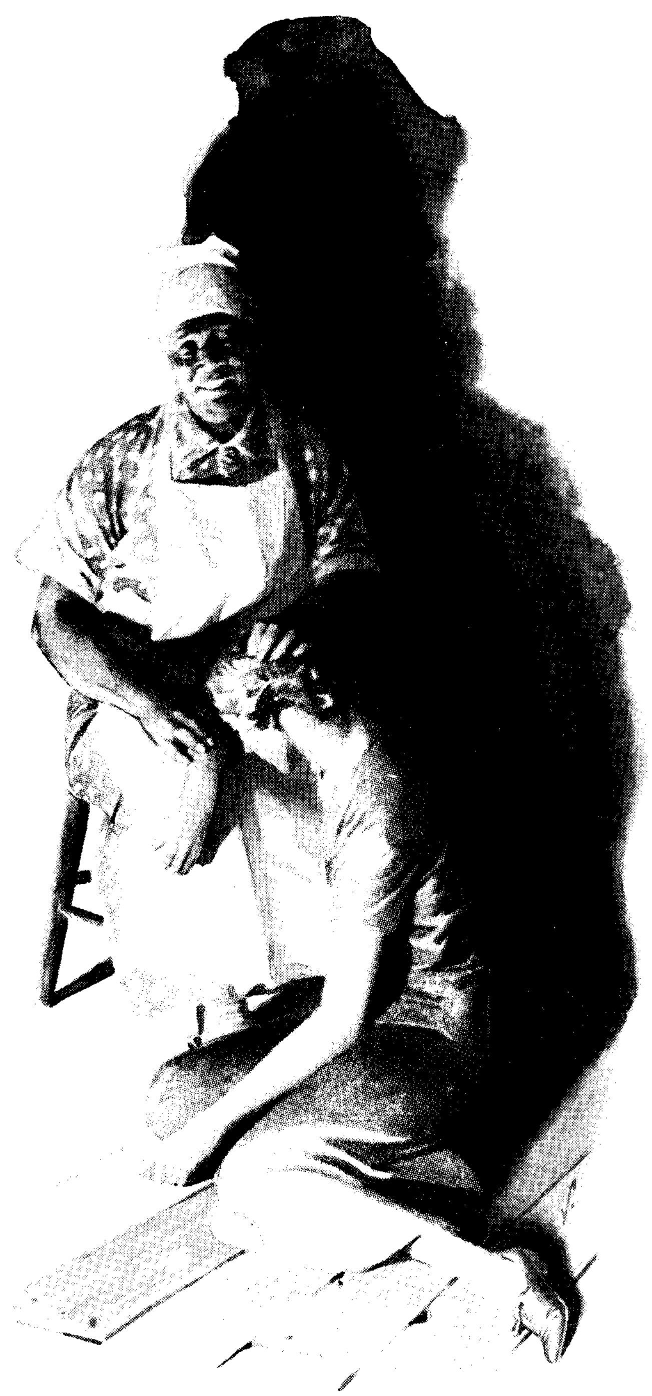
"It's not money I'm after." He stepped through the doorway. "I'll *give* you that phonograph."

"If you don't leave, I'll call my husband. He—he'll kill you."

"I wouldn't do that if I was you. How would your husband like to know you went from Little Rock to Memphis with me?"

"There wasn't nothing wrong in that, you know there wasn't!" Sue was not excited now.

"Will your husband believe that? Husbands are mighty funny creatures. I always figured you and I could get along, Susan. You know—"



"Huh!" said Aunt Charity. "Das de way wid some white trash. Whar yo' pa and ma, chile?" Aunt Charity stroked her hair. "They are dead," Susan said

AUNT CHARITY, waddling about the Big House, was surprised to see Sue's front gate unlatched. She was sure it had been latched when the salesman left. She had glanced out the window and saw him go. She shuffled down to latch it and saw Sue's door was closed. No native ever closes a door during the day in the delta. The quality of age is not without wisdom. She walked quickly to the barn.

"Big Cy," she spoke breathlessly. "'Spects you better git to yo' cabin. And take dat ax-handle wid you."

Sue scarcely looked up when Big Cy stepped through the back doorway. The salesman leaped to his feet, and grasped a heavy stick of stovewood, but Big Cy rapped his knuckles with the ax-handle until he dropped it. Then Big Cy threw the ax-handle away.

"I s-s-spects," he stammered for the first time in many months, "I spects if you ever come back here again I'm goin' to kill you." His voice was low, ominous.

"Oh, yeah?" The salesman looked at Sue. "Well, maybe you'd like to know I've known this girl a long time. She went from Little Rock to—"

The salesman felt his left shoulder grow numb as Big Cy grasped it. Then the swamp man slapped him with his open palm, a ringing, sharp slap. Again and again, until the man reeled and his face was puffed. Big Cy's eyes were cold. He lifted the man like a sack and threw him in a corner. Then he carefully raked through the kitchen utensils until he found a butcher knife.

"No, darling! No, Big Cypress! Don't kill him," Sue screamed.

"Shut up, Sue," Big Cy snarled.

The salesman was too dazed to make any outcry. The swamp man jerked up his head and cut an X on his chin.

"It won't kill you," Big Cy said. "But it's a swamp mark. And when anybody asks you where you got it, say a good woman's husband give it to you."

And with that Big Cy dragged the stranger to the fence and hurled him into the lane.

Sue faced her husband. "Big Cypress," she said slowly. "I did go to Memphis with that man. I—"

"Yes, I know, Sue. Aunt Charity told me all about it."

AUNT CHARITY and Colonel Morgan reached the cabin at the same time.

"I'm sorry about this, Cyrus," the Colonel said, using Big Cy's real name for one of the few times in his life. "That scoundrel's company has a lot of political pull in this county. I haven't—I don't vote right. He'll go straight to the sheriff."

"I'm going in and see the sheriff, myself." Big Cy slipped his arm around Sue's shoulders. "I don't want this to get in no co't. We know what that man will tell. You can't fight lies, Cun'l—not when the lies are against po' folks."

Just as he expected, Big Cy was indicted for assault and he pleaded guilty. The swamp men were all for lynching the salesman, but Big Cy calmed them. And so the judge sent him to the state farm for eighteen months.

"Don't you fret, Sue," Cy told her. He kissed her goodby and hugged Aunt Charity, then walked down the dusty road with the officers.

"Colonel Morgan, please, sir," Sue pleaded when Big Cy was out of hearing. "Is his father still a guard at the state farm?"

"Yes."

"But he won't know Big Cy is his chile," comforted Aunt Charity.

IT WAS a vicious winter, the coldest the delta had suffered since 1917. Dismal rains fell constantly and Aunt Charity shook her head as she watched the water form little pools behind the levees, then seep into the ground.

Sue, an outsider to the delta, was not alarmed. She had marked her calendar every day that Joe was in prison and heard from him once a week.

He had been attached to a swamp crew and had escaped the lash. The guards liked him. But he too was worried about the weather signs. He noticed the swamp waters, knew the rivers were restless. Reports came that the Ohio was flooding at Louisville, Paducah, Cairo! The Missouri was rising. The Arkansas—the St. Francis—the Yazoo—they all were stretching and grumbling and heading for the Mississippi.

Big Bayou went out of its banks and over its levees before February, and the Mississippi began creeping toward the top of its sixty-foot dike.

Colonel Morgan sent every hand to the levee, and pleaded with the governor for convicts.

Big Cy's crew arrived at dusk, and the colonel met him.

"Sue doesn't know you are here," he explained. "It's not right for her to know you are so near when she can't see you."

"I understand, Cun'l," said Big Cy. "How's de levee?"

"Maybe you can save it. I'm going to turn the job over to you. You are the best swamp man I ever saw. And if you do save it, the governor will hear about it. I promise you that."

BIG CY put the plantation's "free niggahs" to loading bags at the base of the levee. The convicts packed them to the top. The guards crowded under wet canvas and watched the convicts, with orders to shoot if one made a break. Colonel Morgan's overseers also patrolled, each armed. Somebody might try to dynamite the dike to relieve pressure at another point. It's all right to kill a levee dynamiter, as it is a horse thief.

Piles of bags were stacked along the bottom of the dike. Huge coffee pots were set up. Liquor was rationed. Big Cy told his men to strip to their waists, and then the battle began—men against the river.

One crew filled the bags, the other packed them to the crest—down again, up again, down, up—an endless line of men. There was no hurry, no alarm, just hour after hour of labor.

Lanterns were strung along the dike and Big Cy worked his men until they collapsed in the mud and just lay there while ooze spread over their sweaty bodies.

For three days they battled, and at twilight of the fourth a lookout greeted them with a long, rumbling shout:

"Sandboils!"

Big Cy selected twenty of his freshest men.

"Get to that boil!" he ordered. "Sandbag it! It means the river has eat under the levee! Stop it, someway—anyway! There is women and chillun depending on this levee!"

The men leaped to their jobs, but a lookout checked them:

"She's a'goin'! The levee's sinkin'!"

"Git to your guards, men!" Big Cy shouted to his crew. "And all of you run

(Continued on page 44)

Don't Call Me Napoleon

By W. B. Courtney

"The planes are rotten; the engines fall apart; the propellers split—it's dangerous to leave the ground in one of those bunches of junk." Edgar Gorrell was quite outspoken about our early air force (total war strength—eight planes). Today he is just as frank in his job as family doctor to our commercial aviation

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Edgar S. Gorrell, Chief of the Air Transport Association, whose personal history closely parallels that of aviation in the United States

PERHAPS if the superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point had let all the nice little kaydets, with their bright faces and spat-down hair and glowing shoes, go to church according to the old Army custom that Sunday morning long ago, we taxpayers might not have got anyone useful but only common run-of-the-mill brass hats. He lined them up and said, "Children, we'll skip pew drill today and go stand on the Hudson shore. There's a crazy man named Glenn Hammond Curtiss who says he is going to fly down the river from Albany to New York in an aeroplane. Ha! Ha! The dope—yet there may be something in it, so forward, march, hep!"

That was in 1910, and that is how we came to get a Boss Man for our commercial air lines in 1936.

The superintendent, it turned out, was guilty of a sort of intellectual arson that Sabbath morn. You play with fire when you prod the long, long thoughts of boys. Curtiss *did* fly by; and showing wonders in the sky instead of just preaching about them was like throwing a lighted match into a field where gunpowder sticks grow side by side with the daisies. You knew some youthful imagination was bound to blow up and spin away in a cloud of dreams.

From that day on, the member of the corps known to his mates as Napoleon was not the same.

The academy record books knew him as Corporal Edgar Staley Gorrell, C Company; and this turn in his life was no mere whimsey, the idle change of direction of a young man who lacked purpose and stick-to-it-iveness. It was a reluctant farewell to military ambitions that had by then attained the strength of fifteen continuous years. When our hero was just little Eddie of the Baltimore Gorrells, age four, he had publicly announced his career intentions. His mother found him strutting with heels together and toes turned out at an angle which made it difficult to perceive in which direction he was going. "This," he said, cute as anything, "is the way I am going to walk when I am a general."

It seems the little rascal had an uncle, and that always brings unpredictable factors into the raising of children. Moreover, Uncle Frank E. Gorrell owned a chain of Maryland newspapers and kept books lying unguarded around the house. Eddie got hold of one of those and, Maryland prose not being above a five-year-old's head, he studied a grand tale, with illustrations of war, pillage, and bloodletting, and the reason he wanted to be a general rather than an admiral was because the hero rode a horse and not a ship. Such minor validities rather than born taste, I suppose, account for the destructive or military elements of human society.

It is the practice at the Military Academy for upperclassmen to confront each man upon his first campus appearance and demand: "What was the name of the man appointed last year from your Congressional District?" You tell them, down to the last initial. "And," the relentless inquisitors go on, "do you by any chance imagine that you are as good a man as he is?" Whereupon, according to the convention, you are supposed to whimper, "Oh, no, sirs!"

Not Eddie Gorrell, when he got there in 1908: "I darn' well am!" he thundered.

So the Army did not know how to treat with Edgar, and never learned to the day he resigned. It contented itself with calling him Napoleon, and even there he supplied the lead. He drilled and saluted and thrust his chest out, sucked in his chin and his midriff, kept little fingers on the seams of his trousers, and then one day he went around to the commandant. "Say," he demanded, "how do I get to be a corporal around here? I've been a private long enough!" Although he was in football, baseball, and every tough form of athletics—eventually he became broadswords champion of the academy—he was not physically large. The commandant gazed down upon him and was astonished enough to make him a corporal. Academy wits, drawing their inspiration from military sources, did the obvious thing: called him Napoleon—the "Little Corporal," see?

In fact, he became successively sergeant major, lieutenant, then captain of his company, upon graduation in 1912; and, not having altogether ignored scholastic matters in favor of athletics and maneuvers, he stood within the first third of his class. He put up his hand for the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, as the Air Corps was then quaintly named; but regulations of the time required two years' line service first. He went to Alaska and hay-footed with the 30th Infantry at Fort Seward until 1914, and came back with a mountain named for him, and an affection for the territory which today is reflected in his zealousness to make sure Alaska is not neglected in our national aviation programs.

Now his insistence won him transfer to the aviation branch, and a station at Coronada, across the bridge from San Diego, in California, where the flying activities of the Army were massed—both its airplanes being there. He was the thirty-ninth man to win a pilot's license in the United States; and his Federation Aeronautique Internationale license was 324—numbers which put him on the first pages of aviation history. Indeed, almost left him there with a gold star and purple border. Parachute experimentation beginning about that time, Lieutenant Gorrell offered to be the first Army officer to leap with one from a plane. A tenderhearted commanding officer thought one more sandbag test would be prudent; and if Lieutenant Gorrell had broken into as many pieces as that bag did, he would have offered a problem in reconstruction as difficult as Humpty Dumpty's.

So he went to Mexico instead. That was in the spring of 1916, when General Pancho Villa was taking liberties with the sanctity of the United States border, the dignity of the United States government, and pulling the whiskers of our military leaders. The First Aero Squadron—the official designation of Gorrell and a couple of other fellows—was attached to the Pershing Punitive Expeditionary Forces. Punitive—that is, to punish the brambly generalissimo, who has become a legendary hero to the poor folk of his country; their William Tell, Robin Hood, Simon Bolivar, and Chapeyef rolled into one will-o'-the-wisp. Whatever punishment there was fell solely upon the Americans; upon the staff master wits, tormented by questions from Washington, upon the officers and men who sweated in the alkali dust of the north Mexican deserts and suffered defeat and humiliation in the one battle of the war—Carrizal, on June 22d. The Aviation Section—grown to eight planes now, and used with American troops for the first time in history—had more than a share of the grief and drama; one of the outstanding adventures of the campaign fell to Lieutenant Gorrell.

Lost on the Desert

In that futile year, Pershing's troops were forever "just on the point" of surrounding Villa. One of the many such false alarms from the advance squadrons to the column's headquarters at Colona Dublan fetched the Air Corps winging south. Villa was supposed to be trapped in the mountains; and planes were needed to X the exact spot. The air force was commanded by Captain Foulois—afterward major general and chief of the Air Corps. At dusk, most of the squadron landed on the alkaline plain; but Gorrell, seeing lights afar, mistook them for gasoline flares set out by American troops to mark a landing field. He kept going, only to find an hour later that the lights were a forest fire.

His OX-5 motor, among the earliest of that famous series, was not very good; but no internal-combustion engine, whatever its merits, will run without fuel. There were a few bleats, then a soughing off into utter quiet. Gorrell had been expecting this, through many long minutes, but when it came the silence was so overwhelming that he mushed the plane to the earth with the forlornness of a man jumping into a vat of ink.

In the morning he could see nothing but wasteland. His stock was a pint of water, one concentrated ration, and a pistol. Four days he wandered, lost on the desert. He did not find water; and he did not drink what he had, but rinsed his mouth with it and spat it back into the flask. Heat and evaporation did for it; and when the last drop was gone his tongue grew thick in his mouth, his lips dried and parted; and he fainted many times.

Once he thought he saw a collection of huts, but found them to be wild cattle that ran off when he approached. Presently, with the help of a Mexican he captured, Gorrell found United States cavalry, just like in a movie. He was a scarecrow by now, and they arrested him as a bandit, until he removed his overalls and displayed his uniform and the wings on his blouse.

Now Lieutenant Gorrell got his initial chance to show the integrity, the fearlessness of consequences, which marked him in the Army; the patriotism, above considerations of self, which has made him that unique creature, a hundred-per-center whom you do not want to choke.

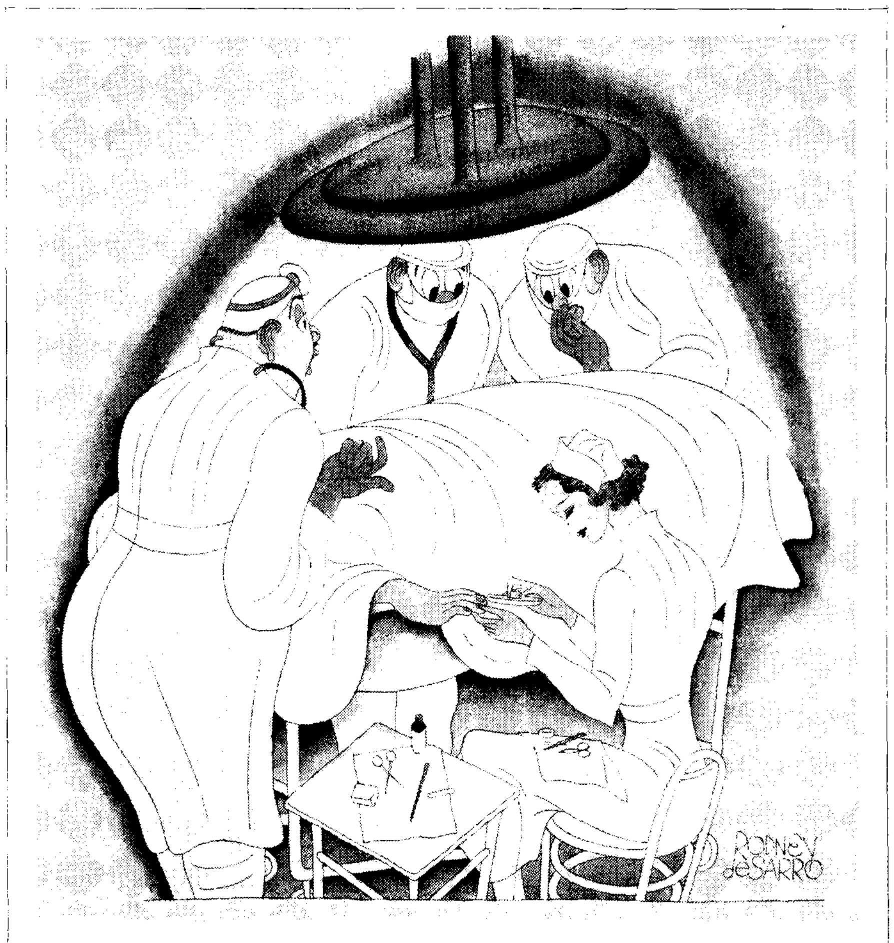
He Kicked Up a Scandal

Virtually all the young flying officers of the First Aero Squadron gossiped to Webb Miller, then beginning his distinguished career as war correspondent for the United Press, about the inadequacy, the downright hazardousness of the planes, engines and equipment they were compelled to fly; and the criminal inefficiency of the United States Army with specific reference to its aviation work, even while the war burning in Europe proved the desperate need for attention to these matters. In those years, veterans of the Indian wars still ruled the War Department and when Miller's story kicked up a scandal throughout a country that had watched, with bewilderment, the failure of its costly expedition of 12,000 men against a guerilla chief and his few hundreds, there were solemn denials from Washington—and an immediate search for whoever said that!

Pressure was applied on Webb, in a fruitless effort to make him reveal his sources of information; the Army bigwigs threatened him with being sent home, in the mistaken notion that that could be a penalty. Baffled, the inspector general—the War Department's Torquemada—arranged an inquisition in which he grilled all the personnel of the First Army Squadron. Every man jack denied having talked to Miller—who, naturally, was now on a spot with his home office—until it came Gorrell's turn. "Yes, I said it!" he thundered at the open-mouthed inspector general, "and it's all true. The planes are rotten; the engines fall apart; the propellers split—it's dangerous to leave the ground in one of those bunches of junk—and the United States Army is in danger of killing off the handful of trained pilots it has, right now when it looks as though we're headed into bigger troubles! I feel it is my duty to warn you of this."

Well, no lieutenant ever warned the War Department of anything—in that tone of voice—without getting promoted. Gorrell was selected to go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for advanced study of aviation engineering.

Meanwhile, Secretary of War Baker ordered a thorough overhaul of the air service, forbade use of the rickety planes, and brought Army flying to a new spirit and efficiency on the eve of our participation in the Great War.



"Nurse Fenley always tries to earn a little extra on the side"

RODNEY DE SARRO

In the autumn term of 1916 Gorrell finished a whole year's work and got his Master of Science degree for a Christmas present. His spunk being discovered to his superiors, he now proceeded to demonstrate a complementary mental side—genius for reorganization, for chestnut pulling, for doctoring weak and ailing programs, which has featured his military and business career.

Wrapping-Paper Figures

He marched into Washington the day war against Germany was declared and found on the desk of his boss—General Squiers, chief of the Signal Corps and head of the Joint Army and Navy Board—defense questions with regard to the whole policy of protecting the United States and its possessions against German air and submarine attacks. He bit a point on his pencil, sat down, and without let or leave he worked out plans in answer to those questions, and when the astonished General Squiers came in, there was the job all done for him.

Next Lieutenant Gorrell went into a grocery store and got a section of wrapping paper two feet wide and six feet long, and on this in lead pencil he worked out the first appropriation that he deemed would be necessary for wartime aviation. It took him forty-eight hours, and then he confronted General Squiers, General Foulois, chief of the Aviation Section, and four civilian experts from President Wilson's Council of National Defense.

General Squiers looked at the figure in the lower right-hand corner, and cried: "Great Scott, six hundred million dollars—why, that's more than the Panama Canal cost!" Nevertheless, young Gorrell's figure was passed through the Secretary of War, the President, and Congress; and the appropriation was made without opposition, delay, or change. This, if you know red-tape Washington, would seem to be the major American achievement of the World War. Moreover, when the books were finally closed years later, Gorrell's wrapping-paper figures were out by only eight million; in other words, his original estimate was virtually ninety-eight per cent correct.

This initiative fetched attention; Napoleon was made a captain and sent by the Secretary of War as a member of a mission to determine the manner and extent of United States participation in the air war against the Central Powers. The mission's report was unanimously approved by the Allies.

Round-Shouldered from Decorations

Pershing himself thereupon recognized the harmonizing talents of the young airman, and retained him as Chief Engineer Officer of the Air Service, A. E. F. He bought nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of airplanes and material. "He did seventy jobs at once," Air Service veterans will tell you, "and when the transport George Washington crossed in November that year, practically her whole boatload was people to take over Gorrell's work." For Pershing had made him Assistant Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. Air Service. He laid the plans for the use of the air force then being formulated, and later was the actual director of its strategy.

If you want to make him awfully mad, repeat that old charge which Brisbane and other alarmist editors, and Lloyd George among politicians, harped on through so many postwar years—that for all the money we spent, not a single American-made plane or motor ever reached Europe. When the World War began, the United States ranked 14th in aerial military appropriations; and had never built one fit battleplane. As you have seen in this little chronicle, we started the air war from scratch, because no aircraft industry existed in the United States. Speed in help was vital, and it was suggested by the Allies that it could be gained if we bought their planes and supplied them with materials and supplies for plane manufacture.

The Allies fell down on their contracts; nevertheless, on Armistice Day we managed to have with the A. E. F. forty-five American air squadrons, with 740 American-owned planes. A dozen of the squadrons had American-built airplanes, with Liberty motors; altogether, we had 1,620 service planes available for active duty at the front. More than one thousand American planes, and more than two thousand American Liberty motors had been received in France.

The end of the war came with Gorrell Chief of Staff of the Air Service of the A. E. F., a colonel, and round-shouldered from decorations presented by his own and foreign countries. He represented the United States at various postwar conferences, including sessions of the Peace Conference. Then he came home, was assigned to the General Staff, where he brought all of our aerial de-

(*Continued on page* 58)

had your
PLUGS CLEANED
lately?

THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Dirty spark plugs cause loss of power, hard starting, and waste of gas

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD

REGISTERED

AC

SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION
BLUE TOP DEALER

The Sign of
HELPFUL SERVICE

Dealers, garages, and service stations—equipped with the thorough, quick-action AC Cleaning Machine—display this familiar sign of "the Plug in the Tub." Out in the country, or in town, you'll find a Registered AC Cleaning Station nearby. Try this helpful service. Then, you'll agree with millions of motorists who know that it's well worth—

5¢ A PLUG

What is one of the first things a mechanic does when you tell him your car has lost its pep? He inspects your spark plugs. Why? Because he knows that dirty or worn spark plugs take the snap out of a car's performance. He knows, too, that the Oxide Coating, soot and carbon—(they collect on any plug in 4,000 miles of driving)—make the engine hard to start . . . and cause an actual loss of gasoline as high as one gallon in ten! The AC Method of spark plug cleaning is the modern way to cure these engine ills. It's available nearly everywhere—while you wait—at a cost of just 5¢ a plug. We suggest that you form the habit of having your plugs cleaned and adjusted every 4,000 miles in order to avoid power loss, hard starting, and waste of gasoline.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation
FLINT, MICHIGAN

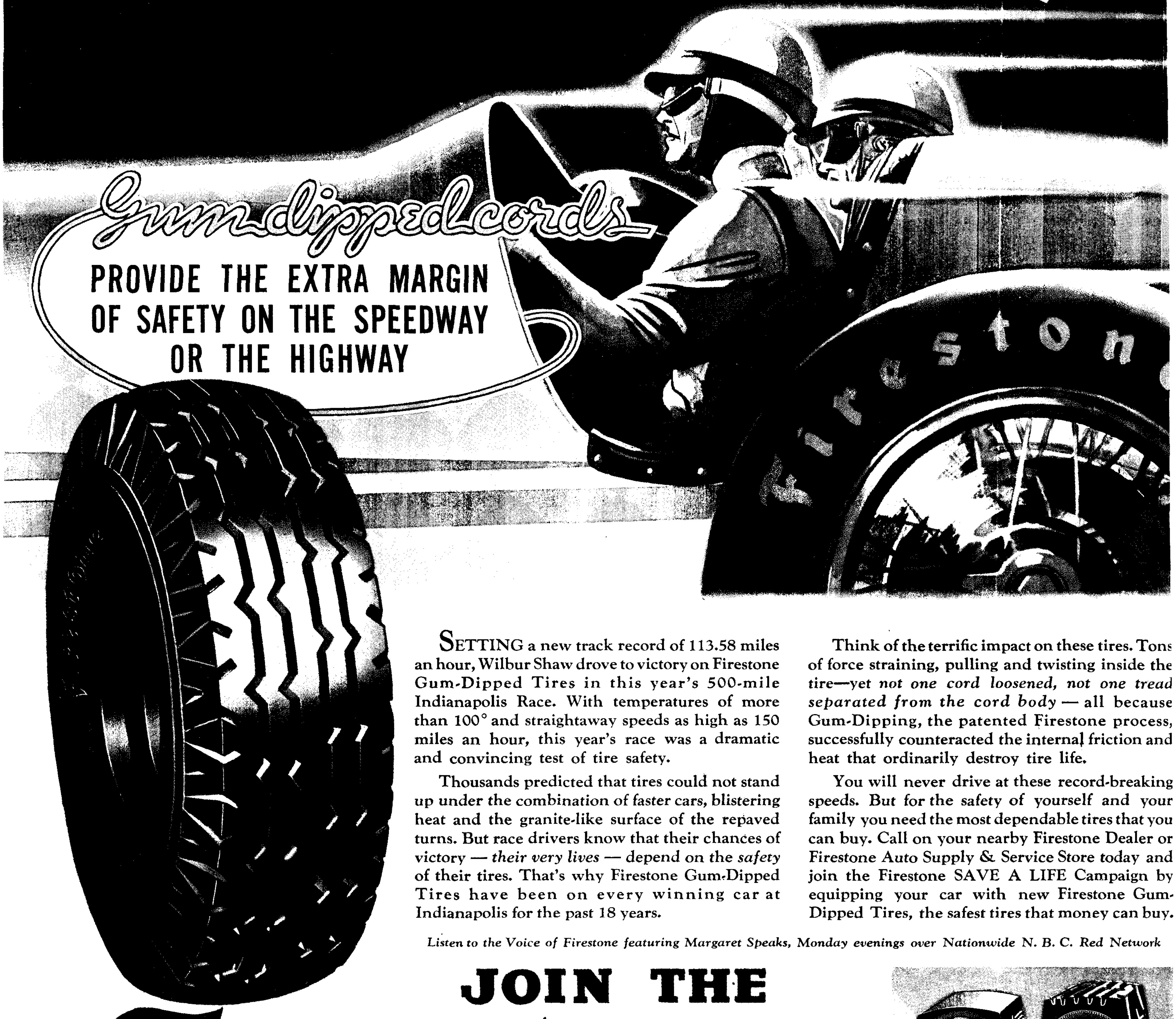
AC's NEWEST, FINEST
SPARK PLUG

BLUE TOP

for peak performance

The new AC Blue Top Spark Plug assures you of longer life, greater fuel economy, higher efficiency, and greater satisfaction. Blue Top is the *modern* spark plug for today's passenger car, bus, tractor, truck or marine service. Costs more—*but worth more.* If your plugs have been driven 10,000 miles or more, get a set—today.

WHEN TIRE SAFETY IS VALUED MOST!



Gum-dipped cords

PROVIDE THE EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY ON THE SPEEDWAY OR THE HIGHWAY

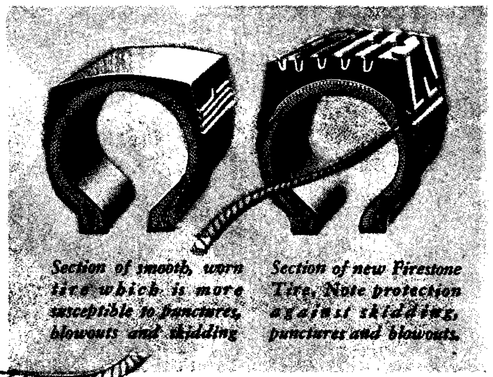
SETTING a new track record of 113.58 miles an hour, Wilbur Shaw drove to victory on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires in this year's 500-mile Indianapolis Race. With temperatures of more than 100° and straightaway speeds as high as 150 miles an hour, this year's race was a dramatic and convincing test of tire safety.

Thousands predicted that tires could not stand up under the combination of faster cars, blistering heat and the granite-like surface of the repaved turns. But race drivers know that their chances of victory — *their very lives* — depend on the *safety* of their tires. That's why Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have been on every winning car at Indianapolis for the past 18 years.

Think of the terrific impact on these tires. Tons of force straining, pulling and twisting inside the tire—*yet not one cord loosened, not one tread separated from the cord body* — all because Gum-Dipping, the patented Firestone process, successfully counteracted the internal friction and heat that ordinarily destroy tire life.

You will never drive at these record-breaking speeds. But for the safety of yourself and your family you need the most dependable tires that you can buy. Call on your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store today and join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign by equipping your car with new Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, the safest tires that money can buy.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network



Section of smooth, worn tire which is more susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding

Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts.

JOIN THE Firestone *Save a life* CAMPAIGN TODAY!

Copyright 1937, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Spain à la Franco

Continued from page 13

when he was inside, he had asked embarrassing questions as to why Franco's troops did not get forward faster. Then General Monasterio, fresh from hard fighting a few hours earlier around Madrid, concerning which he had little that was palatable to report to his chief. And handsome old General Cabanellas, who has what is probably the finest full beard in all Spain.

Yet General Franco was eager to answer my questions. Here they are, together with his replies—which, it will be noted, have a confident ring, as if victory for the cause of the Spanish rebels were certain:

"In foreign relations what general course should a new Spain adopt?"

"In foreign relations, the Spanish State will adopt a friendly attitude toward those other states which have offered her moral support from the inception of the National movement. She will no doubt maintain close co-operation with states whose governments are similarly constituted or with those nations that join together in a common alliance against Communism. There is one nation that the new Spain will never recognize or maintain friendly relations with—and that, needless to say, is Soviet Russia."

The Crusade Against Communism

"Will parliamentary government, in any form whatsoever, return to Spain?"

"Parliamentary government as envisaged by the leaders of the French revolution, and by Spanish politicians of the beginning of the nineteenth century, has failed, for it never gained the confidence of the people. In the first place, general suffrage was distorted and debased by the local political chiefs; and, in later years, the syndicates used this tool to their own advantage. The will of the Spanish people will, in due course, manifest itself through those technical organizations and corporations of old, deeply rooted in the country, which represent faithfully its ideals and needs. Such a corporate chamber will be created in due course, when future necessities or times require it."

"In the United States people are deeply interested in the welfare of the workers, peasants and small business class in Spain. What reforms should be introduced in a new Spain for the purpose of bettering the condition of these classes, in relation to the classes which were the privileged ones in the Spain of the days before the present civil war?"

"As I have often repeated in my public declarations, no stone will be left unturned in the new Spain in order that no hearth may remain unlighted and that nobody may go hungry. We shall make a special point of caring for the welfare of the working classes and of bettering the lot of those who have suffered through no fault of their own.

"I speak in the future tense, but much has already been done in this direction since the inception of the present crusade against Communism. Any fair betterment that the classes may have obtained in the past, compatible with the economic possibilities of the country, will be respected, and any further claims which can be conscientiously adopted will be studied and accepted in a true spirit of equity and justice.

"Spain's social legislation, as is well known, is perhaps the most progressive in the whole world, and in the new country which we shall build up the worker will always find a father and a true friend in the state."

"Will there be difficulty in reconciling the various groups of divergent political beliefs comprised in the Nationalist movement of Spain? How can this reconciliation be brought about peacefully, without serious friction?"

"The various groups of divergent political beliefs have been unified by the Decree of Unification published on the nineteenth of last April. By it the Spanish Phalanx and the Traditionalists have been welded together into one state party and the lesser groups have been dissolved.

Equality of Classes

"The whole country has accepted this measure not only with eagerness but with great rejoicing. Thousands of telegrams from all parts of Spain and from South America have been pouring in during the last few days.

"This spontaneous demonstration of allegiance and of approbation proves that the measure adopted is a popular one and one which the whole population craved.

"The unification has been achieved, as you may say, peacefully; and simply and solely because all Spaniards in Nationalist Spain are ready and eager to further the righteous cause we defend.

"Some have given up their lives, others their money and gold, and now the political groups have erased any slight differences in creed which separated them in order to make possible the one united state party, which will form the backbone of the new Spain."

"In the new Spain, as visualized by Spanish Nationalists, would there be complete equality of classes despite the absence of a democratic, parliamentary form of government?"

"Complete equality of classes will be one of the necessary factors inherent in the new Spanish State, which will be of a fundamental democratic character. In Spain, down the years, ability has always commanded respect and has forced itself to the fore in such manner that, side by side with the old aristocracy of blood, a newer aristocracy grew up, until the republic closed its doors to all except those who served it wholeheartedly.

"It is obvious that, in the new Spain, the democratic tradition will be kept up and, if possible, extended."

"There is an impression in the United States that you foresee a transitory military dictatorship, after the present war, before Spain can be placed under a normal system of government. Will this transition bring any danger of lasting militarism? How do you visualize the change from this dictatorship to normal governmental conditions?"

"A military dictatorship will only be necessary until the country, freed from the political strife which has harassed it and hampered all activity during past years, can return to normal conditions, under a system of government that will insure order, peace and progress in the land."

To Guide the Ship of State

"Which are the worst mistakes made by governments of the past in Spain and how can they be avoided in the future?"

"The governments that ruled Spain since the beginning of the republic were, for the most part, incompetent, weak and pernicious. Ever since the eleventh of May, 1931, when the first churches were burned, the mob knew that it had gained the upper hand, and acted accordingly from then onward. Blackmailed by revolutionary strikes, cowed and browbeaten by workers' organizations, forced to compromise and surrender on those occasions when they did not willingly give in, the ministries of those years not only misgoverned but were themselves governed by the populace. Those who formed them stupidly thought that they would be able to impose themselves on the masses they had let loose and upon whose shoulders they had raised themselves, but they suddenly discovered that the mob was forcing them to govern at its dictation and to impose the unleashed will of the people on other sections of the community.

"In twenty-two weeks, the Popular Front government, which was in power when the right-thinking people of Spain rose against its tyranny, meant the following to Spain: 113 general strikes; 218 partial strikes; 284 buildings burned; 171 churches, 69 clubs, 10 newspaper offices completely gutted; and 3,300 assassinations.

"A firm, stable government, *capable of imposing its will* on the people, and capable of ruling the country, is all that Spaniards need and yearn for. An honest government, conscious of its duty toward the nation, and impelled by national sentiments, will find all the support that it needs from the Spanish people, to guide the ship of state effectively and surely away from the reefs, sometimes hidden, more often obvious, that have brought chaos and ruin to the country."

Against Stone-Wall Defenses

"What system of education would be the best for Spanish schools in the future?"

"It is as yet too early to define in a precise manner the system of education which will be given children in the new Spain. It may be said, however, that education will receive special care. If we require the men of tomorrow to live up to the standards which the present generations are setting up and for which they are unselfishly shedding their blood, it seems obvious that, *from an early age, they should be educated in patriotic principles and eternal ideas.* However modern the system of education adopted may be, it will always be compatible with the teachings of Christianity and it will be built up on three fundamental principles: patriotism, instilled from the earliest years; independence of all foreign influence, and the Christian morals."

"Is there a feeling among Spanish Nationalists that the United States and other foreign countries misunderstand the Nationalist movement? If so, in what ways does this misunderstanding manifest itself?"

"It is not generally realized that we are intent on a crusade that will ultimately lead to the destruction of Communism in the world. Russia has seen this; and that is why, with the help of the French Socialist government, she has made such frantic efforts to supply Valencia with men and armaments. Had it not been for this the war would have ended long ago.

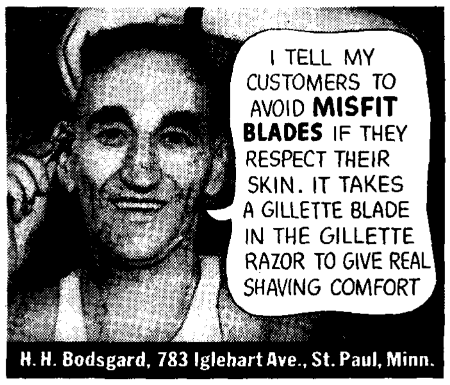
"Just as Spain saved the civilized world from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto, she has now engaged in another such historical feat against the modern but no less dangerous scourge.

"We have time and again proved that there is no government at Valencia; by their own behavior they have proved themselves to be Communists, thieves and antipatriots. They have systematically desecrated churches, assassinated

"I Warn Men Against Using Misfit Blades"

—says St. Paul Druggist

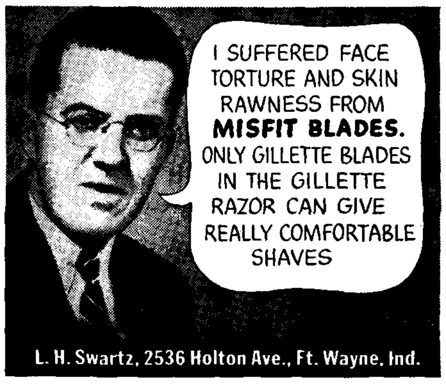
Users Praise Teamwork of Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade


I TELL MY CUSTOMERS TO AVOID MISFIT BLADES IF THEY RESPECT THEIR SKIN. IT TAKES A GILLETTE BLADE IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR TO GIVE REAL SHAVING COMFORT

H. H. Bodsgard, 783 Iglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

THE SCRATCHING I USED TO GET FROM MISFIT BLADES MADE ME SWITCH TO GENUINE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR. BOY! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

H. B. Miller, 5511 Wash. Blvd., Chicago, Ill.


I SUFFERED FACE TORTURE AND SKIN RAWNESS FROM MISFIT BLADES. ONLY GILLETTE BLADES IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR CAN GIVE REALLY COMFORTABLE SHAVES

L. H. Swartz, 2536 Holton Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Enjoy The 'Teamwork' Shave of a Gillette Blade in Gillette Razor

MEN, if you are not enjoying real shaving comfort, you are probably using MISFIT blades in your Gillette Razor. The shaving edges of a misfit blade do not fit accurately in your Gillette Razor. Too much edge leaves your face raw and irritated! Too little edge causes the razor to skip over the bristles and you don't get a clean shave. Why experiment? The Gillette Blade and Gillette Razor are made for each other. They work perfectly together in giving you the best in shaving comfort. Buy Gillette Blades today!

Gillette Blue Blades

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

TRAVEL
CROSS-COUNTRY
ON THE
GREAT LAKES

TRAVEL should be a pleasure, not a chore. If you're taking a cross-country trip this summer, make it as pleasurable as possible. Sail the Great Lakes on the D & C Lines.

D & C liners are the largest on inland waters. They're spacious, built for comfort. They provide a refreshing interlude in a trip between the East and West. For your car goes along with you for a modest charge.

On the lakes, you'll find an appetite for excellent food. You'll sleep soundly in an airy stateroom. And you'll continue your journey relaxed and refreshed. Travel the way of enjoyment. Route your trip via the D & C Lines. Fares are low.

★

★ *D & C liners sail between Detroit-Cleveland, Detroit-Buffalo (Niagara Falls). Also to Chicago, Mackinac Island and St. Ignace.*

D&C LAKE LINES
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Passenger Department C-8
D & C NAVIGATION COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
Please send me illustrated folder, containing fares and schedules.
Name________________________
Address________________________
____

priests, murdered peaceful citizens, slaughtered men, women and children. They have stolen and exported the national treasures which the whole world used to admire; they have despoiled the nation of its gold reserves; they have laid waste and pillaged palace and homestead. In fact, they have brought ruin to the whole country.

"Notwithstanding all this, there are people blind enough or selfish enough to take sides with the Reds—who would prefer to see them win rather than the Nationalists. Many people are prejudiced to the extent that they do not wish to see where the truth lies. But, with their support or even subjected to their antipathy, the Nationalists will win through. Let them reflect, let them truly ponder over the question, and I am sure that, if they examine the problem in all fairness, they will accept the truth and give us their wholehearted support."

Thus ended General Franco's answers to my questions. Those answers sound as if he was cocksure of victory. But he wasn't. On several fronts, his attacks were being shattered against stone-wall defenses of the Loyalists—defenses which had a way of transforming themselves into bloody counterattacks. Again and again the government was wresting from Franco's men their dearly bought gains.

Up to His Ears in Plots

How much longer would Hitler and Mussolini, to say nothing of his Spaniards, let him remain rebel commander in chief if victory persisted in eluding him? It is likely that that question was in the back of his mind as he talked. But he gave no clear sign of perturbation. Dictators and would-be dictators must whistle up their courage.

All his life Francisco Franco has breathed the air of militarism. At the time of his birth, forty-five years ago, his father was commandant of the Spanish naval base at Ferrol. His older brother having been destined for a career in the navy, nothing could be more natural in the warlike Franco household than to give the second son to the army.

When he was fourteen, Francisco entered the military academy in the Alcazar, or citadel, of the ancient city of Toledo. Three years later he was sent, a raw lieutenant, to Spanish Morocco, where he divided his time between fighting the Moorish tribesmen and study of every book about military science on which he could lay his hands. Promoted to captain, he was badly wounded. A bullet which imbedded itself in his stomach ripped open one of his lungs on its way.

Made a major, he became second in command of the Tercio, crack corps of the Spanish forces in Africa, under its founder, Millan Astray. He was only twenty-seven.

In 1923, when he was only thirty-one, Franco was made commander of the Tercio. In 1926 he became the youngest general in the Spanish army. Later he was appointed head of the military academy at Zaragoza.

Between campaigns, he had married Señorita Carmen Polo, of Oviedo, in the province of Asturias. At the outset of their married life they saw little of each other. But once while home on a flying visit he handed over to her a medal which he had just acquired, that she might at least have something to remind her of her husband. Thus the training of a man who would be dictator.

When King Alfonso was tumbled from his throne in 1931, Franco at first stood on the side lines, giving the impression that he meant to serve the new republic as faithfully as he had served the old *monarchy. But presently the republican* government sized him up as just another military sorehead, yearning for the return of the old days. They relieved him of his post at Zaragoza, thus adding him to the large number of unemployed army officers decorating the Spanish landscape.

But he staged a spectacular comeback. In 1934 a revolt of extreme Leftists broke out in Asturias and a hard-fisted soldier was needed to deal with it. Franco was picked for the job.

Gil Robles, the Catholic leader, got him appointed Chief of Staff of the army. But when the Leftists won their overwhelming victory at the polls in February, 1936, they showed that they had not forgotten what Franco had done in Asturias. They banished him to the military governorship of the remote Canary Islands. There, they hoped, he would be quite harmless. That was a mistake.

Soon he was up to his ears in plots against those who had kicked him upstairs. Deserting the Canary Islands by a plane which had come from England ostensibly for the purpose of providing its occupants, including a pair of very gay young ladies, with a grand joy ride, Franco landed in Spanish Morocco. At once, he placed himself at the head of the rebellion against Madrid.

He has none of the rude scowl of Mussolini, the brooding cruelty of Kemal Pasha, the sinister frigidity of Stalin nor the maniac eyes of Hitler. He looks like a dancing master. His ambition is all-absorbing. Defeat or victory may be his death warrant. Even if his rebel forces win by the sword, he will yet have to prove that he is man enough to hold what he, with the help of his German and Italian backers, has gained.

A Rest at the Fighting Front

But—can he win? Can he, while the struggle between government and rebellion seesaws back and forth in Spain, keep some other fiery Spaniard from snatching his job away?

When I met him, the parts of the country over which he was trying to rule were robbing him of sleep. Rome and Berlin were snarling at him for action—victories. Action was easy, but in civil affairs his desperate attempts to stop the friction between two of the most im*portant factions supporting him were* alone enough to make his ambitious head throb. The reactionary red-capped Requetés and the semiliberal blue-shirted Phalanxists were at daggers. For weeks Franco had been putting off the problem of taming them, hoping for victory to shove civil problems to the fore. Or perhaps defeat would relieve him of thinking about anything except getting out of Spain alive. When it was no longer possible to procrastinate, Franco ruthlessly ordered them into a single big party. It looked grand on paper. But skeptics scoffed. In Franco's Spain they were growling:

"All very well, but just mark our words: Requetés will remain Requetés and Phalanxists won't stop being Phalanxists. Oil and water, my boy—'East is East and West is West!' "

"At such a time as this, General, isn't a trip to the fighting front a sort of rest for you?" I asked.

"It is!" he agreed, nodding violently. "It most certainly is!"

Experience Not Necessary

Continued from page 17

seems to be a custom of the theater that most teams live together. They usually wind up by marrying each other, but that doesn't alter the custom. Here's how it happens: You stay in the same hotels, you eat in the same restaurants, you split a lower and an upper on the trains, you spend twelve hours a day together in the theater, you work together, you worry together and, because you're usually in a strange place, you spend all your spare time together. You're together so much and you get to know each other so well that making it a twenty-four-hour proposition seems almost the natural thing to do."

"Well! I've often wondered why that was. And you say that the other performers we meet will think you and I—"

"Right. You don't have to worry about me, but if a condition like that will disturb you—"

She got up and went to the door and said, smiling at me, "I won't mind it. Whatever anyone should say. If you were ugly I would."

She laughed and went out the door and I grabbed another highball. . . .

We rehearsed all the next day. Joe had her sign contracts in the afternoon and in the evening we caught a train for Buffalo.

It's always nice to know the woman you're with is attracting attention. Bette more than got her share of it.

She had two men carrying her three bags through the depot the next morning and I had to use all my diplomacy to get rid of them and get her in a taxi. We went directly to the theater.

AFTER the rehearsal I went to the bulletin board with the dressing-room numbers and saw my name after Number One and also Bette's. I went to the room and she was already unpacked and standing in the center perplexedly looking at my trunk. I explained that a mistake had been made by the stage *manager, a common one, and that we* should have two rooms. It was a dirty shame to make her pack again, so I had my trunk moved out and taken to a room on the second floor. That was the first time I had been on the second floor in five years, but not the last.

I got out Cora's old costumes and brought them down for Bette to try on. She looked them over and stared me in the eyes and wanted to know if I thought she would wear anyone else's clothes. I hadn't thought of that and couldn't see why not. She had a hundred good excuses and used all of them. When she was through she said, "I'll use my own and you can pay for them."

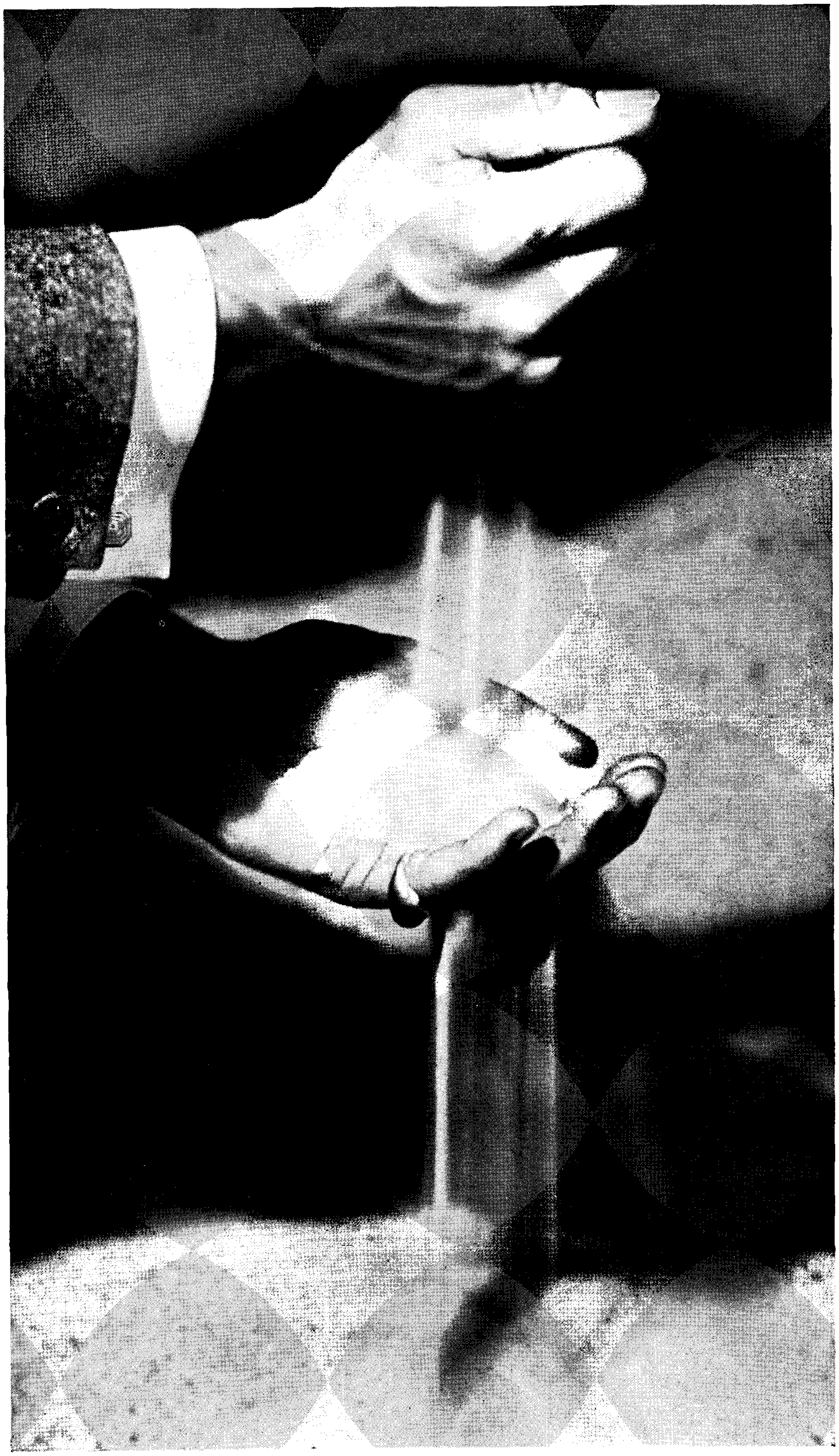
I looked around at her things hung up about the room and it was then I first noticed how expensive they looked. I hadn't thought of her having any money and it was something of a shock to look at that display. She took down two cute sports dresses and a beautiful evening gown and started doing things to them, opening seams and ripping here and sewing there. I watched her a while and then went out to buy some make-up. When I came back she had everything ready and showed me how they looked. *Adrian couldn't have done a better job* and I told her so.

She was very pleased and said, "I'm glad you like them. After all, you'll have to pay for them."

"Oh," I said, magnanimously waving my arm, "that's okay. I told you I'd furnish the costumes, so as long as you've done it for me I'll pay for them. How much are they?"

"Well, this little sports outfit cost me a

"Like Sand Through My Fingers"



I was not making much, and was spending it all. The children were coming along, and a family man always has many uses for money. My money slipped away like sand through my fingers until....

A friend, who sells life insurance, made me realize there is a tomorrow. I had been neglecting to set anything aside systematically for my family's and my own future. He showed me how, by being just a little more careful, I could save enough to start a life insurance program.

A small beginning, but what comfort to know that my family wouldn't be left penniless. Besides some needed cash, my first insurance would provide an income of $100 a month for a few years —should the emergency arise.

Most important, I had something I could build on as I progressed. And I did. Those first small sums I saved — those "grains of sand" cemented with wisdom and forethought became the foundation of my family's security.

* * *

This is a story that thousands can tell. Let a Metropolitan Field-Man show how you, too, can start building now for your family's future. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ 87-C

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

The cornerstone of

TEXACO
REG. T. M.
TEXACO
FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE

forty-five thousand separate businesses!

A rather unusual success story of a gasoline that has helped to build over 45 thousand independent American businesses.

Several years ago a new gasoline was developed by The Texas Company. It was notable because of its faster action, its *quick response*. Because it had been originally developed for emergency vehicle use, it was called "Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline" to denote its quick-firing features.

One by one, dealers all across the country put their business judgment behind it.

One by one, they came to the conclusion that this gasoline would show a noticeable difference in engine-action that would bring motorists back for more.

One by one, they came to the belief that they would prosper best beside the Texaco Fire-Chief pumps.

Today over forty-five thousand of these dealers, in all 48 States, offer you Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline instead of "regular" but at no extra cost. It is quick-starting and delivers full power on the road in less than $\frac{1}{100}$th of a second. It is specially made to compensate for changes of season and climate in various parts of the country.

Under the big red star of the Texaco roadside sign you'll find a thoughtful host to motor cars.

Just try a Texaco Dealer next time.

TEXACO DEALERS

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . Sponsors of "Texaco Town." (On the air every Sunday Night—Columbia Network) . . . Makers of Fire-Chief Gasoline, New Texaco Motor Oil, Havoline and Marfak. Also more than 350 Industrial Lubricants . . . More tourists use Fire-Chief than any other gasoline.

Ever talk to a FIRE-CHIEF fan?

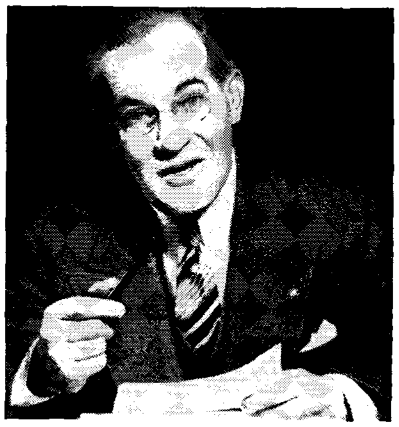
A recent survey was made by a research organization to find out what you motorists thought about gasoline. The number of real Fire-Chief *enthusiasts* this survey uncovered was remarkable. Below are a few of the things they said.

"I don't know Dad's real reason for buying Texaco. I think it's because all the boys at the station are such gentlemen. I know it's a pleasure to get service there."

"I used Texaco on a trip to Buffalo and Rochester, and the car averaged 17 to 18 on the gallon. It seems to me Texaco gives the engine more pep. It's very good on hills."

"I used Texaco on a trip through New Hampshire and got around 18 miles or better to the gallon, and found it very good on the mountains."

"I'm a plumber and I do a lot of starting and stopping, and to have your car start purring as soon as you step on the starter means something."



hundred and twenty-two a few weeks ago. This one cost only ninety-four at a sale; I was lucky there. And this evening gown just cost three hundred and nineteen. Don't you think it's darling?"

I couldn't say.

THE first show we stood in the wings and watched the other acts and Bette was a little nervous, but not too much so. Which was good. If you're too calm before a show you give a bad performance. Vaudeville is built on nerves and you need them to be any good in the business.

Then our cue came and I went on and got a fairly nice reception and that started things off right. When Bette came out I watched the audience and saw them smile. They liked the cute way she had of talking and I had to laugh at her myself and hated to leave her alone for her song. But she did great and put the people in exactly the right mood.

From then on it was a landslide. We took more bows than I had ever taken for a matinee.

When I got to my dressing room I was dead and stripped to my shorts and stretched out on the make-up shelf. The manager came back, poured me a drink from a bottle he had and said, "I gotta compliment you, Larry. That's the best act I've ever seen you do."

"Thanks. How did you like the girl?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. I stood in the back of the house. See? You're a headliner and you go like I expect, so I'm not surprised with the reception and the applause. That's all like I know it will be. Then out comes this girl and I'm suddenly grinning like a jackass and can't tell you why. I know all those gags of yours, but I'll be damned if I don't laugh at them again. From then on, Larry, she's got me. Anything she does is okay with me and with the audience, too. Where did you find her?"

It was a shame to tell him, so I made up a little story about her being from an old theatrical family and let it go at that. He probably forgot about it two minutes later.

When he left I threw on a robe and went down to Bette's dressing room. The rest of the show was gathered about her door and two acrobats were doing hand-balancing stunts for her amusement. Acrobats are that way. They never have anything to say, so they go into a trick instead of a conversation. I stepped into the room, closed the door on them and sat down.

Bette was very thrilled about the audience being so kind to a "poor little amateur like me," but she also had something on her mind. She said, "You haven't very much confidence in me, have you?"

"Why—of course I have. What are you talking about?"

"Now, Larry, I'm not complaining, as you've really treated me grand, but you don't let me take any of the punch lines to the gags."

She was catching on in a hurry. Outside of a stooge, the dominant character always takes the punch lines. I was going to tell her that, but she looked so demure and the lights glinted so redly on her hair and lips that I changed my mind and said, "We'll split them up. Okay?"

"Oh, Larry, you're such a darling."

That darling business was what got me. By the end of the week she had all the punch lines and was as much a part of the act as I was—in my act! To say that she was doing it well was to put it lightly. I had to put on all pressure to stay a step ahead. And I had been practically born and raised in the business.

We jumped from Buffalo to Cleveland and the news of our success had gone ahead and the manager welcomed us with open arms. I went to his office with him and while there heard familiar music being played and stepped out into the theater and there was Bette rehearsing the orchestra. I sneaked down the aisle and listened. She had every tempo on the head and knew every cue and handled it as well as I could, maybe better. I'm usually at short ends with the world in the mornings and always wind up arguing with the musicians. Not Bette. She made a picnic out of it and had the musicians trying to outdo one another.

SHE spotted me when it was over and was like a small child who has been caught stealing pie. "I didn't think you would mind," she said.

"You did fine."

Her face brightened. "Then may I do it every time after this? I'd like it, and you don't. You always fight with them."

"Who told you that?"

"The men in the orchestra."

"Nice kids. Well, if you want all that grief it's okay with me."

"Oh, I'd love it, just to be of some help to you. Thanks, Larry."

She went off to her dressing room, the one that should have been mine, to unpack, and I went back to the manager's office. Max Klein, booker for the Chicago D & L houses, was in the office and we shook hands and I asked him what brought him to Cleveland.

"You," he said.

"Yes? What's up? Don't tell me you want my act in those D & L barns."

"Sure, Larry. You ain't played for us in a long time. You know, we don't hold any grudges."

I sat down and looked at him and still didn't like the way his jowls hung so loosely, the shrewd squint in his eyes and the way his black hair was plastered to his head. I never had liked Max and that was one reason I hadn't played a D & L house in years. Max was the head man of that circuit and at the last house I played for him we had had an argument that wound up in a fight. He still had the little white scar on his jaw and, for some reason, that pleased me and made me feel better toward him.

"No grudges?" I asked. "Are you sure of that?"

"You bet." He smiled and reached over and shook hands with me and neither of us meant it. "You and I could do more business," he said. "I got good reports on this new act of yours. That's why I came here to see you. You got a good name now and we could use your act. How many weeks are you booked up?"

"Seven more, including this one. We close at the Palace in Chicago."

"Any time open after that?"

"Five weeks. Joe has something lined up, but I don't think it's definite yet. After that I go out to Hollywood for another picture, a featured part this time. I'm not a contract player, but they like my dancing. In this new picture I have some talk to do, one of the characters. If it pans out all right I'll get more talk after this."

"Good. Well, I'll get in touch with Joe and see about those five weeks."

"How long are you staying in Cleveland?"

"No time at all. I'll beat it back to Chicago after the first show."

"Stay and join me for dinner."

He smiled and said, "Okay, I will. See you after the show."

The matinee was a repetition of Buffalo, only a little better, if possible. Bette was still improving. The audience liked everything she did and we had a talk about it after the show. I told her about going out to Hollywood and that I would take her along and that Joe would arrange for her to be in the picture.

"One of the spots calls for a double number," I said, "that you could do with me. I know what I want, so I'll start teaching you the routine maybe next week. You won't have any trouble. Would you like to be in a picture?"

We were sitting in her dressing room and she looked into the well-lighted mirror and smiled at me and said, "Of course, Larry, wherever you go."

The smile left and I looked back at her and asked, "Why did you say that?"

She looked away. "I mean— Well, I'm under contract to you. I have to go wherever you go."

"Sure, but—would you go anyway?"

"Yes."

That made me feel great and then Max came in and spoiled it all. He sat down and told Bette how great she was and how far she would go in the business and I felt like a stranger in the room. He had nothing to say to me and took Bette under his wing as if she were his private protégé. I was glad when the second show came.

BETTE came to me when it was over with and asked me about Max. I told her he was the head booker for the D & L houses and that he was a big man in the business.

"Very big?"

"Sure. He just about controls vaudeville in Chicago. He has his fingers in the pie out in Hollywood, too. He'll be one of the big guns out there before the year is over with."

"Oh." Her eyes narrowed and she looked at me for some time and then said, "It will be all right for me to have dinner with him?"

"But—"

"He just asked me—in the wings."

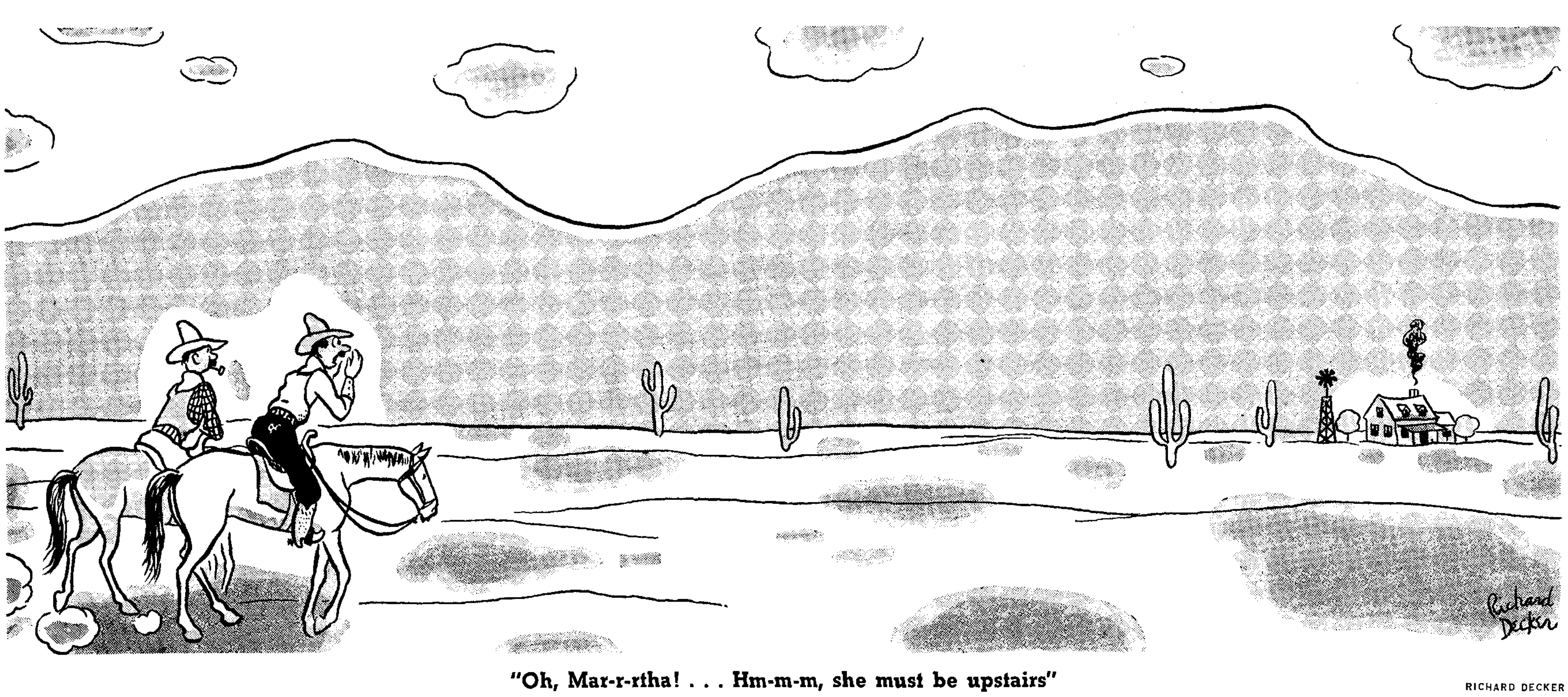
"I see. Go ahead if you think it will do you any good."

She ignored that and said, "You don't like him, do you?"

"No. He's a louse. We had a fight years ago and he had me blackballed. Now he wants me because his circuit has been putting on some rotten acts and he knows we're doing a good one. It's business. If he didn't need us badly, he'd be still trying to blackball me."

"Is he that kind?"

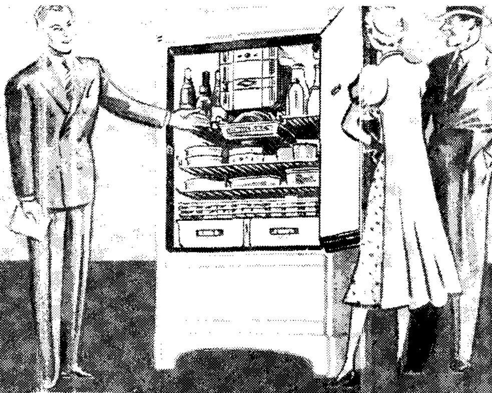
"I'll tell you. I asked him to have dinner with us. But what does he do? You're cute and he likes you, so he ig-



"Oh, Mar-r-rtha! . . . Hm-m-m, she must be upstairs"

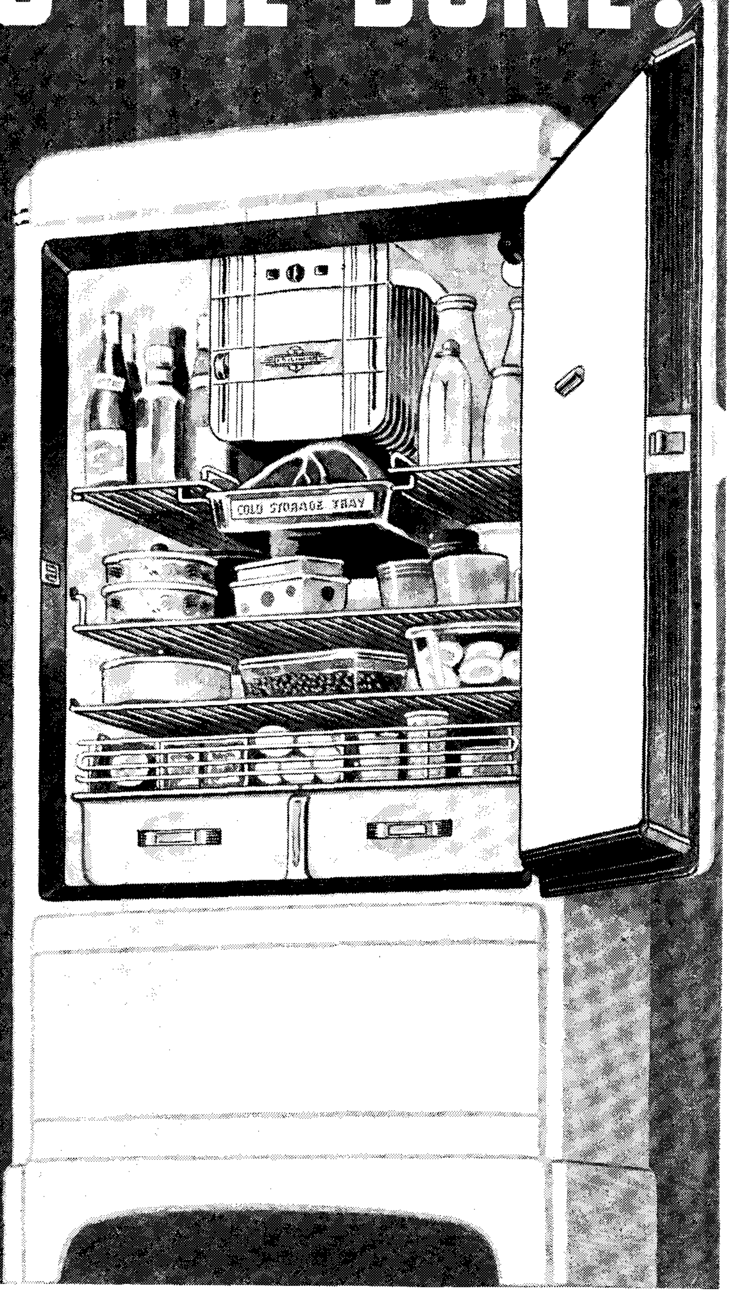
RICHARD DECKER

Outsells All Others—on Proof!



FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE!

...Keeps food safer, while making ice cheaper than you can buy it!



ONLY FRIGIDAIRE
gives you these advantages:

The METER-MISER
Cuts Current Cost to the Bone

Actual electric meter tests *prove* it. Makes *oceans* of cold on a mere *trickle* of electricity. Thus it freezes more ice, *faster*—keeps food safer, fresher, longer... yet cuts current cost to the bone—even in hottest weather! Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built! Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor. Runs quiet, trouble-free year after year. Built and backed by General Motors. Protected for 5 years against service expense.

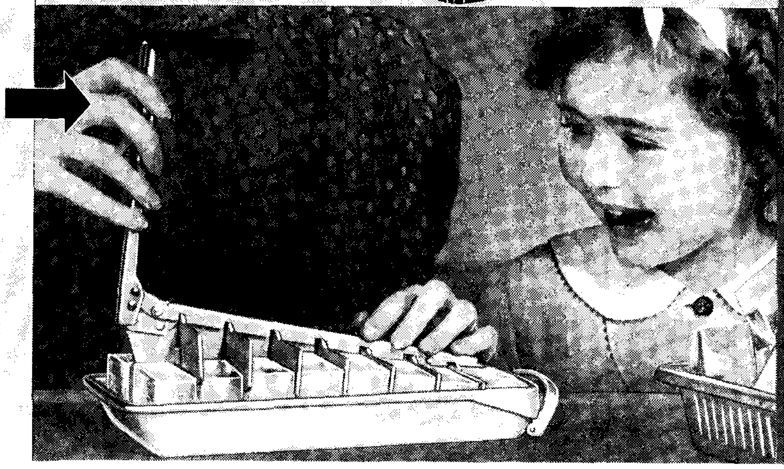
Only Frigidaire has it!

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY
Proof!
FAMOUS METER-MISER
Cuts Current Cost

ALL-METAL QUICKUBE TRAY
Releases Ice-Cubes Instantly

Ice freezes faster in *metal* trays than in trays made of any other material. And *every* tray, in *every* Frigidaire, is a fast-freezing All-Metal Quickube Tray with the Instant Cube-Release. Releases ice-cubes instantly, two or a trayful. Yields 20% more ice by ending waste of melting loose under a faucet.

Only Frigidaire has it!



9-Way Adjustable Interior

Adjusts like magic to suit any size or shape of food or container. Includes 2-Way Frozen-Storage Compartment . . . 2-Way Cold-Storage Tray... 3-Way Sliding Shelf . . . 2-Way Multi-Storage Section.

Only Frigidaire has it!

Food-Safety Indicator on Outside of Door—Gives PROOF—at a glance—of Safety-Zone Temperature inside the food compartment.

Only Frigidaire has it!

Automatic Tray-Release

Releases the ice trays from the freezer compartment at the touch of a finger!

Only Frigidaire has it!

F-114—Safe Low-Pressure Refrigerant

Only Frigidaire has it!

SEE YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER'S SENSATIONAL PROOF-DEMONSTRATION

Shows you how to buy—how to save more money —how to avoid disappointment

● Frigidaire Proof is sweeping America. Showing hundreds of thousands what to look for in a new refrigerator... how to save money, how to avoid regret. And every day thousands more are buying Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser on the undeniable *Proof* that it's the greatest refrigerator value ever known!

Right now, your nearest Frigidaire Dealer is eager to show you Proof that, in practically every locality, Frigidaire makes ice cheaper than you can buy it for home use! Proof that it keeps food safer, fresher, longer—even in hottest weather. And Proof that the Meter-Miser cuts current cost to the very bone!

You'll see Proof, too, that Frigidaire's new All-Metal Quickube Trays are the greatest ice convenience ever known! And Proof that Frigidaire, made only by General Motors, assures dependability that will guard your savings year after year.

Greater Ice-Ability! Greater Storage-Ability! Greater Protect-Ability! Greater Depend-Ability! Greater Save-Ability! Frigidaire gives you *all five!* Yet it costs no more than an ordinary refrigerator. No wonder Frigidaire outsells all others! On Proof alone, it's the overwhelming choice of value-wise buyers all over the world! *See this PROOF now!*

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation • Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

WILL YOU RISK 10¢ TO GET A BETTER SHAVE?

IT makes no difference whether your skin is dry or oily; whether your beard is coarse or fine, Listerine Shaving Cream is the cream for you. Will you risk 10¢ to prove it?

Listerine Shaving Cream is a lotion and lather in one. As the marvelously cooling lather (24 quarts of it to the tube) pre-wilts the beard, the lotion spreads over the face. Consequently, the razor glides on that lotion film.

You get a close, clean, cool, and absolutely painless shave. No tugging. No pulling. No redness. No rawness. No burning.

After the shave, your fingers tell you that every whisker has been lopped off close. Your skin feels soft and pliant as a baby's. Cool as a cucumber, too—thanks to the tiniest bit of menthol.

We want you to try Listerine Shaving Cream and see what it will do for you. Just send us a dime and we will send you, free and postpaid, a 20-shave trial tube and a smartly designed razor blade container of genuine porcelain, which, incidentally, delights the children as a penny bank.

This offer good in U.S.A. only
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. ST. LOUIS
2½ INCHES HIGH
CLIP THIS COUPON NOW

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. W
2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10¢ for which please send, postpaid, a 20-shave trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream and porcelain blade container.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

nores me and asks you out. That's his type."

"Well, I'll see you when we get back. 'By now."

Needless to say, I drank a good dinner. It wasn't Max so much as it was Bette. I knew what to expect from Max and nothing he could do would ever surprise me. But Bette; I had thought she was different, that she would pay some attention to what I had to say about him. She hadn't.

They got back to the theater just in time for the show and I did not see Bette alone until after the last one. I got dressed to leave the theater and ran into her in the hallway. She had on evening clothes and said that Max was waiting for her at the hotel. They were going to a dance.

I SNORTED and she said, "You're prejudiced about him. You've been in the business too long. By the way, how did you like the shows today?"

"Okay, I guess."

"I heard the manager say this week would be the best of the year, because of our act."

"Our act?"

"Well, yes. Larry, you know I'm doing all right and that the people like me and that I fit the act and we go well together and—"

"So?"

"So don't you think I should have better billing?"

"I have your name out front."

"Not in lights. Couldn't it be March and Henderson?"

"March and Henderson!" I yelled, almost losing control of myself. "Why, damn it, that's equal billing! Listen, you don't get your name in lights because somebody happens to like you. Having your name on the marquee means a certain standing, years in the business—"

"Now, Larry, I'm not asking you to take your name down and put mine in its place. I realize you're well known and I know your name brings people into the theater and that's why it's there and that my name doesn't mean a thing. But it would mean something, in time, if you put it up with your name. People would get to know who I am, too. This way I never will be known and I would so like to have my name known with yours."

"Why mine? Why not separate billing?"

"Oh, please." She drew herself up to her full five feet and glared at me. "If you wish to be sarcastic—"

"Listen, baby, I'm not sarcastic."

"Never mind. You don't think anything of me and you have me under contract for two years and I can't do anything about my rights. But I do think, after I've worked so hard to make you like me, that you—"

She had more to say and so did I, but there was only one conclusion. After she left me to join Max I went out front to the manager's office and asked him to change the billing and he, being a good scout, did it. It remained March and Henderson after that. The other managers liked her too!

There were other changes after that and Bette did not try to hide the fact that Max was prompting her. In fact, she seemed to want me to know it. He was around all the time, four days in Cleveland, almost a week in Detroit and the whole week in Indianapolis. Then he flew to New York and signed contracts with Joe, who couldn't understand Max's readiness to grab the highest price. I was too numb to explain.

The day we opened in Chicago I was feeling pretty low. Bette was taking care of the rehearsal, the light cues and all the rest of it, so I sat in the lobby of the Sherman and tried to figure out what was the matter with me. Maybe it was because Bette was taking care of too much. I hardly knew what the inside of my own trunk looked like. She took care of my laundry, my clothes and even kept check of the make-up. All I had to do was walk in the theater, do our performances and walk out again. The billing, too, was out of my hands. The last straw, though, was when Joe started telephoning to Bette to see how things were going instead of to me. That was something to think about.

Bette was running the whole show. And she worried me. She and Max. They were together too much and he was obviously crazy about her. One thing I had to concede, he made no wrong advances, in spite of a bad reputation. Bette held him off just with her eyes. He was a gentleman around her, and that was a minor miracle in show business.

I wasn't worried on that score and then I couldn't figure out just what I was worried about and went to the theater and got ready for the first show. Bette's dressing room was next to mine and I could hear a lot of people talking in there and then Bette came and got me and brought me in and introduced me to her father, mother, two brothers, a sister, an aunt, three cousins and a former school chum. They were nice people, well-dressed, well-mannered and distinctly the upper crust. I liked them all on sight and brought them down to the stage, where they could watch the show from the wings.

The family was enthusiastic about the act and I went out with Mr. Henderson after the show and we had some beer together and he explained about Bette's aspirations for the stage. I told him there was not much of a stage left, that it was all shot to pieces and the only future was in pictures. He thought the same way and asked me to have dinner with them at Carder's. We went there after the second show and it was fine, except that Max showed up and I couldn't enjoy myself. But the family didn't think much of him and I went back to the theater in better spirits.

The rest of that week was a hectic proposition. The Hendersons were around all the time and so was Max and we did shows between cocktail parties and dinners and midnight dances. It was a very merry seven days, except that Max was always on hand.

On closing night we were to jump to St. Paul to play the first D & L house. Max threw a party for everyone at the Chez Paree and I made arrangements to catch an airplane at three in the morning. That would get us to the rehearsal in time. Bette and I went to the night club after the last show and the party was already in progress. Max was playing the grand host and the Hendersons were there and double the amount of friends.

BETTE took charge the moment we arrived. She eased the strain of Max's too-oily presence and I sat back and had a few drinks, prepared to enjoy myself. But as the party grew merrier I got bluer. There was no reason for that. Outside of Max, I couldn't have wanted better company or a more congenial atmosphere for a party. I had to puzzle it out and wondered if it could be Max. No doubt about it; I still disliked him and knew it was mutual. But there was no reason for him to give me the blues.

Then I wondered about Bette. No, you couldn't feel that way with her around. Hell! It was the combination: she and Max. They just didn't go together. That was what was wrong and what gave me the blues, watching the two of them and wondering. . . .

Just after midnight Max went out to the bar with me and we had a drink together. He was very pleased over something and was more cordial to me than he had ever been. I asked him about it and he slowly winked and said, "It's that Henderson dame. I'm nuts about her. I've never felt the same way about any other dame in my life."

"She's a great kid."

"Mm-hmmmmm. Keep a secret, fella?"

"Sure."

"We're gettin' married."

I spilled the drink in my glass and there was suddenly a tight feeling in my throat and I walked away from him and into the washroom. He followed me in and took my arm and said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Beat it."

"Say, who the hell are you talking to?"

"You. Beat it. Get away from me."

"Yeah?" His eyes narrowed and he started to laugh and said, "Never knew I was rubbin' it in, Larry. Say, that's funny." He laughed harder. "Please understand I'm sorry for you. I'm—"

RIGHT then I knew what was wrong, just what was and had been the matter with me and what it was all about. I let him have a left and a right smack on the chin and he went down to the floor and I walked out of the room and back to the party. Bette saw me coming and called from her end of the table, "Almost ready to go, Larry? We shouldn't miss that plane."

"We're not catching a plane."

Everyone at the table looked up and their faces sobered and then they looked away from me and at Max, coming toward the table and rubbing his chin. He stopped at my side and it looked like he was going to swing at me, but he changed his mind and went around the table to Bette. He took her arm and said, loud enough for anyone to hear, "Listen, baby, are you marrying me? This fathead here—"

Bette looked at me and back at Max and said, "No."

"No what?"

"I'm not marrying you. What on earth ever gave you that idea? I have certainly done nothing to make you think that way."

"You—" he sputtered.

"Furthermore, I don't want you ever to ask me that again. And we had better go, if you will excuse us. Larry and I are going to catch a plane."

"No, we're not," I said.

"Oh, yes, we are."

"I say we're not."

"Who says you're not?" Max yelled.

"I do."

Once on the plane we were soon high in the blackness of the sky and the Chicago lights were dropping behind and then the hostess turned off the lights in the plane and I leaned back in the seat and there was a small hand in mine from across the aisle and it was Bette's.

She leaned across the narrow aisle and whispered, "What were you and Max fighting about?"

"You."

"Me? Not me! Why should you be fighting about me?"

I looked across at her in the semi-gloom of the plane and said, "Because when he said he was going to marry you I went out of my head. Come to think of it, you really did lead him on."

"I guess I did. But that shouldn't have made you—"

"Well, I'm in love with you myself."

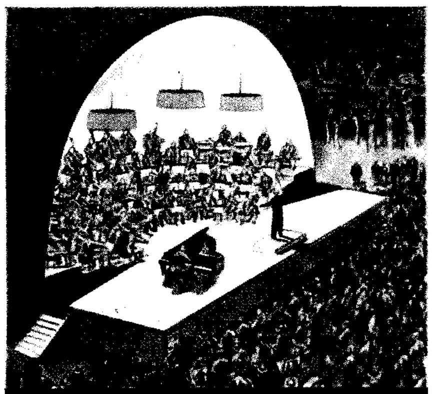
"Oh, my!" She was silent for a moment and then she said, starting with a little sigh, "You've said it at last."

"Huh?"

"Darling, I've tried to get you to say this for so long, ever since the first day we opened." I straightened up in the chair and she was leaning far across the aisle and I kissed her and the hostess made a little clucking sound with her tongue from the back of the plane and Bette said, "I've been such an amateur."

ARMCHAIR CONTROL

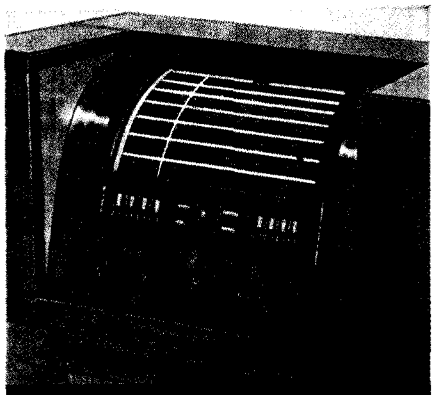
Tune your favorite stations from your favorite chair. Simply push a button to change about from station to station. Every program is tuned as if an engineer did it for you. You can put this control box where you please, and can move it about from one place in the room to another, or from one room to another.



SONIC-ARC MAGIC VOICE

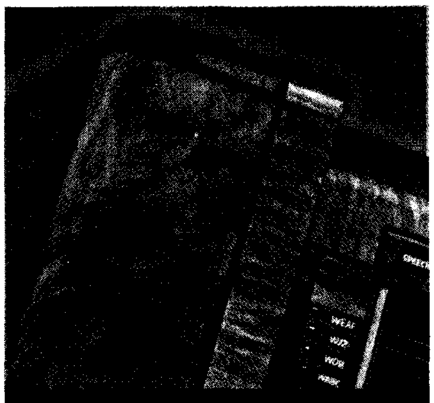
Thousands have acclaimed the Magic Voice as radio's finest. But RCA Victor engineers have made it still more tone-*full* by new simplified *Sonic-Arc* Tone Chamber built like a band shell. This construction sends all sounds out in a smooth flow toward the listener. No booming. No distortion. No false sounds.

Model 816K. RCA Victor 16-tube Electric Tuning model. New Overseas Dial for simplified tuning. Has Sonic-Arc Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, RCA Metal Tubes. Finest radio money can buy. **$250***. Armchair control, **$14.95** extra.



OVERSEAS DIAL

Seven tuning bands, each over 9½ inches wide. Foreign and other short wave stations are 50 times farther apart than on ordinary dials. The world's radio stations are spread across bands that have a total length of four feet. This means that short wave stations, both American and foreign, are as easy to tune as standard.



BEAUTY-TONE CABINETS

RCA Victor cabinets made by skilled craftsmen in world's largest musical cabinet shop, combine beauty of appearance and tone. They are designed as a part of a musical instrument, and their shapes, proportions and construction contribute to tone quality. Only RCA Victor offers the Beauty-Tone Cabinets.

Push a Button—*there's your Station!*

THAT'S RCA VICTOR ELECTRIC TUNING!

See great new features in this 16-tube Sonic-Arc Magic Voice set—the most superb radio RCA Victor has built in 39 years as a maker of fine instruments.

YOU'VE always wanted an automatic receiving set. You've known it would double your radio fun. Now you can have it! As usual with great advances in radio, it's an RCA Victor feature. With it you tune the new Sonic-Arc Magic Voice by pushing a button. It's easy as pushing an electric light button. It's so fascinating that the moment you see it you'll want to trade in your present set.

Here's another luxury feature! For a few dollars extra you can have the added thrill of Armchair Control, allowing you to tune the set from across the room or from an adjoining room.

And in addition, RCA Victor gives you the exciting New Overseas Dial. It spreads short wave stations out 50 times farther apart than before. The five bands on this great dial spread the world's radio stations out across bands totalling four feet in width. There is no crowding on any band. Foreign stations are as easy to tune as domestic.

New excitement all along the line

Tuning improvement in 1938 RCA Victor models goes right through the 39 new instruments. Of course RCA Victor can lead the world in radio design. Alone among set makers, RCA Victor also builds radio stations. Through their knowledge of modern broadcasting RCA Victor engineers have built into these new models improvements that let you tune in the full fidelity of the newest, largest radio stations.

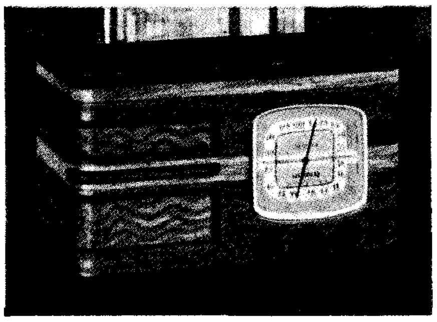
Ask your dealer for proof

Hear these sets at your RCA Victor dealer. Ask him to tell you, as a radio expert, and as a man who knows musical instruments, the importance of buying a radio that's "RCA All The Way."

• • •

You can buy RCA Victor radios on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan! Any radio is better with an RCA Antenna System. *All prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. D. T., on NBC Blue Network.



Model 85T1... a smart chest model for entertainment from all over the world. New type dial simplifies tuning. A 2-band, 5-tube superheterodyne of fine volume and tone. Five and half inch dynamic speaker, automatic volume control. New "Easy-to-read" dial. Only **$32.95***

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

94.4 PROOF
& BOTTLED
NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S
REG U.S. PAT OFFICE
ESTD
1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
UNDER DIRECT SUPERVISION OF
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO., LTD.
LONDON ENGLAND.
GORDON'S

Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin

Gordon's Gin has Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That means richer flavor — velvety smoothness — drinks that never taste thin. Obey your sense of discrimination — always ask for Gordon's — you'll be amazed at the finer, richer, smoother taste of your gin drinks.

Gordon's Gin

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 94.4 PROOF

COPYRIGHT 1937, GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY, LIMITED, LINDEN, N. J.

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 14

The lines of type melted and ran together. Franziska lowered the paper and closed her eyes.

"I've a headache, Sonja. We'll have to go through that routine again. Start the tub, please!"

STEVE TETLOW stroked his spare dark mustache. Bending forward in his chair, gazing up at Peter from his lidless eyes, he had the suave, secret air of an Oriental.

"He isn't interested in your proposition, Mr. Banyard. I'm sorry. I thought it was a generous offer. He says it isn't enough."

"How much does he want?"

"Three hundred thousand dollars."

"I was afraid he'd make that mistake," Peter said. His throat was dry. "Perhaps I'd better see him. We won't get anywhere this way."

Steve Tetlow shook his sleek black head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Banyard. I suggested that, but he wants me to act as intermediary. And he won't shave that figure. He was emphatic about it."

"Will you try to arrange a conference? Tell him it's the only way I'll deal with him."

"He won't do it, Mr. Banyard."

Peter was suddenly furious, but he kept his voice calm. "All right, Mr. Tetlow. Tell him I'll think it over. I'll let you know."

Leaving Tetlow's Tavern, Peter stopped in a cigar store and telephoned Oliver.

"Have you been in touch with Tick Murdock?"

"Yes, sir. He's at his hotel now, waiting for word from me."

"Tell him to get busy on Tetlow. Shadow him everywhere he goes. Can you get hold of Brunetti?"

"I—I believe I can, sir."

"I want to see him. Tell him to come to the apartment. Tell him there's a lot of money in it for him. You'll find a signed blank check in the little left-hand drawer of my desk. Fill it out for fifty thousand and take it to my bank and cash it. Hide the money somewhere in your room. And get me the names and sailing times of all steamers sailing for Europe in the next forty-eight hours. Not just the large ones, but the freighters that carry a few passengers."

Oliver said faintly, "I'll attend to it at once, sir."

Peter went from the cigar store to the nearest telegraph office. He wrote out the following telegram to his father:

"Can you raise $300,000 and transfer to my account here within forty-eight hours? Stop. Very urgent. Advise at once. Will explain everything later."

Oliver had called it a surrender, or at least a confession of weakness. It might be one or the other. Peter knew that Charlie Dunkin was clever. But he didn't intend to give him three hundred thousand dollars or even one hundred thousand, unless every other plan failed.

ALBERT MOWREY lodged his shoulder against the folding glass door and said languidly, "It's Al, Steve. The bracelet's been repaired and she's wearing it again."

He blew cigarette smoke into the mouthpiece.

"This may interest you, too. Mr. Banyard is dining with her tonight at eight."

He listened, grinned with one corner of his handsome mouth and drawled, "Bright boy."

He hung up the receiver, let himself out of the phone booth, glanced carelessly about and walked out of the drugstore.

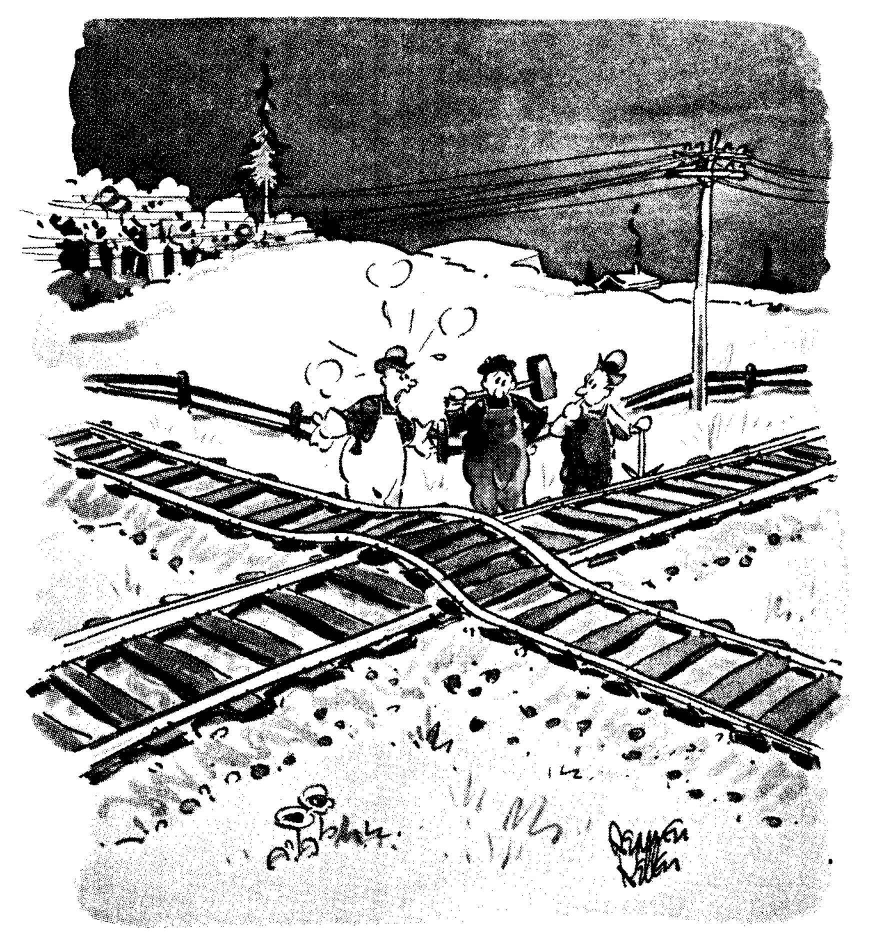
The reporters opened up Peter Banyard's life in Nevada as if it were a vein of rich ore. Their questions made him feel picturesque and quaint and ridiculous. And when they were gone, he felt worse than he had yesterday, because their questions had been more personal. He had managed to keep smiling amiably while he answered questions and posed for more pictures, and Oliver said he had done wonderfully.

"You were very modest, sir."

"I felt damned silly."

"YOU'LL get used to it, sir. Miss Griffin called twice while they were here, Mr. Banyard. I think she's in a temper, sir. She can't have cocktails with you. She said she might call later. Did you have a pleasant luncheon with Mr. Van Tyle?"

"Sure. We politely cut each other's throat for an hour and twenty minutes."



"Come, come, boys! You can do better than that!"

REAMER KELLER

"It seems a shame you don't get along better, Mr. Banyard, he's really such a fine young man."

Peter grinned. "Yes, and so gracious."

"Well, you'll like his mother, sir. She is a warm, friendly person, not witty but delightful in a quiet way. She knew your father very well, and they were quite fond of each other. I hope you'll make a good impression as she is one of the most prominent women, socially, in New York."

"How about Tick Murdock and Brunetti?"

"Murdock will shadow Tetlow from now on, sir, and he'll report to you the moment anything develops. Brunetti received your message."

"What did he say?"

"I believe he's thinking it over, sir. But he'll come. He's very curious about you, sir. I drew the fifty thousand and I have it safely hidden in my bedroom."

"Good. Now tell me something about Mrs. Van Tyle."

"Yes, sir. She was married when she was twenty-two to Cortland Van Tyle, the polo player and yachtsman. He died of blackwater fever on a big-game hunt in Africa about fifteen years ago. They had a daughter, who died when she was six. Mr. Roger Van Tyle is her only son.

"She abominates profanity, and she is quite puritanical. Her political tastes are very reactionary. She has a morbid hatred of blond women, because her husband's infidelities were with strikingly blond women.

"Her passion is diamonds. You may be lucky enough to see the Unger bracelet, which is considered the finest diamond bracelet in the world. There's the phone, sir."

Oliver answered it. "It's Miss Griffin again, sir."

Peter went to the phone. The diaphragm was making rattling sounds, and Oliver looked uneasy.

Peter said, "Hello, beast."

She said harshly, "What did you say to my grandfather?"

"Not half what he said to me."

"He's forbidden me to see you. He's forbidden me to have cocktails with you."

"You ought to pick your grandfathers more carefully."

"Why did you do it?"

"YOU don't understand, Jane. It was necessary."

"Well, you can't talk to him like that."

"Why not? Who is he?"

"Who are you? Nothing but a climber! You're a filthy louse! I hate you!"

"Jane—" She had hung up.

Peter wiped his forehead with a handkerchief and looked at Oliver. There were hectic spots on Oliver's cheekbones.

"You'd better be ready, sir. She'll call back."

"What am I going to do, Oliver?"

"I warned you, sir. She's a terror."

"How do you handle a girl like that?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't think anybody knows. She's always had everything she wanted, and now she wants you and you're being stubborn."

THE phone rang. Peter answered it. It was Jane. Her voice was soft.

"I've got to see you," she said huskily. "I'll slip out and meet you somewhere for dinner."

"I can't do it, Jane."

"You don't love me. You said last night that it drove you wild just to look at me." She was sobbing. She sobbed into the transmitter. "You're the only man I ever cared a damn about. I hate you. You've got to meet me. I'm coming to your apartment for dinner."

"I won't be here. Make it for later. Anywhere you say."

"No."

"Meet me somewhere now."

"No. My grandfather won't let me out of the house. I can slip out at dinnertime."

"I can't break that date."

She said something that he didn't catch, then hung up again.

"Oliver, what am I going to do?"

"I wish I knew, sir. When she has these tantrums, she's unmanageable. If you think this is distressing, picture what's taking place at her house. She will be smashing everything in sight. The trouble is, she's in love with you, and she's furious because you seem to be suddenly indifferent. Just what did you say to her grandfather?"

"I called him an old goat."

"Mr. Banyard! You didn't! You couldn't have!"

"Certainly I did. He was insulting. He carried on like Mussolini. When I said I didn't want to marry her, he told me to get out of his office and keep away from her. He called me an impudent young squirt. Naturally, I told him off."

"Oh, Mr. Banyard. You came here, to use your phrase, to knock this town's ears down. You were doing splendidly. You've ruined everything."

"Maybe, Oliver. But that old walrus had it coming."

"There's the phone, sir."

"OLIVER, what the devil am I going to say to her?"

"You'd better give her what she wants, sir. It's the only thing that's worked since she was eight months old."

Jane was sniffling into the phone. "Peter, you've hurt me horribly. You haven't stood by me. You're nothing but a traitor. You don't like me."

"Jane, you're cockeyed. I think you're one of the swellest people I ever met."

Oliver whispered: "That's better, sir. Be diplomatic. Be gentle and resilient."

"I've just talked to my grandfather. He's still in a perfect fury. No one has talked to him like that in fifty years. I think it did him good."

"Well, that's swell."

"Yes, isn't it? So if you'll apologize to him, maybe something can be done. I've been working on him and he says you can come over for dinner if you'll apologize properly. Be here at seven-thirty sharp."

"I haven't anything to apologize for."

"Listen, Peter. If you know what's good for you, you'll be here at seven-thirty sharp!"

"Jane, I can't go, and even if I could I would not apologize to that old walrus."

He heard her draw a long breath. Then she hung up.

While Peter was dressing for his dinner engagement, a telegram was delivered to him:

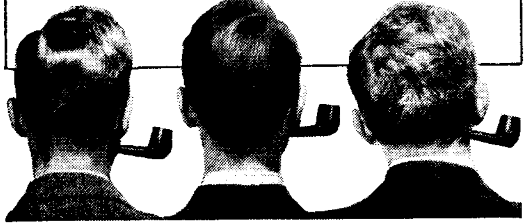
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SENDS A CARD TO MAYOR HAWKINS
LET'S SEND A CARD TO MAYOR HAWKINS BACK HOME. WE HAVEN'T WRITTEN HIM SINCE WE LEFT
HERE'S A PRETTY ONE. IT'S THE ROYAL GORGE WE SAW ON OUR PIKE'S PEAK TRIP
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
POST CARDS
A POSTAGE STAMP, PLEASE—
AND A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT. SAY, THIS IS A GOOD PICTURE, ISN'T IT? I CAN JUST SEE THE MAYOR SHOWING IT AROUND
WORLD'S HIGHEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ROYAL GORGE, COLORADO
POST CARD
Dear Mayor - Having a wonderful time on the trailer trip. Wish you were here so that we could enjoy a few pipefuls of good, old Prince Albert together. Chubbins says "Hello"! Cordially Rob.
I SEE YOU SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT YOURSELF
MOST PEOPLE DO AROUND HERE. P.A. IS MY BEST SELLER. IT HAS THE MILDNESS AND FULL-BODIED TASTE MOST PIPE-SMOKERS SEEM TO WANT

1·2·3 GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS! WHICH ARE YOU IN?

BEGINNER? DON'T LET "TONGUE-BITE" SPOIL YOUR START AT PIPE-SMOKING. GET EXTRA-MILD, "NO-BITE" PRINCE ALBERT

OFF AND ON? YOU WON'T MISS A CHANCE TO SMOKE YOUR PIPE WHEN IT'S FULL OF COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT

REGULAR? LONG-EXPERIENCED PIPE-SMOKERS ESPECIALLY DEMAND TOBACCO WITH TASTE AND BODY. P.A. HITS THE SPOT (WITHOUT "BITE")

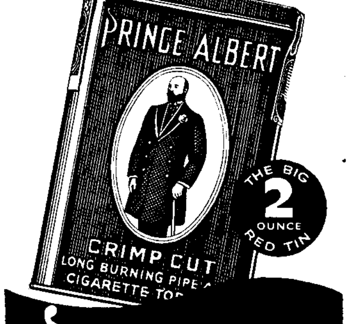


Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

MONEY-BACK OFFER

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert


PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE
CIGARETTE TO

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

GREAT IN "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO!

INSULT HIM FOR ME TOO STOP HE CAN'T TOUCH US WITH A TEN-FOOT POLE STOP HAVE RUN INTO 400-DOLLAR FREE MILLING ORE AT 200-FOOT LEVEL AND THERE'S ENOUGH IN SIGHT TO PAY OFF ALL LOANS INCLUDING THE NATIONAL DEBT STOP AM TRANSFERRING THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND TO YOUR ACCOUNT TOMORROW STOP ALMOST ANY SORT OF EXPLANATION WOULD BE WELCOME MIKE

MARGARET VAN TYLE had selected a position at the far end of the drawing room, so that Peter Banyard would have to walk the length of it. She wanted to see this young man in action.

He was a striking young man, tall and graceful, with sultry sapphire eyes and a dark face. His hair was bleached where the sun had got at it; the color underneath was darker. He would have looked better with a mustache and longer sideburns.

He was different from his father. He was not so tall, but he looked more capable, more dangerous, and Michael Banyard had been dangerous enough.

When he saw her, and smiled, she was quite sure he was more dangerous than Michael had been.

He came to her and bowed nicely over her hand, and she said, "It was nice of you to come, Peter Banyard."

"It was nice of you to have me, Mrs. Van Tyle."

"Sit here beside me. I want a close-up of you. Mr. Banyard, it would be silly, trying to tell you how grateful I am about last night."

"Oh, please don't mention it."

"The whole thing has been dreadfully upsetting. I don't know what's going to happen. I have the feeling that these men are only representative, that the alleys and cellars are full of men just like them, waiting to jump out at any one who has a little money. Roger has had threatening letters, and every time there's a kidnap scare, you can imagine how it affects me. You were very brave last night. I knew you'd look just as you do. You're a very reassuring young man."

Peter Banyard looked uncomfortable, but he concealed it when he smiled. She saw him look at her bracelet.

"You'll have a cocktail, of course. Albert."

"Yes, madam."

Peter glanced around at Albert Mowrey. The handsome footman whom he had knocked down in Tetlow's Tavern a few nights ago was looking at him without recognition.

"Would you prefer whisky?" Mrs. Van Tyle said.

"I really would."

"I thought so. Scotch?"

"Please."

"Lots of ice and just a little soda?"

Peter smiled slowly. "That's right."

Albert Mowrey withdrew.

She said, "I've noticed that men often inherit two things from their fathers—their drinking preferences and their political prejudices. Are you a violent partisan?"

Peter laughed. "Yes."

"I want to know all about your father."

"We're pretty good pals."

"We were pretty good pals, too. We were such good pals that we were engaged for a while. He should have told you to look me up."

"He didn't want me to have any help."

"To do what?" she said softly.

He began a smile, and checked it. "To knock this town's ears down."

"To knock this town's ears down?" She was puzzled. Then she laughed. "Oh, I see. So that's why you came to New York."

"That's why."

Her eyes were warm and merry. "You've been doing pretty well, haven't you?"

"I've had some very good luck."

"I honestly don't think the town's ears have any chance at all. Don't you consider them practically down?"

"They're giving," Peter admitted.

Albert Mowrey returned with a tray containing a small highball glass, ice, whisky and soda water. Peter mixed his drink and the footman withdrew again. Stirring it, Peter shot another glance at Mrs. Van Tyle's bracelet. She wore it on her right wrist. It was the most beautiful jewel he had ever seen. It was not more than an inch and a half wide. It was a dance of twinkling fire.

She was studying his face. "You look so much like your father. He had your eyes and that same slow way you have of smiling. And he had big shoulders, too. There's the same warm, reckless way about you that he had. Is he gray?"

"Not at all. He looks younger than I do. Mike is tough."

"Our engagement was broken off by mutual consent, but I was very fond of him. I liked him. I always have liked him."

Peter had the feeling she would have added, "In spite of his unfortunate marriage."

He liked her. He felt much easier with her than he had anticipated; she was such a warm, friendly person. She was charming and beautiful, and he liked her warm coloring. Her eyes, although brown, reminded him of Franziska's. There was mystery in them.

He did not realize he was flirting with her. "Did you ever regret breaking the engagement?"

It did not occur to him that that was going pretty far until she sobered and became thoughtful.

"Well, I may have once or twice, but not after I got a little more sense. We never could have been happily married. You see, I'm a very conservative woman and your father—" She stopped. Peter laughed. They both laughed.

"You're just like him, you know. I can see it. I'll tell you just why we broke our engagement—what the precipitating incident was. One night at the theater a man sitting next to me tried to hold my hand. He'd been drinking. It went on for two acts, and I said nothing, because I knew Mike.

"During the third act, he saw I was restless, and he saw this man's hand groping about for mine. Mike jumped up, yanked him out of his seat and dragged him up the aisle. It was a fine, big scene, it ruined the last act for everybody, and it ruined my evening."

Peter was looking at her speculatively. "What should he have done, Mrs. Van Tyle?"

"What would you have done?"

"Probably just what he did."

"There's nothing halfway about you Banyards."

"All right. Tell me."

"He should have changed places with me. Yes—as simple as that. I think dinner is served. Bring your highball."

They stood up and she touched his arm lightly.

"But if I were ever in a position where I needed a brave strong man to protect me, I'd call a Banyard."

"I DON'T know," Roger said. "I only know she said she wanted to see you a moment about something. Just pop in for a moment, and I'll take you right home."

Franziska put her brandy glass down. "I have to dress for the Armbister party. Leslie is coming for me early. He's on the floor committee."

"I'll see that you get home in time."

Roger wasn't satisfied. He hadn't told Franziska that Peter Banyard was dining with his mother. He wanted to see Franziska and Peter Banyard together. He wanted to see how they would act when they met unexpectedly.

"I'm supposed to go to the Rawlston party tomorrow night," Mrs. Van Tyle said. "But since last night I'm afraid to stir out. Would you like to take me?"

"I'd love to."

"I'd really feel safe with you for a bodyguard. Are you sure you haven't other plans?"

"I'd break them if I had."

Albert Mowrey filled Peter's water glass.

"Roger tells me you know Franziska Rilling."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you like her?"

Peter looked across the candles at her. Her eyes suddenly seemed to glow.

"Oh, I see. Well, she's in love with my son. Did you know that?"

"Oh, yes."

"You see, I've always wanted very much for Roger to marry Franziska." She looked at him, and shrugged. A diamond in her hair blazed and vanished with diminishing fire like a falling star.

Peter smiled slowly.

"I hope you're a good loser."

WHEN Roger and Franziska came in, Mrs. Van Tyle and Peter were in the drawing room. They were laughing. Franziska heard a man's laughter, but did not recognize it. She was completely surprised.

Roger watched her. When she saw Peter Banyard, she stopped suddenly and seemed to stiffen. Her eyes blazed. She looked startled and frightened. Then she became composed.

She kissed Margaret Van Tyle and said, "I only dropped in to say hello and to see how you are."

"It was sweet of you, darling. You know Mr. Banyard, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. He's the one who goes around saving people's lives." She redeemed that by smiling at Peter. "I really have to rush. Roger, are you taking me home?"

"I'll take you home," Peter said. "I was just leaving."

She looked appealingly at Roger, but he was smiling at Peter.

IN THE taxicab, Franziska said, "I must admit, Mr. Banyard, that you're never a man to let dust collect."

She tried to make her voice light and clear, but she was sure he must detect the fear in it. "What are your plans for Mrs. Van Tyle—or mustn't I know?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm taking her to the Rawlston party tomorrow night."

She laughed softly. "No. No one can accuse you of letting dust collect. What is it—the bracelet?"

"It's a beautiful thing," Peter said. His voice deepened. "Franziska!"

"Oh, please, please."

"Franziska, I love you." She began to tremble because he seemed to mean it, and that frightened her more than if he had been mocking her.

She said, "Well, really!" and kept her voice steady and cool.

"I love you and it kills me to see how you're going. Why do you go to all this trouble, trying to please him? Where does it get you? How can you love a man who doesn't appreciate you just as you are? I want you just the way you are. I want you any way you want to be."

"Ah, that's love," she said lightly, but her voice broke.

There was enough light to show his expression. His face was close. She sat up straighter with her fingers laced in her lap. It revolted her to be attracted to a man so contemptible. And though she knew it for unadorned physical attraction, it set up a turbulence in her.

He was facing her with one hand against the window molding beside her, with his eyes intent on hers. "I don't see why a girl as fine as you are goes to all the bother you do, trying to please him."

She looked steadily at his eyes. "Who told you such nonsense?"

"I don't want you to be anything but yourself, Franziska."

HIS arms went around her. He kissed her mouth. She tried to push him away. She turned her head and pushed with both hands against his chest. But he kissed her along her cheek as her head turned. She pushed him away.

"Well, really!" she said weakly, trying to treat it lightly. But she was breathless and she wanted to cry.

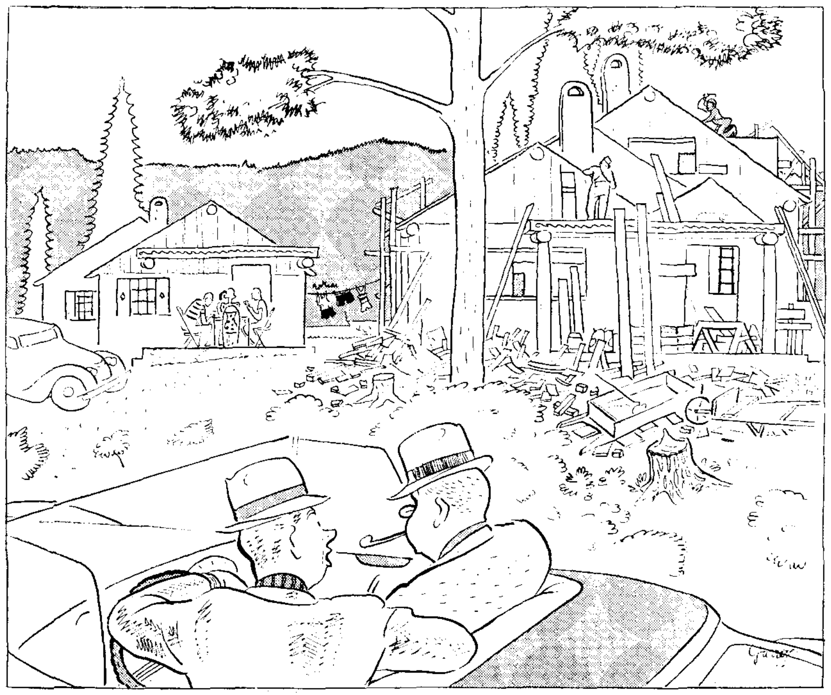
He wasn't going to do it again. He settled back and reached in his pocket. "Cigarette?"

"Please." Her voice was reedy.

They were only a block from her apartment.

"Franziska, you aren't going to feel this way about me forever. I'm warning you."

Peter was still suffering when he walked into the elevator. The things that he had just said to Franziska had frightened him after he'd said them. And the irony of it was that she had been so frightened, too.

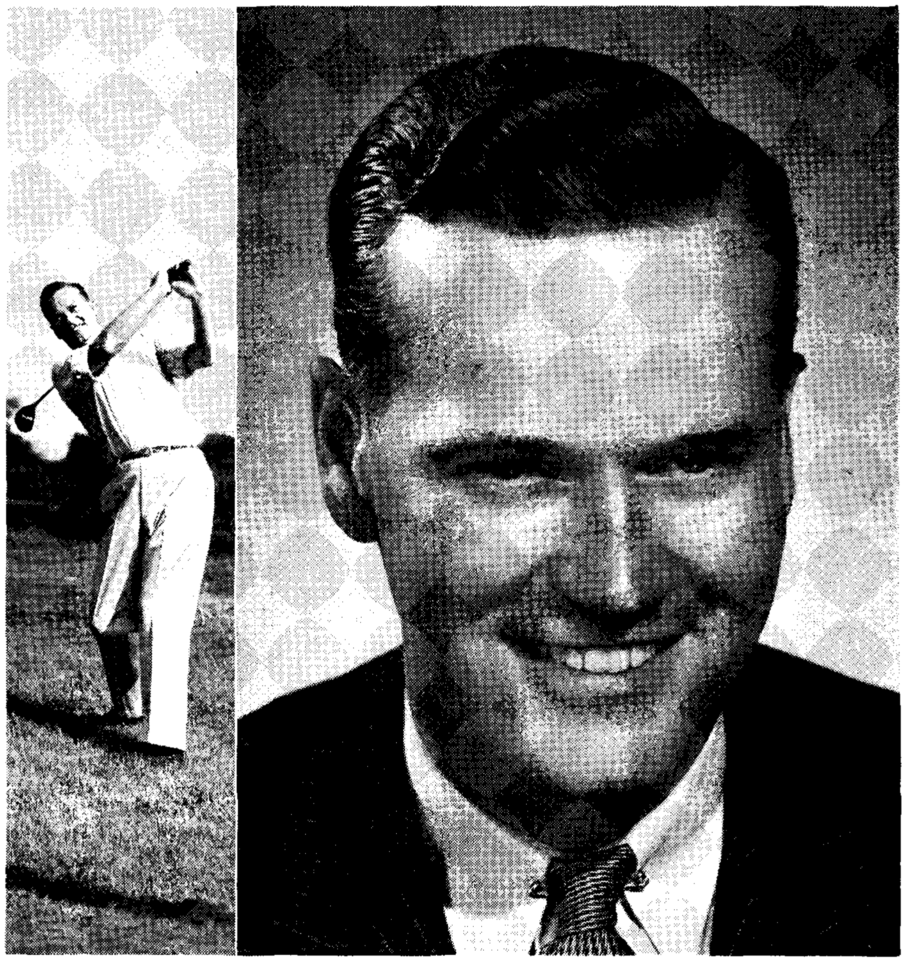


"My friends got so impatient I had to have the guest house finished first"

GARRETT PRICE

Summer Sun and a soaking shower are bad news for Hair!

Protect Yours with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



AFTER YOUR hard-played 36 holes of golf, your strenuous sets of tennis—it's refreshing to step under your shower and relax. But that exhilarating spray of water does its full share of damage to your hair.

For after the summer sun has baked your unprotected hair dry and brittle—your shower washes away the vital oils that Nature gave you—leaving your hair dull and lifeless.

And that's where Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" step in to aid you. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oils come to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Your circulation is roused—your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look. 50 seconds to rub, 10 seconds to comb—that's the "60-Second Workout."

With Vitalis every hair is firmly in place—just the way you want it—without a trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Don't let the hazards of sun and water wreck your hair. Whatever you do—golf or ride, swim or sail, enjoy it to the full—but help keep your hair lustrous and handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

1. **50 SECONDS TO RUB** Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH** Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Use VITALIS

AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

MORNING-AFTER? I DON'T HAVE IT ANY MORE!

It can be avoided this **BEFORE** and **AFTER** way

BEFORE YOU GO TO BED—take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it helps counteract the CAUSES of morning-after.

AFTER YOU WAKE UP—another Bromo-Seltzer. It relieves effects of fatigue from late hours—leaves you keener.

● Now—morning-after can be *avoided*. Take Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE you go to bed!

It settles your stomach—calms your nerves. ALKALIZES—reduces excess acidity caused by overindulgence. Next morning—to relieve effects of late hours—another Bromo-Seltzer! You're keener, more alert!

Try Bromo-Seltzer FREE!

A generous bottle of Bromo-Seltzer, FREE! Write Emerson Drug Company, Dept. C-1, Baltimore, Maryland.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

He had said to her, "You aren't going to feel this way about me forever. I'm warning you," and she had been terrified. He was trying to deal with her as he had dealt with mine shafts, horses, boxing and rattlesnakes and flying, and he knew it was hollow audacity. All but the kiss. And the amazing thing to him about the kiss was not his effrontery but the fleeting moment when she responded.

There was something a little too complacent about Oliver. Peter sensed it when Oliver opened the door for him. There was just the suggestion of a smirk about Oliver's mouth.

He took Peter's hat and coat and said, with the faintly smug air, "Did you have a pleasant evening, Mr. Banyard?"

"Very pleasant. What's the joke?"

"Joke, sir?"

Peter looked at him sternly. "Oliver, you old goat, have you been drinking?"

"No, Mr. Banyard."

"Well, I smell liquor around here." Peter walked into the living room, sniffing as he went. He said suspiciously, "What's been going on here? This place smells like a cheap barroom."

"It could scarcely smell like a cheap barroom, Mr. Banyard. The liquor I stocked was the best money could buy."

Peter stared at him. "What's all this mystery about, Oliver? Have you been entertaining?"

"In a way, sir."

SOMETHING sparkled on the floor near the arched doorway into the bar. Peter went to the door. What he had seen was a piece of broken glass. All the blue mirrors about the walls were splintered. Every bottle that had stood behind the bar was broken. Every glass was broken. The floor was thick with broken glass. A chair was in splinters in a corner.

Peter said quietly, "Did Jane Griffin do this?"

"Yes, sir. She kicked over the table and chairs and smashed the mirrors and the bottles."

"You didn't try to stop her?"

"No, indeed, sir. And you should see what she did in your bedroom. She only warmed up in here, sir."

Peter went into his bedroom. The bedding had been torn from his bed. The drawers had been pulled out of chests and their contents strewn about. A mirror was smashed. Toilet articles, shirts, underwear, pajamas and shoes were scattered over the floor.

"You haven't touched anything?"

"No, sir. She gave me strict orders not to touch anything. She said you were to see things just as she had left them."

"All right, Oliver. It's all right. Just stop being so damned cute. You must have had a perfectly swell time. How long was she here?"

"Two hours, I should say, sir. She wrecked the bar and she did this, then she had dinner."

"Here?"

"Yes, sir. She said she had told you she was coming for dinner, so I had cook prepare a nice dinner."

"Well, wasn't that peachy of you and cook. I do hope you had a delightful visit with Miss Griffin."

"It was most pleasant, sir, after she had cooled off. She's a delightful young person when she wants to be, and, as I've mentioned, Mr. Banyard, she is very fond of you."

"And, of course, I've been taught a much-needed lesson."

"I had hoped you'd see the point, Mr. Banyard."

"Okay, Oliver, okay. The next time I feel like telling a Wall Street sea walrus to go to hell, I'll just think of the expression you're wearing."

"You'll find it always pays, sir," Oliver said smugly, "to mix a little of the salt of reason with the spice of emotion."

Franziska left the Armbister party early. Sleepless nights and incessant worrying had used up all her vitality. She was too tired to dance, too tired to talk or smile. She was burned out.

She was in bed before two. She would sleep until eleven. Nine hours of sleep would restore her energies and give her a fresh grip.

The soft bed, the cool sheets were delicious. She sighed luxuriously and stretched and tried to relax. Her head throbbed and her back ached. There was tension in every muscle in her body.

She closed her eyes lightly and waited for sleep to come. She could not relax. She trembled with exhaustion. Her eyes burned with sleepiness and her body was a single ache of weariness. She could not fall asleep. She could not get Peter Banyard out of her mind, or the police.

The evening papers had reiterated what the morning papers had said about the imminence of the arrest of the mystery woman in the Frankie Fife case.

At three she got up and took a cold shower. She stood in the icy spray until she was numb, then vigorously dried herself. She was relaxed when she got back into bed. Imperceptibly she became tense again.

It was still Peter Banyard. She thought of him as he had been tonight, then as he had been yesterday at his apartment. She thought of him as he had been when she danced with him, as he had been when she called at his apartment last summer. She felt light-headed.

He was an enigma. Yet he was physically so attractive that she could not, as much as she feared and hated him, get that aspect of him out of her thoughts.

What he had said about Roger, the unerring truth of it, had tormented her ever since he had said it. He might as well have read her mind. She knew it was the truth, and that she had simply refused to acknowledge it.

Looking back, she saw that she had always overexerted herself to please Roger. Since she was a small girl, he had been a hero to her and she had tried in so many ways, for so many years, to make herself necessary to him. Each time she had swallowed her shame and tried harder. And he had never been anything but indulgent and judicial and kind.

For the first time, she wondered if she really loved Roger, or if she had been stubbornly trying, all these years, to win him for her pride's sake.

It was shocking to admit that the Peter Banyard type appealed to her—had always appealed to her—more strongly than the Roger Van Tyle type.

HER heart was racing and her brain was in a turmoil. She got out of bed and stretched. Then she placed herself flat against the wall and stretched until she felt faint. It sometimes helped. She tried to massage the back of her neck, but the cords were so tight and so painful, that it made her ill to touch them.

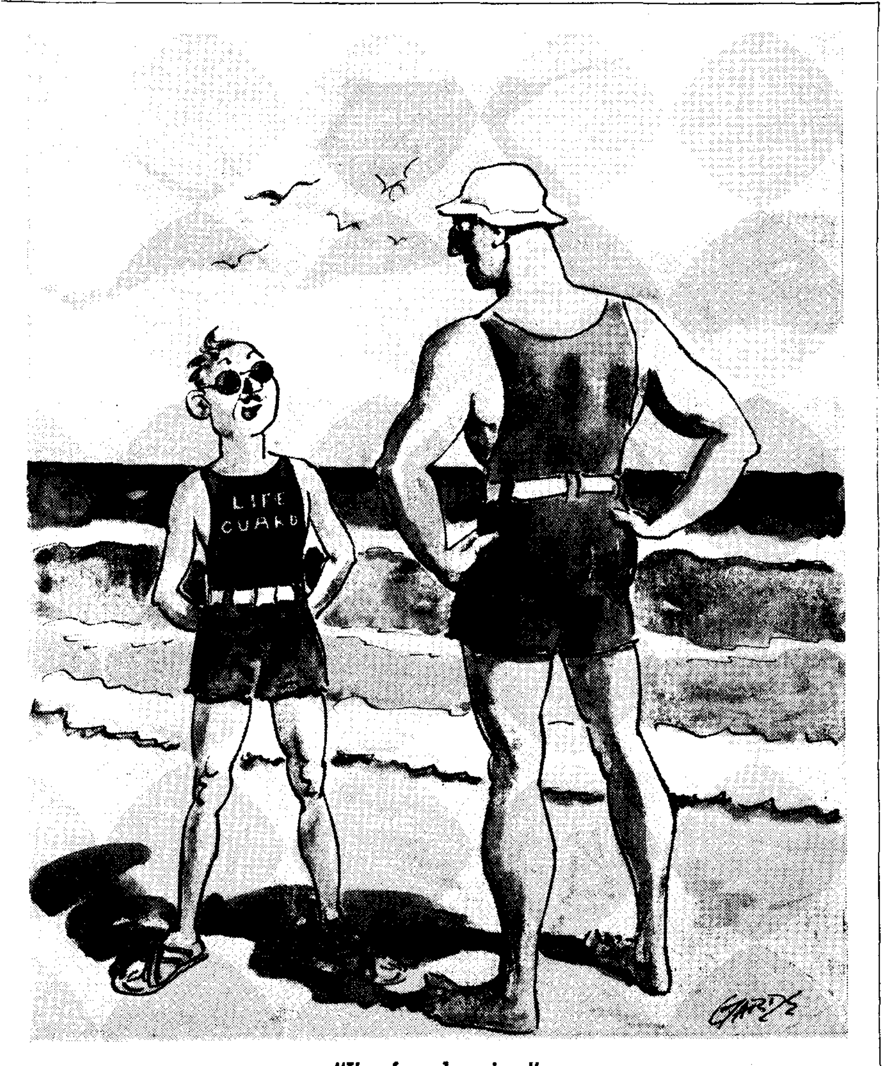
She got back into bed and tried to concentrate on an imaginary starless sky. But the dark field was peopled with faces and fears—the faces of policemen, of Frankie Fife with the bullet hole above his right eyebrow, of Peter Banyard staring at her with hot blue eyes, of Roger gazing at her, as he had tonight all through dinner, with judicial disapproval, and with fears of tomorrow, fears of everything.

All barriers went down. Her mind became a millrace of misery. It was her third night without sleep. I've got the jitters again, she thought.

She watched the sky lighten, she heard the sounds of the city's awakening. In the new day, she saw nothing but disaster.

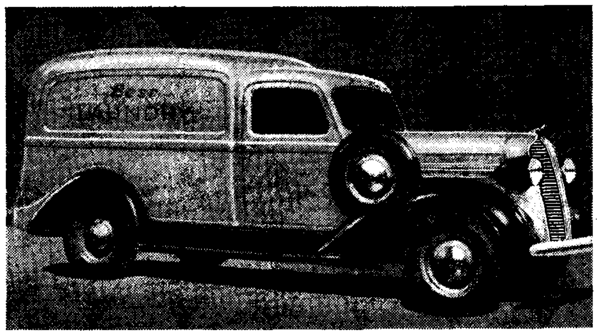
She fell asleep at half past nine, intoxicated with woe.

(To be continued next week)

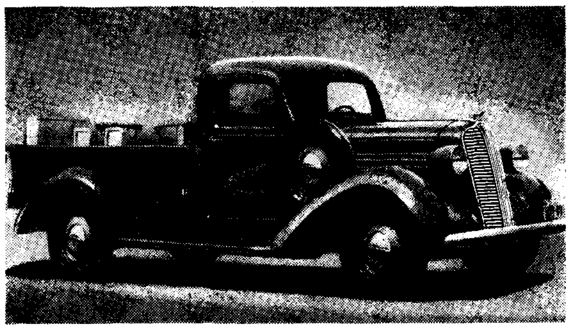


"I'm free-lancing"

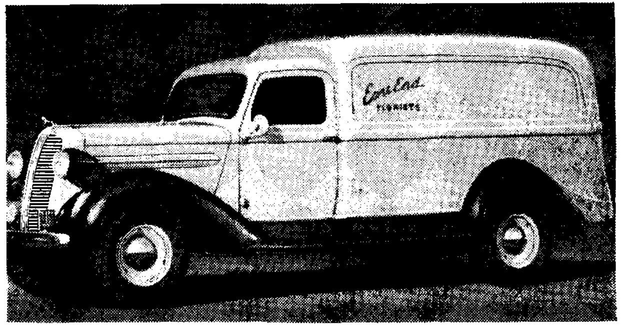
CHESTER GARDE



NEW DODGE COMMERCIAL PANEL—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine — 116" Wheelbase. Many extra-quality features...it's "America's handsomest delivery car." Get a real money-saver.

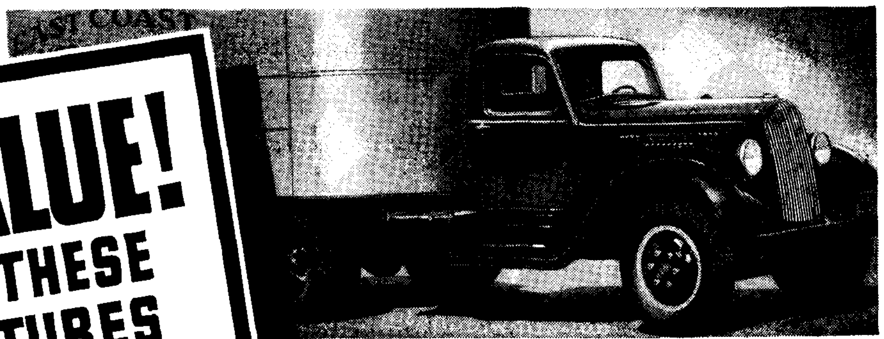


NEW DODGE ½-TON PICKUP—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—116" Wheelbase. Ideal for Plumbers, Public Utilities, Farmers, etc. Sturdy, efficient...built to do a lot of hauling at a real saving on gas.



NEW DODGE ¾-1 TON PANEL—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—136" Wheelbase. New in the low-price field. Designed especially for Florists, Department Stores, Laundries, Bakers...all bulky loads.

NEW DODGE 2-TON STAKE—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—159" Wheelbase, 12' Body. Famous Dodge dependability. Priced with the lowest, yet built to outlast them all.

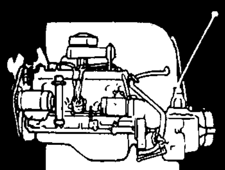


NEW DODGE 3-TON TRACTOR—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—Built to cut heavy-hauling costs! Priced down with the lowest. Four standard Wheelbases, 152", 170", 188", 205".

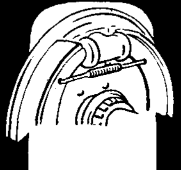
EXTRA VALUE!

YOU GET ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES ONLY IN...

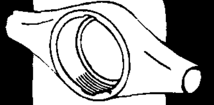
DODGE



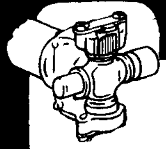
6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine, with 6 special oil and gas saving features.



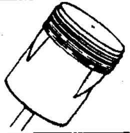
Genuine Hydraulic Brakes, stop quick, save tires and brake linings.



One-Piece Rear Axle Housing, stronger, pioneered by Dodge.



Roller-Bearing Universals check backlash, improve performance.



Dodge has 4 Piston Rings, other low-priced trucks have only 3.

TRUCKS

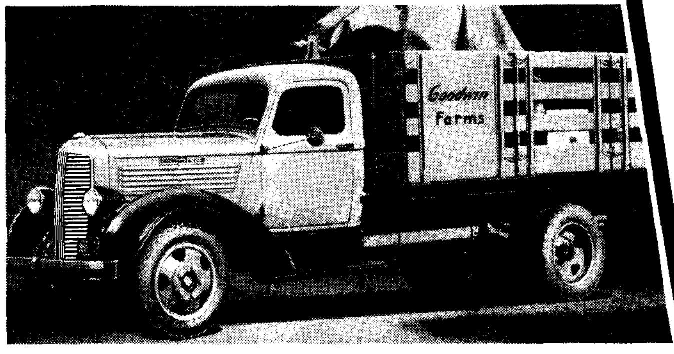
PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!

THOUSANDS of truck buyers from coast to coast have recently switched to Dodge trucks. Look about you and you will see that many of your own friends and business acquaintances are included in these thousands. Ask these men why they switched and you will find they picked Dodge because Dodge extra-quality features mean extra value for your money. The truck "Show-Down" score card makes it easy for you to compare the lowest-priced trucks feature-by-feature. Get one FREE from your Dodge dealer today!

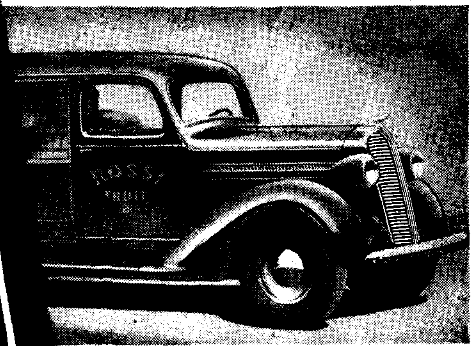
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

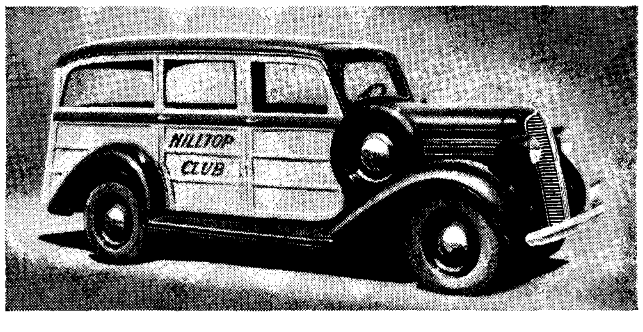
Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.



NEW DODGE 1½-TON STAKE—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—133" and 159" Wheelbases, 9' and 12' Bodies. Many extra-quality features...genuine hydraulic brakes, exhaust valve-seat inserts, full-floating rear axle...yet priced with the lowest.

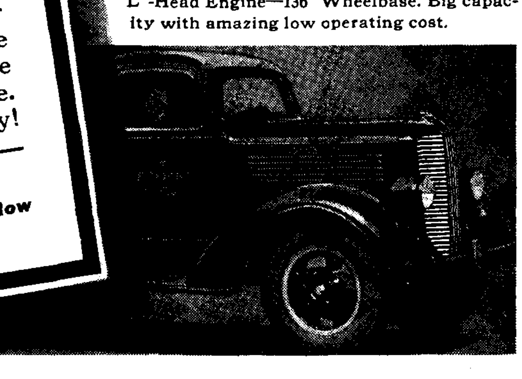


NEW DODGE ¾-1 TON CANOPY—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—136" Wheelbase. Big capacity with amazing low operating cost.



NEW DODGE WESTCHESTER SUBURBAN—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—116" Wheelbase. Seats up to 8 persons. Rear seats removable for extra luggage space. Ideal for country estates, schools, clubs and hotels.

Tune in on Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.



NEW DODGE 1½-TON TRACTOR—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—Leads lowest-price field in quality features! Four standard Wheelbases, 126½", 133", 159", 190". Get complete specifications from your Dodge dealer.

IT LIGHTENS MOTHERS' CARES!

That's why they help to make this the most widely used laxative in the whole world!

Bringing up a family is a full-time job. And no woman wants to add unnecessarily to her burdens... Yet mothers sometimes do make *extra* trouble for themselves by forcing their children to take nasty, upsetting purgatives. Often the result is a nerve-racking struggle that's as bad for the parent as it is for the child.

Ex-Lax puts a stop to all this. This remarkable laxative comes in the form of simple little tablets that taste just like delicious chocolate. Children take Ex-Lax so willingly that it has lightened the cares of millions of mothers.

But no mother is selfish enough to put her own convenience ahead of her children's welfare. To win her confidence a laxative must not only be pleasant, but *effective*, too. And Ex-Lax is effective . . . without being harsh or violent. That's why grateful mothers everywhere trust Ex-Lax, *keep it always on hand*—*and, incidentally* help to make it the most widely used laxative in all the world!

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" SYSTEM

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving anyone—child or adult—a thorough cleaning out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists—and Nature carries on from there.

Evacuation is easy, without "forcing" or strain. After taking Ex-Lax, you'll feel *clean*. You'll feel more *alert*. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the weakness and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant . . . At all drug stores in convenient 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. K87, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets–remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Bayou Man

Continued from page 24

for high ground. The river won't bust through for a few minutes, then he'll go crazy."

He watched the guards round up the men, nudging them forward with their guns. He waited a minute until their backs were turned. then he jerked a lantern from a pole and ran down the dike.

"Convict loose!" he heard the shout. and the first shot shattered the lantern. He ran into the swamp by instinct and heard the levee give away completely. A sigh, and the levee just crumbled into the Mississippi. Big Cy ran through the clinging, crawling mire of the swamps for a mile, cut back to the path and reached his cabin twenty minutes ahead of the flood.

He tore away the gate and the door. "Sue, Sue!" he shouted. "Where are you?"

He didn't even wait to embrace her as she ran to his arms. "Get Little Cy, quick! The levee's gone. Gotta get you to high ground."

The water was creeping over the yard. "I gotta carry you and the baby. Quick, hand me that old ap'un there!"

He put Little Cy across his back, lashed him securely with the apron, lifted Sue in his arms and ran for the swamps. Waist deep in water, he floundered until he came opposite the Big House.

A guard saw him as he dashed toward the back porch. There was no warning. The guard pushed his gun against his shoulder, aimed at the convict stripes and fired. Big Cy lumbered a moment, then fell.

Sue screamed for Colonel Morgan, and he and Aunt Charity ran out with lanterns. The guard was bending over Big Cy.

"He almost got away." The guard straightened up, casually shoved another load into his gun. "I just winged him, though—in the leg. But I'll be durned—he's got a baby on his back! Glad I shot low—I'd hated like hell to 'a' shot the baby."

"You shot—Big Cy?" The Colonel was panting from his run.

In the light of the lanterns the guard saw who it was.

"Hi there, Cun'l. Don't remember me, huh? Jeff McNeil—you remember Jeff McNeil. You don't mean this convict was one of yo' hands? Must 'a' been in a dif'rent camp from mine, up at the state farm. I don't remember ever seein' him."

"He was a cypress cutter. here on the place—" The Colonel was bending down, examining Big Cy's wound. Sue was whimpering in Charity's arms.

"That so? Sorry I had to shoot him—him bein' one of yo' hands. But he was gittin' away—and with that striped convict jumper of his I couldn't miss."

"Striped jumper!" Colonel Morgan's eyes were bleak. "But I thought all the men on the levee had shed their shirts!"

"Huh? By gosh, that's right!" Jeff McNeil suddenly bent, looked closer. "Why, it ain't no jumper at all—it's a striped ap'un!"

"One of Aunt Charity's—" The Colonel was sharp-voiced. He looked from the guard to Big Cypress and back again. "She raised him—it must be an old apron of hers she left in his cabin. See? He used it to tie the baby on his back if he had to swim with it."

"Ap'un Strings—they usta call 'im Ap'un Strings." Aunt Charity suddenly knelt, clasped his head to her bosom. He was groaning, coming out of the shock. "You shot 'im—mah chile—!"

The guard looked uncomfortable. "I'm sorry, Cun'l—I sho'ly am."

"Maybe you'd better get back to your job—get back to watching the others, McNeil," said the Colonel shortly. "And next time—don't be so quick with your gun."

Big Cy had recovered enough to speak, as they laid him down on the big feather bed in the Colonel's own room. He reached up to pat Sue's tear-stained cheek.

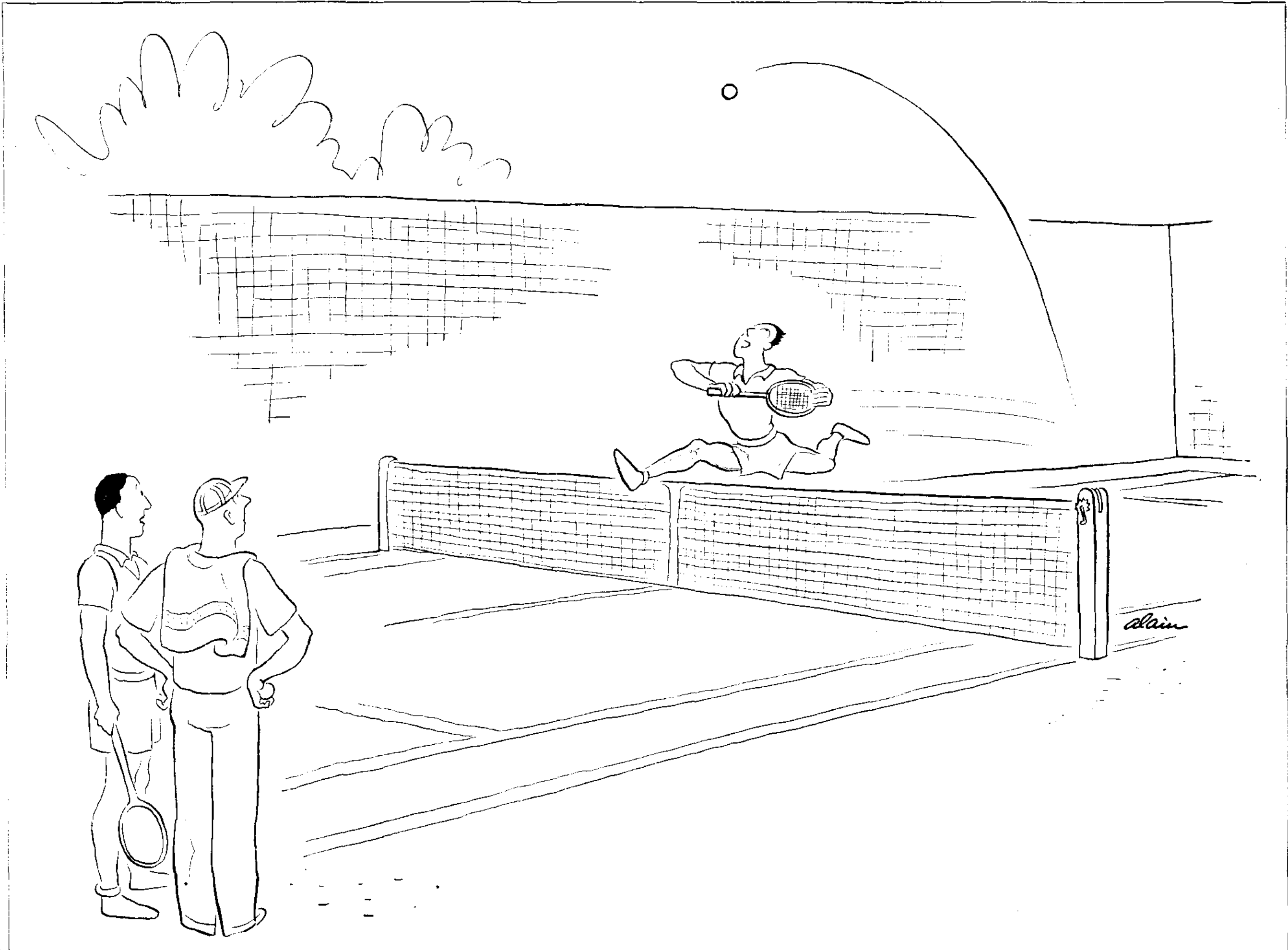
"It won't be long now, honey. I done served half my time at the farm—"

"Lie still. You're never going back," said the Colonel gruffly. "Any man that tries to save the levee—and then gets shot just because he tries to save his own family—" He stopped to blow his nose. He blew it fiercely. "I'll tell the warden and the governor. And if they don't pardon you, I'll tell every damn' newspaper in the state!"

"That's mighty fine of you, Cun'l. Mighty fine." Big Cy laid back for a moment, resting. Then his eyes opened again. "I wish you'd do one thing fo' me, though, Cun'l, while these guards is here. Up at the farm I heard tell of a man—a guard over at Camp 7—with the same name as mine. McNeil. I wish you'd sorta find out if he's anyways kin to me. I ain't got no kinfolks anywhars I knows of—and I sorta hate to think o' Little Cy not ever havin' no kinfolks outside o' me an' Sue."

The Colonel blinked. For a second his glance crossed with Aunt Charity's. Then he blew his nose again with a loud snort.

"McNeil? McNeil? Oh, yes—I already asked the head guard about him. Him having the same name as yours. Well, it seems he hasn't got any kinfolks at all around here. Doesn't come from this section at all. He come—he come from some place 'way over in Oklahoma."



"He doesn't need an opponent"

ALAIN

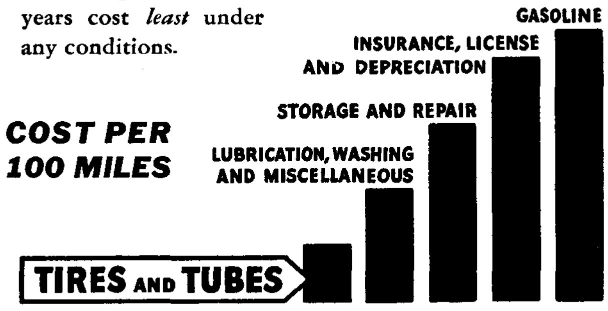
LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT TIRES *FROM MEN WHO BUY THOUSANDS EVERY YEAR*

"BEST—BY ANY TEST!" SAY USERS

On corduroy roads or boulevards, at snail's pace or full throttle, Goodyear tires are voted tops by millions. Proof is the fact that for 22 consecutive years more people have bought Goodyear tires than any other kind!

THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!

Charted here are *average* maintenance costs obtained from fleet owners operating hundreds of cars on Goodyear tires. Note that a full set of Goodyears costs only about one-fifth as much as gas—from one-quarter to one-half as much as other routine expenses. Ratios may vary somewhat in your case depending upon roads, climate and how fast you drive, but these nation-wide records prove Goodyears cost *least* under any conditions.



All TIRES are good—*on paper.* But what you want to know is—*what tire is best on the road?*

You can get the surest answer to that from men with the greatest tire experience; the operators of the nation's largest fleets who buy hundreds, often thousands, of tires every year—*and buy them strictly on performance.*

Their accurate mileage records show Goodyear tires give such exceptional performance that their cost actually averages less per mile than any other running expense on a car. Only ONE-FIFTH as much as gasoline! One-fourth to one-half as much as garage, depreciation, lubrication and other necessary expenses!

Plus quality—in every price class

Mark that fact well, because you get this extra mileage, extra value in any Goodyear tire—and Goodyears are sold at a wide range of prices. In every one you get time-proved superiorities that only the largest tire-maker can possibly offer for the money—*features that have made Goodyear tires the world's first-choice!*

So go to the Goodyear dealer when you need tires. See his wide assortment—the super-mileage "G-3" All-Weather, the sensational new "R-1," and other great Goodyear values. Choose the one that fits your purse and your need, for long experience proves that *the cheapest thing on your car is the best tires you can buy*—and that means Goodyear tires!

TRAVEL FIRST CLASS

ALL GOODYEAR TIRES GIVE YOU THESE TOP-RANK FEATURES:

1. ***Quick-stopping center traction grip***
2. ***The Goodyear Margin of Safety***
3. ***Toughest, longest-wearing non-skid tread***
4. ***High, wide shoulders to "hold" on curves***
5. ***Patented Supertwist Cord blowout-protection in every ply***

EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR G-3 ALL-WEATHER
GOODYEAR R-1
GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY

SENSATIONAL NEW VALUE—the big, he-man "R-1"—one of the greatest tire values of all time, at the price you're accustomed to paying.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

For those VACATIONS from 55 on Make Reservations Now

NOT all Americans look forward to Retirement with a Capital R, as their fathers sometimes did.

They prefer to think of life from 55 on as an opportunity not for decreasing activity but for new and more enjoyable *kinds* of activity of their own choosing and quite independent of the need to make money.

"The thought of giving up work entirely," said a busy man recently, "does not attract me. I do like the idea of longer and more frequent vacations but I would not like them to last 365 days a year. All play and no work takes most of the fun out of play."

"I realized this some time ago," he continued, "and now that I am nearing 55, I am glad that I did. Next year as a result of a plan suggested to me earlier in life by a representative of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, I shall receive an income payment from my life insurance sufficient to take care of my first winter vacation. I have arranged my policies so that this income will gradually increase each holiday season until I have a yearly fund large enough to take such vacations whenever and wherever I like."

How will you enjoy the later years of *your* life?

Whether your interests lie in the field of travel or sport or collecting or the industrial arts, there is one condition you should satisfy if you wish to make certain that you can gratify your desire.

It is that you begin now and plan in advance. You can do this effectively through a Mutual Life representative

If you prefer, first, *to read more before talking with this representative*, a copy of "Planning for Income at 55, 60 or 65," an attractive 24 page booklet, will be sent to you or left with you upon request to the address below.

Take advantage of the opportunity to talk at leisure now, during these vacation days, with someone who comes to you from a Company which has been planning future security for others since 1843.

The Mutual Life
Insurance Company of New York
DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*
34 Nassau Street, New York

FIRST POLICY ISSUED
FEBRUARY 1, 1843

Aiming to Please

Continued from page 18

second trap at the six-o'clock station. This provided the same set of problems, only headed around the other way, and a little further pondering produced the realization that with two traps facing each other, one throwing targets high, the other whizzing them low, practically every angle of wing shooting could be had and that here was the makings of a very grand gunner's game.

That's what finally evolved into the present sport of skeet.

The current setup is a semicircle on which two trap houses face each other forty yards apart in the twelve-o'clock and 6-o'clock positions. There are eight shooting stations. Number one is beside the high trap. The shot here is a straight "outgoer." Stations 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are ten yards apart along the swing of the circle to the low trap. Station 7 is beside the low trap, and Station 8 is exactly in the center of the field after the fashion of the "25th Shell" in the old "Shooting Around the Clock" game.

Five competitors comprise a team and they shoot the stations consecutively, each taking two plugs at each stop. This is how it's done:

The first gunner takes his post at Station 1, calls "Pull" to the control boy in the high trap house. The high "outgoer" is released. The gunner bangs and hits or misses. The referee calls "Dead" if the target is shattered or "Lost" if it isn't and the result is duly recorded under 1R on the score sheet, which means, "Target going right from Station 1."

Shooting for a Button

After this first shot is out of the way, the gunner calls "Mark," or maybe "Pull" again to the control boy forty yards away, and from the low trap another target—an "incomer" comes whizzing straight at him. He bangs at that and the result is duly recorded under the heading 1L. After each gunner has shot twice in this fashion, all hands move along to Station 2, for plugs at "the quartering outgoer and incomer," the result being recorded as 2R and 2L.

The same routine is followed through all eight stations, giving each gunner a total of sixteen targets, all whanged at from different angles.

Then come the doubles. These are shot from Stations 1, 2, 6 and 7, and they call for a quick trigger and a quicker eye, for in doubles targets are flung from both trap houses simultaneously, and both must be broken with quick successive shots before they pass out of the forty-yard field.

A "round" still consists of twenty-five targets, the twenty-fifth being an optional shot made from any station the gunner may elect, provided he has broken the first twenty-four.

Practically the only rule binding the gunner is that he must keep his gun below his shoulder, and have part of its stock showing beneath his elbow until after the target leaves the trap. This is strictly enforced and results in many disqualified shots.

If all targets are broken in one round, it is known as a "straight," and the marksman is entitled to a special button. These buttons, incidentally, are pretty hard to get. There probably aren't more than one thousand in the country even now, for all the steady barrages that are fired.

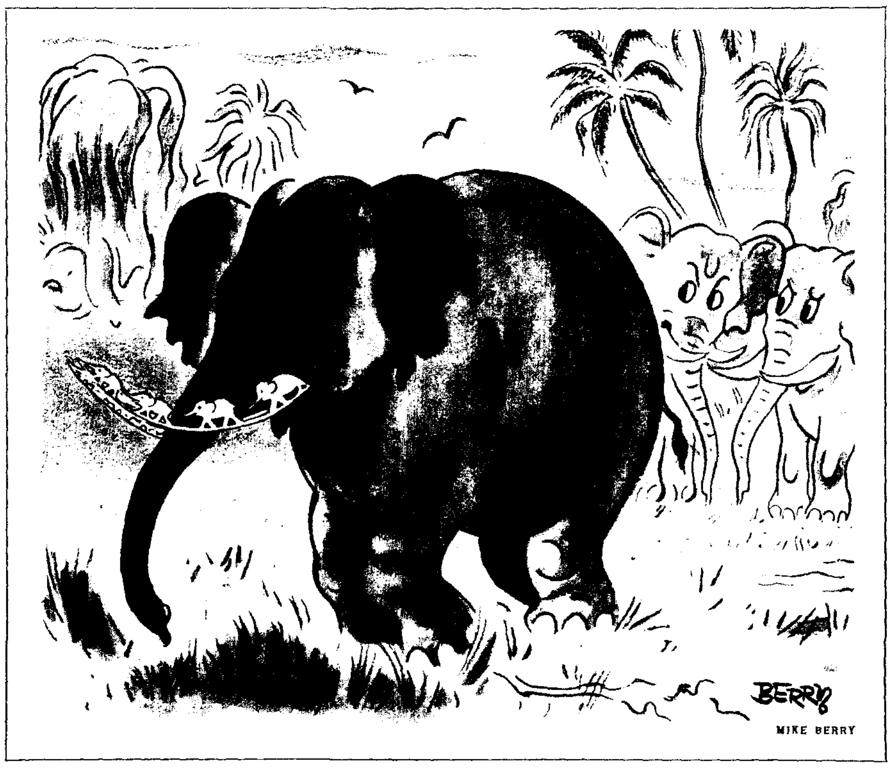
An expert field shotgunner beginning skeet can congratulate himself if he hits fifty per cent of the targets. An average "good shot" will crack from eighteen to twenty in a round. The consistent smacker of from twenty-one to twenty-three can call himself expert, but the superstars such as young Shaughnessy break 248 out of 250, running off 230 straight, or at least that's what young Shaughnessy did to win his All-America laurels at St. Louis.

For Rich Men and Poor

The general average for year-round shooting at all clubs, however, is well below eighty per cent.

As for costs, a range can be set up for as little as $250, or it can be made as elaborate as the club members wish. Two traps, a piece of ground, a few posts and some planking are the primary ingredients. A clubhouse, of course, can be anything from a wooden shed, costing a pittance, to a little palace costing a fortune. John Barrymore's private one on his Beverly Hills estate is really something to make the eyes blink. Others are as modest as an old-fashioned cow lot.

To be safe a skeet field should be on unoccupied land at least 250x500 yards in dimensions. The field itself need be only a forty-yard circle of firm footing —Barrymore's is built around a forty-yard lake—and the outlying area can be swamp, marsh, thicket, water or open field, just so long as there's no danger to people or property from spraying shot.



For the gunner, the sport can't be called exactly economical, but it can be far from prohibitive. Any shotgun adaptable to actual bird-hunting will suffice. Still a man can pay as high as $1,500 for an imported shotgun and some of them do.

But your favorite old blunderbuss will serve in the skeet business, if you can manipulate it successfully in actual hunting. If it's heavy and hard to swing in the actual field, it will handicap you similarly in this brand of pastime. But if the opposite is true, it will likewise be true here. Here, however, there's one advantage: The targets are close and no great carry is required. Therefore the popular 20-gauge competes on even terms with the 12, the 20 making up in quickness what it may lack in pattern.

The story of young Shaughnessy's rise to the top spot may not be typical, but it's interesting and indicative, perhaps, of what other youngsters may do. Young Dick is the son of a sporting-goods dealer in Boston, and the father has been a trapshooting and skeeting enthusiast for many years. Dick was just twelve years old—that was three years ago—when one day his father let him shoot his first round of skeet. The father didn't think he'd hit many targets, but he broke fifteen of the twenty-five disks and said he'd do better the next time. His father was amused and told him to go ahead and try. Next time he broke seventeen!

A week later, he cracked 20 of the 25, or 20x25, as they officially write it. The following Armistice Day he smacked 25 straight with a 16-gauge gun. A week later he broke 97x100 at the Quincy Gun Club near his home, and shortly thereafter he broke the world's record with a 16-gauge gun, smashing 313 birds without a miss. This bettered by 56 targets the existing record held by Martin Markham of Louisville, Kentucky, and established in 1933.

At the dedication of the Hilltop Skeet Club in Holliston, Massachusetts, young Shaughnessy cracked 25 straight to finish first in a field of 33 veteran competitors. This amazing, straight-shouldered, clear-eyed high-school sophomore moved steadily from club to club smashing records and establishing new ones. He became the youngest gunner in the United States to shoot a straight with a 28-gauge gun, only 12 gunners having accomplished that tricky feat since 1930.

A Champ with a Year's Practice

He was still in junior high school and but thirteen years old when he made that amazing record of 313 straight. He already had one run of 172 to his credit, but on February 26, 1935, he cracked 22 in succession at the Quincy Gun Club. Three days later, he ran off another 100 straight. On March 1st, he came back and clicked 125 more. His next trip, he cracked 50, and a few days later at Hilltop he ran off 16 before he registered his first miss, in four different days of shooting at two different clubs, for the world's record with the 16-gauge weapon.

This was less than a year after he'd fired his first shot!

This youngster's handicap tumbled steadily and correspondingly, and at the tender age of fourteen he found himself shooting from scratch against men who were blazing away at targets before even his father was born.

His saga reached its grand climax in St. Louis last September, when he went into scratch competition against 225 of the nation's crack skeet shots, including several former national champions, scores of sectional champions, and almost every state champion the country possesses.

And the young man, who seemed more concerned over missing his classes in Boston College high school than anything else, wasn't settling for small stakes. Spurning the specialized classifications, he took his same 16-gauge blunderbuss and entered the National All Bore Championships. This corresponds in that pastime to the heavyweight division of the pugilistic industry. It means any qualified competitor can take any gun his fancy dictates and enter a regular skeet-shooting come-all-ye. The gentleman who outshoots all the others, regardless of the bore or the sort of weapon used, is entitled to the diadem as the champion of champions.

All for a Coffee Frappé

The significant thing here is that young Shaughnessy stayed true to his 16. Practically everybody else in the competition used 12's. The higher the gauge, the less the number of shot in the shell. Most of the other competitors were men. They used the heavier 12 not only because they could handle it but chiefly because a 12-gauge shotgun shell has 95 more shot pellets in it than a 16-gauge shell. Therefore, young Shaughnessy was spotting the rest of the field about 95 pellets per target, which meant he had to shoot more accurately.

He did!

On the fourth and final day young Shaughnessy needed 49x50 to clinch the championship, and that's exactly what he got—49x50. He missed the easiest bird of all—the outgoing No. 7—which proved, if anything, that the kid is only human. The six thousand people who were watching had begun to doubt it. He looked more like an unerring human swivel on the end of a shotgun that couldn't miss.

Young Shaughnessy is a modest and likable champion. He's a typical American boy with all normal boyish enthusiasms. He swims and plays baseball and likes to go to the movies. He'll wager on a round of skeet. The wager's always the same—a coffee frappé. He has enough of them won now to last the rest of his life.

One understands the farmer's chicken venture wasn't exactly a howling success, but the sport it created is something of a blazing and ear-ringing record-breaker. Talk about the shot from near-by Lexington that was heard 'round the world—this gentleman touched off a globe-circling barrage that gets bigger and louder as the years roll by.

Not so many of them have rolled yet, either. That's one of the unique things about the enthusiasm, its fairly recent discovery and quick world-wide popularity. The coming September, for instance, will see only its third national tournament, and yet twenty million shells will blaze at skeet targets this year in this country alone.

A bet on the tournament?

Sure! I'll take Shaughnessy.

What d'ye say, we make it a coffee frappé?

Call Back Love

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

The Story Thus Far:

DAVID MORRIS, noted Hollywood producer, has a "hunch" that little Jennifer Lane (whom he has seen in a simple school sequence, taken by chance at Jennifer's school) may become a great child screen star. Through her parents, Cornelia and Dr. Andrew Lane, he offers her four hundred dollars a week for her services in a great movie.

The offer is accepted. But young Doctor Lane is so strongly opposed to the idea that Morris gives Julia Farrel, a famous star, the assignment of bringing him round to the Hollywood viewpoint. Julia accepts the assignment—and promptly falls in love with Andy Lane!

Jennifer's picture, an experimental one which will decide her future life, proves conclusively that she is a wonderful little actress. And Morris signs her up—at four thousand dollars a week!

Heretofore, the Lanes have led a simple life; they have had a hard time making both ends meet. Now everything is altered—urged by Morris, they leave their little home and move into "Crest Haven," an elaborate estate owned by Robert Gilman, a star who is interested, far too deeply interested, in Cornelia. Surrounded by servants, hair-dressers, beauty experts, they learn for the first time how money can complicate human lives.

Cornelia is not happy; she feels sure that Andy is in love with Julia Farrel—he has saved her life with an appendicitis operation; he is with his "patient" constantly! Andy is not happy—he does not enjoy being the father of a celebrity; he does not care for formal social life. Nor is little Jennifer happy—not after hearing her parents quarreling, with a reference or two to Reno!

But life goes on; and presently, Cornelia takes a trip to Arrowhead, accompanied by Robert Gilman. A few hours later, lonely and bored, Andy joins Julia Farrel and runs down to Palm Springs. Leaving Arrowhead, Cornelia and Gilman drive over to a gambling establishment at Palm Springs. As they leave, after Cornelia has won a large sum, a car arrives; a man and a woman step out—Julia and Andy. And Cornelia had thought that her husband was resting quietly, *at home!*

Conclusion

"YOU look like a different person," said Julia. "Cornelia won't know you."

Andy said, "I feel like a different person. A good sunburn gives you a magnificent sense of achievement."

"Then you're glad you stayed?" Julia rolled on her side on the warm sand in the little patio between the bungalows, her back toward him, and her gaze averted.

He lit his pipe and tossed his match away. "Yes, I'm glad I stayed," he finally rejoined. "Except that I lost my shirt last night," he added ruefully.

Last night. She had searched his face when Tom Gier had told them that Cornelia and Gilman had been at the Dunes just before them. It had gone hard with him for a moment, and his bets across the numbered table had grown increasingly reckless, but he had said nothing. He had been disturbed, however, and the ride back to the hotel had passed in a silence which she had not dared to break. She had let him go from her with a brief good night at the door of her bungalow, for she knew that what might ever be between them must come from him, not her. She wondered now whether she had misread his mood.

"Look here, Andy, those few hundred dollars didn't really bother you, did they?"

He laughed. "No, but there was a time, not so long ago, when a little escapade like that would have meant permanent disability to the family budget." He paused for a moment. "Jenny bothers me, though," he said. "Has, all morning."

"Jenny? Why?"

"Oh, nothing—except that I'd left word for her that I'd be home for Sunday."

She sighed. "Aren't consciences a lot of trouble?"

"Worse than a medical practice."

"You have a nerve to kick—your patients have behaved beautifully. Much better than I'd behave if you went away out of my reach."

He let that pass, and engaged in a luxurious stretching and yawning. "Conscience or not, it's a good thing to take a vacation from your thoughts occasionally."

"Especially a vacation like this."

"What do you mean?"

"It will either make or break you. The whole inn has been ogling us all morning. Hist! To the left—"

He moved his head cautiously, and saw two middle-aged ladies approaching with autograph looks in their eyes. "Quick!" he whispered. "Let's get away!"

She leaped to her feet with alacrity. They ran for a few yards, and then slowed down to a walk. "Dr. Lane mustn't make a spectacle of himself," she teased.

"Forget Dr. Lane. He's in town somewhere. It's just Andy who has come along on this trip, very grateful for rest and sunshine and time in which to remember how to forget a lot of things."

"I'm beginning to think they won't ever be far apart—your Andy and your Dr. Lane. Oh, Andy," she burst out passionately, "I wish I knew whether we were all being fools or just doing the right thing!"

He took his time about answering. "No, I'm not being a fool," he said quietly.

"It's too bad one can never know until it's too late. But I wish I knew. I don't know whether to be very happy—or very sad."

"Why?"

"Because I love you." She paused. "I love you, Andy, and I'm afraid I love you enough to forget myself, and to be able only to think of you."

THEY moved across the gardens to where the untamed desert met the fringe of watered lawn. They stood for a moment and surveyed this unused world about them, with their bare feet plunged into the warm living sands. To the south and the east, stretched an infinite waste of mystery and emptiness. Behind rose the towering challenge of the San Jacinto Mountains—ten thousand feet of sheer, magnificent being. Andy drew a deep breath. "It makes us into dwarfs."

"Yes."

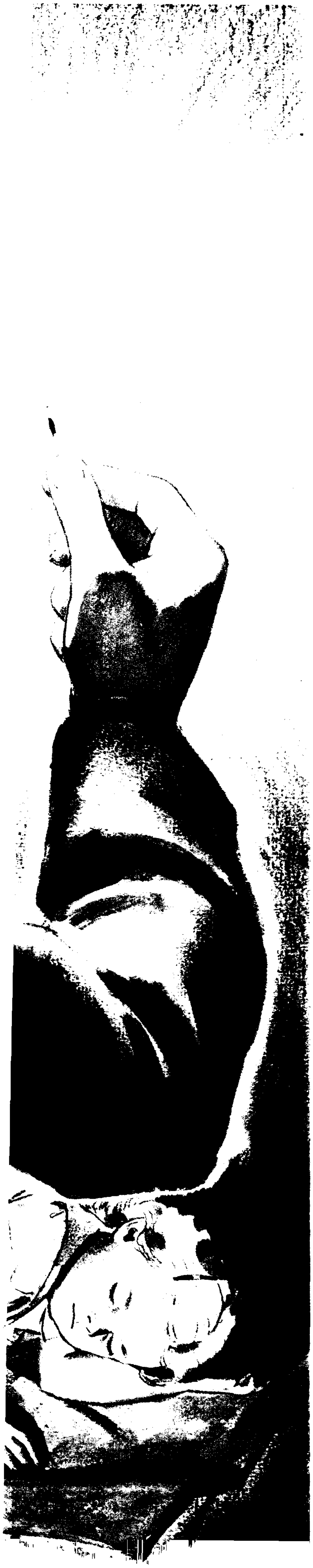
"Look at that tempest up there, while we stand here in peace and quiet."

"Not complete peace and quiet." Julia's voice was unsteady. "I feel as if some of that storm and hurricane had reached down inside of me."

Andy took her hand. "Even if it has," he told her gently, "storms don't last long. They batter themselves to nothingness, and in the end there's always peace again."

She shivered a little as the racing clouds threw shadows across the desert, engulfing them for a moment in gray gloom. "You're cold," said Andy quickly. They started back to the hotel, with the thoughts that he had wanted to speak heavy and unsaid between them.

They were back in the world of people again—laughter from the pool, the sharp crack of badminton, some girl's high



He lit a match. In the flickering light, he saw a pale white huddle on the floor, and knew the most utter dread of his life

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

screaming giggle. They neared the bungalows. A bellboy hurried toward them.

"There's been a Los Angeles call trying to reach you, Doctor Lane."

"Oh dear, I knew it was too good to be true," wailed Julia.

ANDY grimaced at her and went into his room. She stretched out in a deck chair on the porch. If he had to go back to town she wouldn't remain on at the Springs, as she had planned. She'd drive back to Los Angeles with him, she'd let her cook know to have a late supper in the sitting room before a blazing fire, and they would be together with the whole universe shut out. He would not want to stay—but he would stay. . . .

When he returned, his lips were white. "Jenny—"

Julia shook his arm importunately. "Andy, tell me! Is she sick?"

"No—I don't know—she's disappeared! That was Morris calling me—I've got to get to Cornelia—the telephone lines are out of order on account of the storm—"

Julia dropped his arm. To go to Cornelia. It was his only impulse. And when he had gathered his wife to his side, he would then think about his child. It was the final answer to all the questions that had been unuttered between them while they were looking up to the peaks from the desert wastes.

"Yes, you have to go to Cornelia," she said after him. "Get dressed and I'll have the big car ready; you'll make better time in it."

"Thanks, Julia. Settle up at the desk for me, too, will you?" He hesitated, looking at her. "Thanks, Julia," he said again.

She put her arms about him, knowing only tenderness and pity. "Goodby, dear. God be with you."

Her throat was dry and hot. "Goodby—my darling. . . ." she whispered to the echoes of his running steps across the patio.

ON THE straight stretches Andy let the car out to its limit. The needle crept up to ninety. He slowed to sixty on the treacherous curves. . . .

The door of Gilman's lodge was open when he reached it, and he pressed in. A group of guests were huddled about the roaring fire in the living room. They looked up as he entered and a young man hurried out to greet him. "Are you the doctor?"

"Yes." Andy felt a swift dismay that word must have already reached Cornelia—he was grateful that he had come for her. "Where is Mrs. Lane?" he asked. "Take me to her, please, at once."

"I'm glad you managed to get here so quick—just a moment, I'll call Gilman."

He knocked on a door at the other end of the corridor. "The doctor's here—"

"Good." Gilman stepped into the hall. Andy noticed that he looked pale and shaken. He wondered whether Cornelia, too, had gone to pieces at the news.

"Andy! What are you doing here! Good Lord, but I'm glad to see you!"

"I came to take her down with me. How is she? All right?"

"Shock—and pain. God, Andy, I'm sorry it happened." He drew Andy to the privacy of a small den off the hall. "Before you see her—it needn't have happened, I feel sure of that—I felt it yesterday when she was skiing down the slope. And then after last night it was

SAFETY-TESTED
..IN THE PLANT..ON THE ROAD
BRUNSWICK SUPER SERVICE

Before you buy a Brunswick Super Service Tire, both factory engineers and test drivers have proved that it will give you maximum long safe mileage.

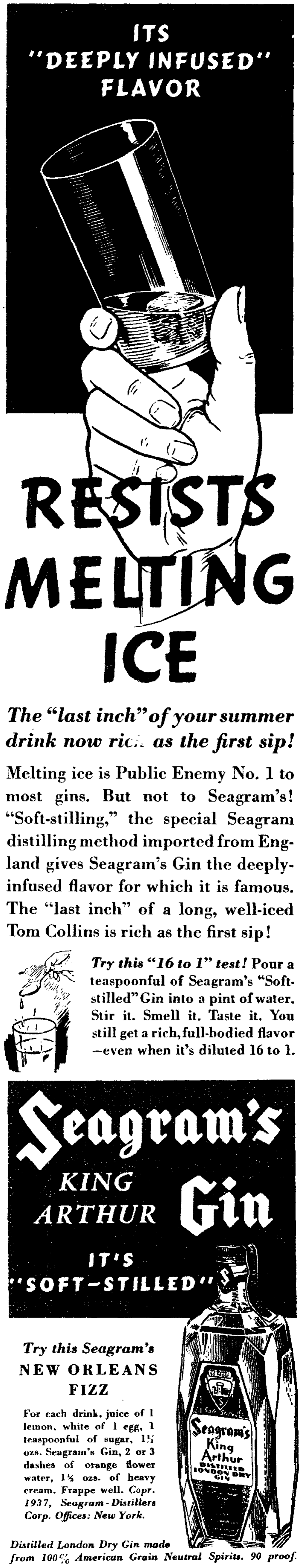
Tested in the industry's finest laboratory, every bit of raw material must measure up to Brunswick's own quality standards.

And a big fleet of test cars drives hundreds of thousands of miles — to check for you the performance of finished tires — in actual driving conditions.

This double safety-testing is the reason why so many car owners get extra long mileage from their Brunswicks—why Brunswick's four great safety features deliver so much security against blowouts and other road hazards.

Figure your tire costs by the mile or the year — or measure tire values by comfort and safety— and you'll buy Brunswicks.

Trust Brunswick Super-Service Tires
famous for Quality


ITS "DEEPLY INFUSED" FLAVOR

RESISTS MELTING ICE

The "last inch" of your summer drink now rich as the first sip!

Melting ice is Public Enemy No. 1 to most gins. But not to Seagram's! "Soft-stilling," the special Seagram distilling method imported from England gives Seagram's Gin the deeply-infused flavor for which it is famous. The "last inch" of a long, well-iced Tom Collins is rich as the first sip!

Try this "16 to 1" test! Pour a teaspoonful of Seagram's "Soft-stilled" Gin into a pint of water. Stir it. Smell it. Taste it. You still get a rich, full-bodied flavor—even when it's diluted 16 to 1.

Seagram's KING ARTHUR Gin

IT'S "SOFT-STILLED"

Try this Seagram's
NEW ORLEANS
FIZZ

For each drink, juice of 1 lemon, white of 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1½ ozs. Seagram's Gin, 2 or 3 dashes of orange flower water, 1½ ozs. of heavy cream. Frappe well. *Copr. 1937, Seagram-Distillers Corp. Offices: New York.*

Distilled London Dry Gin made from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 proof.

even more noticeable. A sort of recklessness, as if she didn't care what happened to her. I shouldn't have let her go out today in that frame of mind, I know that now. Anyway, before I could get to her, she had fallen. It took her a little while to come to—we sent for the nearest doctor, but the storm's held him up. . . ."

Andy was throwing off his coat. "What are you trying to tell me, Cornelia's had an accident?"

Gilman stared at him. "I thought you knew—"

"Where is she?"

"We carried her in here—"

He led the way to the downstairs bedroom from which he had emerged. Cornelia was lying on the bed, her eyes closed and her face small and white. Gilman signaled to Andy. "Wait." He moved to Cornelia's side. "Cornelia," he whispered. "Listen, dear, Andy's come to fix you up, you'll be all right in no time—"

Her eyes flew open. She tried to sit up. "Andy!"

ANDY stepped forward. "Hey, there, not so fast until we see what damage you've done."

She clutched his hand. "Andy, I'm so glad—how did you know—how did you get here—"

"Never mind that now. Lie back, dear, relax—where does it hurt the most?"

"An awful whack on my head, but that's all gone—and my leg—that's all right now too, though—"

"Is it?" Andy gave a grim smile, as he slit her stocking with his penknife and touched the injured limb. She moaned. "That's the place, Andy—"

"I know. And it's going to hurt more while I bandage you up. Better get some whisky, Gilman."

"I don't need it," she put in quickly.

"Please, dear—do what Andy says—" Gilman's concern was unashamed and genuine. Andy reassured him. "It's a nasty break, but she'll be all right. Find me a piece of wood, about so-and-so—and so," he gestured the dimensions, "and all the bandage and tape that you've got on hand."

When they were alone, Cornelia looked up at Andy, her pain forgotten.

"Andy!"

"Yes, Neal?"

"I've got to say it, Andy. I've got to say it before he comes back." She turned toward him, and gasped with the pain of moving.

"EASY there, until I've got it in a splint." He looked at her closely. Gilman's faltered explanation came back to him, and he knew what she was going to confess. He didn't want it to happen to him. He wanted to blurt out about Jenny before she could bring the words to her lips. In telling her about Jenny, he could seal her mouth, by bringing between them the threat to the one thing that was closest to them, he could make her his again. But it was a rotten thing to do—rotten to use Jenny that way and rotten to Cornelia. He held his tongue.

"Andy, I can't wait for you to tell me," she went on with difficulty. "And if you don't tell me, I'll always be wondering why you didn't. I was at The Dunes last night. I saw you and Julia there."

"Yes?"

"Well, I saw you."

"Cornelia—did it make so much difference to you?"

"Yes. It seemed to make all the difference in the world, last night. You see, I didn't even know you were in Palm Springs, so when I saw you there with her, it seemed to make it right for Robert and me—"

"Don't, dear, don't."

"I must—" she began again.

"Listen to me, Neal. Not now! You've got to listen to me and know what I mean. I love you and I always will love you. Nothing that you have done or could do could ever be wrong. Understand me? It couldn't be. It would be right for you, inevitable for you at the moment that you did it. I don't care what the cause or the consequence. It would have been right for you at that moment of time, and therefore, it could never be anything but eternally right for me—for all time."

He fell silent, as Gilman hurried back into the room with a collection of first-aid equipment. Cornelia lay back on her pillows, with the tears pressing against her closed lids. Anything that she might do would be right. That was the essence of all love. It didn't matter any longer what had happened in Palm Springs.

Andy was looking down at her. "It's going to hurt, dear."

"Go ahead."

A shaft of torture bit through her body and a snap like a flash of blinding light burst in her brain. . . . Andy was holding brandy against her clenched teeth.

"The worst of it's over. Even a make-shift splint will make it feel easier until we get you to the hospital—"

"It does—Andy, you're a marvelous doctor."

"Sure I am. Now, rest a few minutes. I want you to get yourself together."

There was something in his face, and in the way he held her hands in his. "Andy! What is it? Is anything wrong?" She knew it suddenly. "It's Jenny! That's why you came here! Something's happened to Jenny! She's ill!"

"Yes, dear, it is Jenny, but she's quite well—" He tried desperately to be light about it. "She up and ran away, the little devil."

"You mean . . . she's gone . . . they can't find her?" The pain vanished from Cornelia's leg. She tried to swing out of bed. Andy pressed her back. "Quiet. No need to get panicky."

"What more do you know? Andy, don't keep anything from me!"

"I'm not. Mademoiselle phoned Morris and he phoned me in the desert. That's all he could tell me. Now, I'll hurry into town, and as soon as I know anything, I'll get word up here. Ten to one, she's safe at home again. You know what an excitable fool that French woman is." He was picking up his coat and hat.

THE room wheeled about her, in spite of Andy's casualness. Jennifer was gone. Jennifer had disappeared. Kidnaped! She could see the word, stark and horrible, but her lips were frozen. Terror turned her heart to ice.

"Andy—Andy—"

He read her fear. "No, Neal. It isn't that. There's no reason to think it could be—"

"How do you know?" she whispered.

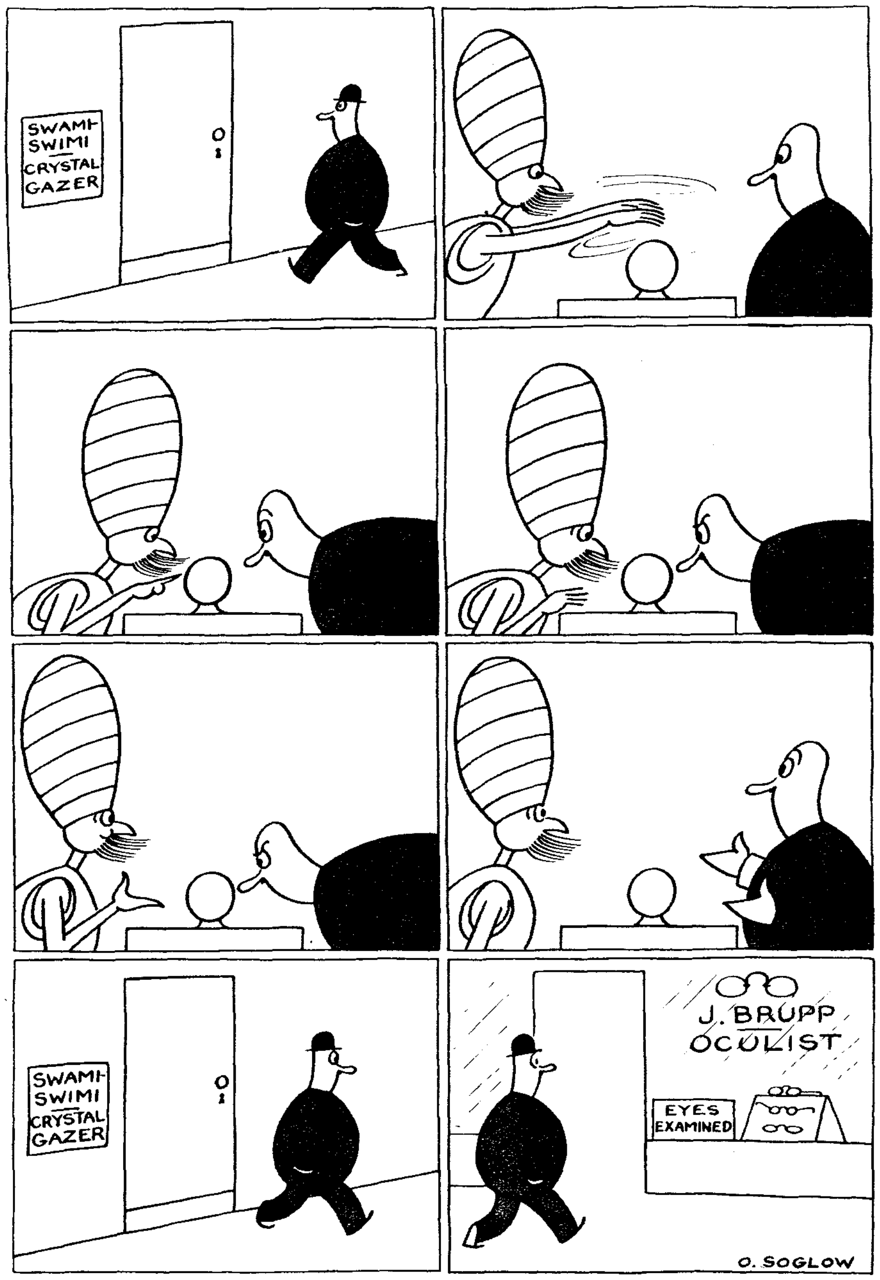
"I just know," he uttered lamely.

Cornelia swung over to the floor against Andy's restraining hand. The bad leg gave way beneath her, but the other held despite the pain. She clutched him for support. "Andy, I'm going with you! You've got to understand that I can't wait here; I have to be with you!"

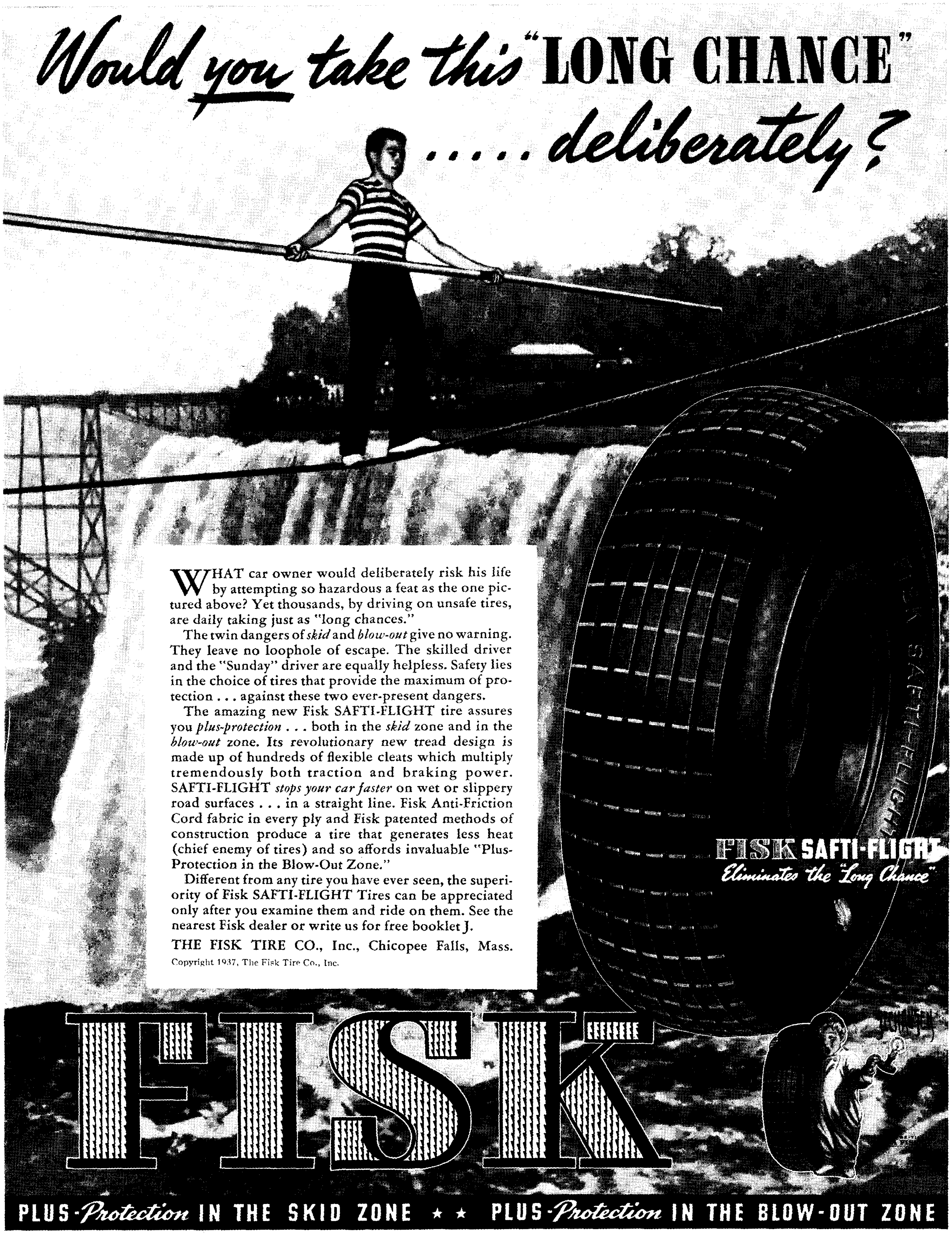
He stood, uncertain, for a moment.

"Take her, Andy," said Gilman. "She will be happier."

Cornelia threw Gilman a look of



Would you take this "LONG CHANCE" *....deliberately?*



WHAT car owner would deliberately risk his life by attempting so hazardous a feat as the one pictured above? Yet thousands, by driving on unsafe tires, are daily taking just as "long chances."

The twin dangers of *skid* and *blow-out* give no warning. They leave no loophole of escape. The skilled driver and the "Sunday" driver are equally helpless. Safety lies in the choice of tires that provide the maximum of protection . . . against these two ever-present dangers.

The amazing new Fisk SAFTI-FLIGHT tire assures you *plus-protection* . . . both in the *skid* zone and in the *blow-out* zone. Its revolutionary new tread design is made up of hundreds of flexible cleats which multiply tremendously both traction and braking power. SAFTI-FLIGHT *stops your car faster* on wet or slippery road surfaces . . . in a straight line. Fisk Anti-Friction Cord fabric in every ply and Fisk patented methods of construction produce a tire that generates less heat (chief enemy of tires) and so affords invaluable "Plus-Protection in the Blow-Out Zone."

Different from any tire you have ever seen, the superiority of Fisk SAFTI-FLIGHT Tires can be appreciated only after you examine them and ride on them. See the nearest Fisk dealer or write us for free booklet J.

THE FISK TIRE CO., Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Copyright 1937, The Fisk Tire Co., Inc.

FISK

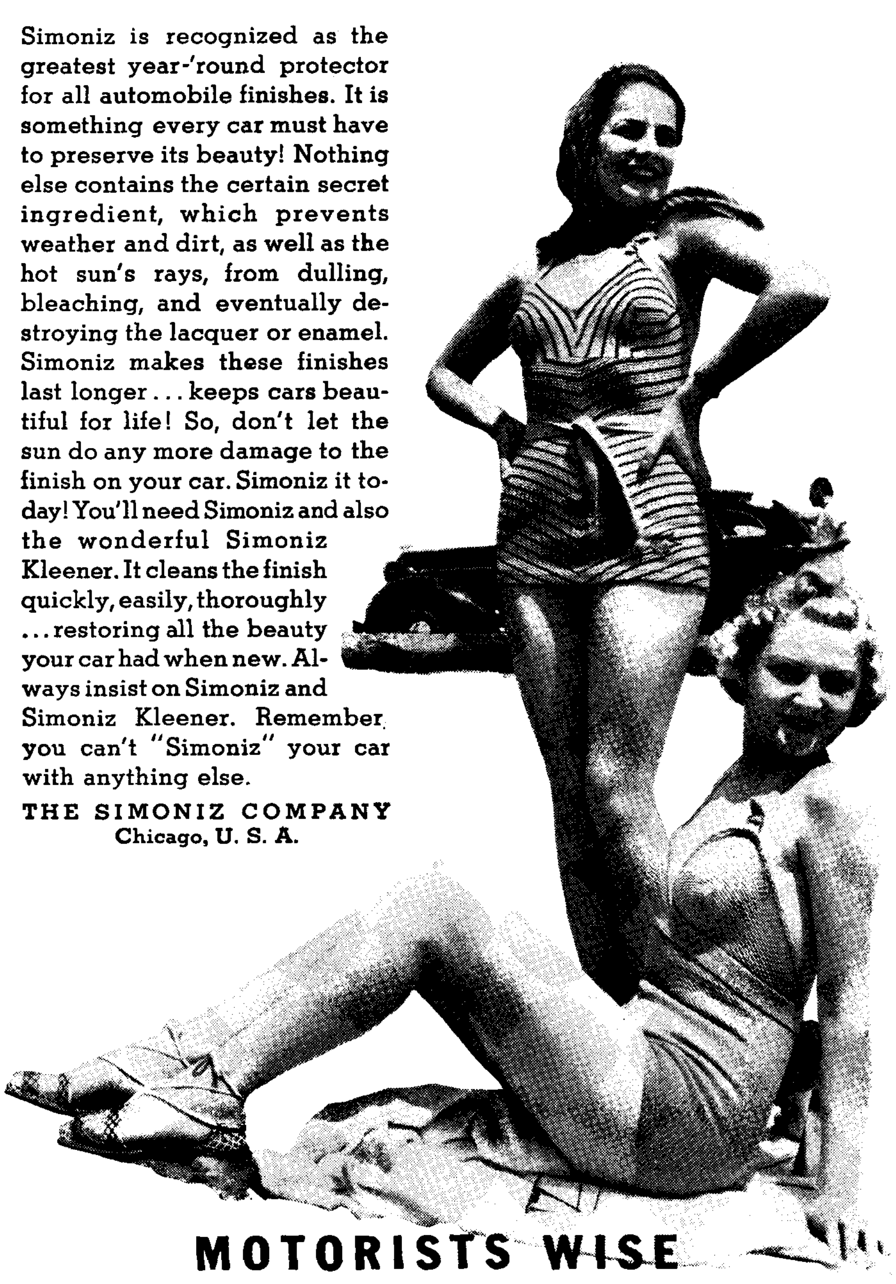
PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

SAVE YOUR CAR FROM SUNBURN!

SECRET INGREDIENT FOUND ONLY IN SIMONIZ GIVES THE FINISH 'ALL-WEATHER' PROTECTION

Simoniz is recognized as the greatest year-'round protector for all automobile finishes. It is something every car must have to preserve its beauty! Nothing else contains the certain secret ingredient, which prevents weather and dirt, as well as the hot sun's rays, from dulling, bleaching, and eventually destroying the lacquer or enamel. Simoniz makes these finishes last longer... keeps cars beautiful for life! So, don't let the sun do any more damage to the finish on your car. Simoniz it today! You'll need Simoniz and also the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It cleans the finish quickly, easily, thoroughly ...restoring all the beauty your car had when new. Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Remember, you can't "Simoniz" your car with anything else.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.



MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE · SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

gratitude. "Thanks, Bob—Andy, please."

He hesitated. "It's a long hard ride with a broken leg."

"I don't care!"

"Very well."

He carried her to the car and Gilman followed with coats and pillows. "Isn't there anything I can do?" he begged.

"Yes, there is," said Andy. "There's Julia. She's at the Springs. I took her car. Drive over for her."

"I'll leave at once. We'll both meet you back in town." He kissed Cornelia gently. "Good luck! And goodby! Please God you find her safe and sound."

Andy drove carefully. Cornelia touched his arm. "Faster, Andy. Don't think of me. Just get there."

"It may be rough and hurt you."

"Going slow would hurt me more."

His foot pressed down to the floorboard and the car screamed in its speed down the mountain road.

MORRIS was at the door as they drove up, with a pale, sob-ridden Florabel beside him. "There's no news — just nothing," he told them.

"Cornelia's broken her leg. Give a hand, will you, Dave?"

"Ach!" cried Morris, aghast. "It never rains but it pours!"

Together, they lifted Cornelia from the car and helped her into the hall.

"Wouldn't you rather go up to your room than in there?" Andy gestured with his head toward the living room where police officers and men from the district attorney's office were gathered.

"No, please let me stay, I've got to stay here with you." Her arm was tight against his shoulder; she drew strength from her grasp of him.

They eased her onto the couch. The chief of police approached them.

"You haven't found out anything?" Andy asked him.

The chief shook his head. "Not yet. It points any number of ways. The kid disappeared. She might have walked off by herself. It might be a kidnap job. We're holding the nursemaid. Her story isn't so good, and she was the last one to see the youngster."

"Suppose you let Mrs. Lane and me talk to her, and clear most of these people out."

"Fine, Doctor."

A weeping and hysterical mademoiselle was ushered in to them.

"Doctor! Madame! I don't know how it happened! I went into my room for a minute. I left her looking out of the window and when I came back she was gone."

"Yeah, but what was all this business about a toy box she was upset about?" the chief prompted.

"*Mais, oui!* That toy box, Madame! I told them that you instructed me to throw it out, but they do not believe me."

"Because it don't make sense, that's why! Why did you throw it out? Why this day of all days? Was it big enough to conceal the child in? Answer me those questions!"

Mademoiselle dissolved in helpless sobs. "*Non,* no! *Mais, non!*"

Cornelia interrupted. "I can clear this up. There was a toy box, but it was just an old shoe box she used to keep a few trinkets in."

Andy said quickly, "You mean that old thing she used to have on Sycamore Street?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know she'd kept it."

"Why shouldn't she keep it? She was smart enough to hold onto a few of the things that mattered." David stabbed the air with his cigar for emphasis. "You were afraid she'd be spoiled. Well, she wasn't. It was you two who couldn't take it—"

Florabel implored him to stop. "David, please, now isn't the time to say those things!"

He twisted away from her restraining hand. "There's no time like the present. I'm going to speak my mind, whether they like it or not! I should have done it before, and then maybe all this wouldn't have happened. Jenny's been unhappy for weeks. Von Loben saw it. I saw it. But I didn't know what it was all about; I tried to make it up to her by giving her a pony—"

"But, Dave, there wasn't anything that could have made her unhappy!" Cornelia broke in desperately.

"I'm not so sure. You and your husband haven't been so happy, have you? And what did you do about it? You just floundered around filling your lives with make-believes. Kids go in for realism, though. They don't fool themselves; they're direct. They go after what they really want."

"I think I see what you mean," said Andy. "I think we're getting somewhere. Jenny ran away from Crest Haven and fled to something she once had and couldn't find here. She ran away from all this movie business because she couldn't stand it."

David punched his stubby forefinger toward Andy, the veins blue and knotted on his forehead. "I knew you were going to say that, and you're wrong! Her heart was broken—busted. But playing games in front of a camera didn't do it! Success didn't do it, either, because she didn't know what it meant. She just went on being herself, in spite of everything that happened to her. But you two didn't go on being yourselves. I'm not blaming you, only I thought you were smarter than most people—"

Andy and Cornelia looked at each other in humble admission. Then Andy started to pick up his hat and coat. "Will you and Florabel stay here with Neal until I get back?"

Cornelia started to lift herself from the couch. "Andy, where are you going?"

"Out to look for her. I know her better than the police do."

"I've got to go with you! Don't leave me here to wait!"

"You oughtn't, Neal. Your leg—"

"It doesn't hurt; I don't even feel it—Andy, please!"

He hesitated, and then picked her up in his arms.

AT THE car, he spoke to the police. "My wife's injured. I'm taking her to the hospital. I wish you'd block off this street and keep those cars out there from following me."

"You're not really taking me to the hospital?" she asked as they gathered speed.

"No. I'm going back to the Sycamore Street house."

"I thought so—"

"Morris gave me the idea when he said that children were direct and realists. I've often wanted to go back there, myself—"

"Oh, so have I," Cornelia whispered. "But I'm afraid to count on anything. What possible way could she have got there?"

"She knew the address. She might have asked someone for a lift—"

"They'd have recognized her."

"Jenny's a plain little thing off the screen. She looks just like any kid. Besides, she's a good actress."

Where the road turned into Beverly Drive, they caught sight of Gladiola's familiar figure in her Sunday dress, puffing up the hill. "She's heard about it," said Andy briefly. He drew to a stop, and sounded the horn. Gladiola peered toward them, with the whites of her eyes bulging as she recognized the car. She ran to them. "Oh, Doctor, it ain't true what the papahs say? It ain't, ain't it?"

"I'm afraid it is. Come on, we'll take you with us. I want to ask you a few questions."

Gladiola, however, had little to tell them. She had gone on her day off, as usual, leaving Crest Haven in time for church. As for the past weeks, she had seen Jenny hardly at all. *Miss Mammersell* wouldn't even let her come up to the upper floors with the laundry, as if she were poison or something. "Miss Jenny's about forgot Gladiola was alive," she ended up unhappily.

"I'm sure that isn't true," said Cornelia. "It was just one of the things that should never have happened—"

THEY reached the outskirts of Hollywood, and passed the public school that Jenny had gone to less than a year ago. Andy's face looked haggard, and new deep lines were etched from nose to jaw. His foot lagged on the accelerator, as if suddenly he feared, like Cornelia, to make the turn into Sycamore Street; as if to fail here would be to drain all hope and leave them prey to the stark terror of the screaming headlines.

The little house looked shabby and neglected. The empty windows stared back at them like blind eyes, and the swing on the porch swayed a little in the fresh evening breeze. There was no sign of Jenny.

Andy turned the car into the narrow, dusty driveway, and stopped by the back door.

"Dat's right, she might be in the house, the kitchen's open," Gladiola breathed.

Andy leaped to the ground. Cornelia clenched her hands. "Andy, hurry! Call out to me, if she's there—"

She could hear him running through the dining room; now he was in the living room; now he was dashing up the stairs, opening closet doors and calling, "Jenny! Jenny!"

Cornelia swayed back and forth in agony.

Andy came out at last and climbed into the car. "I'm afraid we failed, Cornelia." He forgot to inject into his voice the courage he had been pouring into her. She felt suddenly strong enough to stand alone, without draining his strength to feed her own. She gave him, simply, Gladiola's simple belief. "We'll find her, Andy. God won't let anything happen to her."

Andy said nothing. He started the motor and let the clutch in slowly. As the car moved forward, Gladiola's cry rang out. "Wait! Stop!" She stood up in the back, teetering with the motion and gesticulating wildly. "Look, on the steps! See dat bouquet? Jenny's been heah dis day, an' Ah knows it now foh suah!"

Cornelia and Andy looked to where some roses lay in a draggled little bunch on the back steps.

"Some kid in the neighborhood," Andy hazarded shortly. Nevertheless, he stopped the car.

"Yoh didn' go to the garage. Jenny liked the garage to play in," cried Gladiola. "Lemme look!"

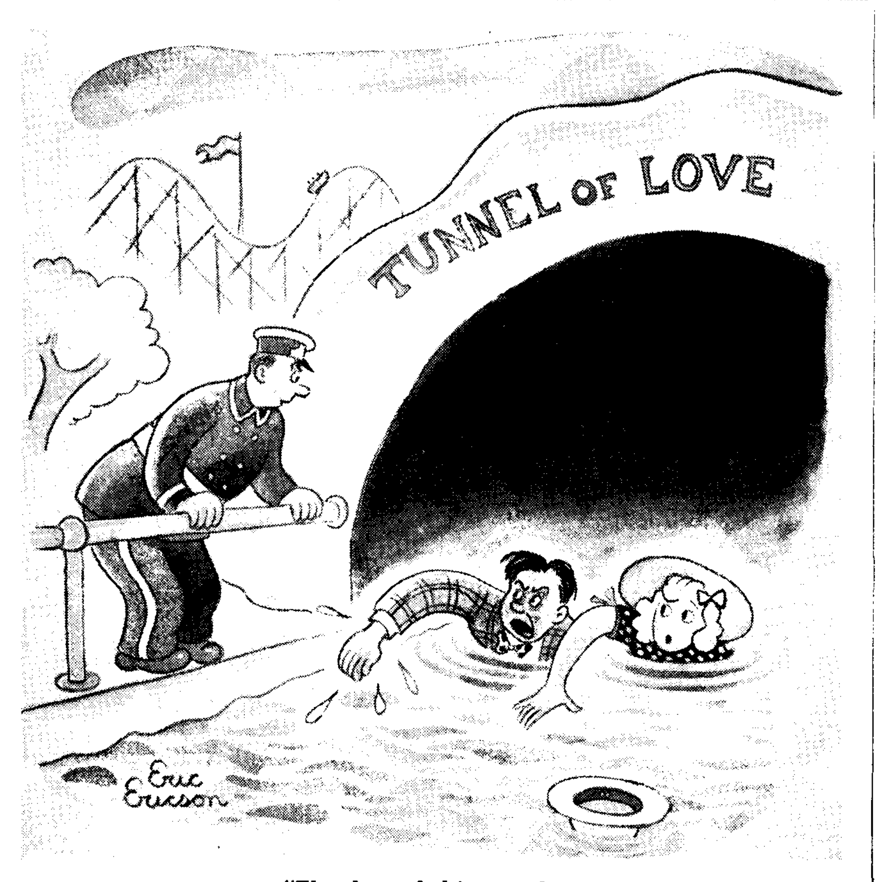
"No. Stay here with Mrs. Lane. I'll go."

He went back around the house and into the garage. It was empty, as he had known it was, in his first quick glance as they came up the driveway. Then he remembered the crude little woodshed, where Jenny used to play house on hot summer days. Not a chance in a hundred, but he might as well look—

The door was half open, and heavy on its rusty hinge. He pushed in. It was dark inside, a welcome refuge from the day's high heat, but now dank and forbidding with the evening fog. He lit a match. In the flickering light, he saw a pale white huddle on the floor, and knew the most utter dread of all his life. He threw the match away, and lifted her gropingly, a dead, limp weight within his arms.

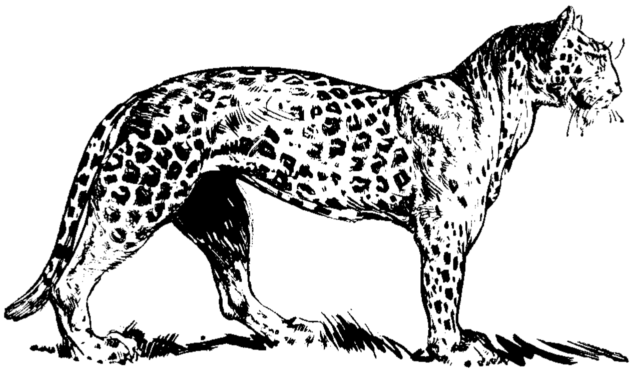
Cornelia saw him emerge from the shed. At first she couldn't be sure, and then she saw that he was carrying something. It was Jenny's inert little body. Was she safe? Had anything happened to her? Gladiola's sharp cry echoed the panic that swept through her. She fumbled with the handle of the car door and it opened. She started to run toward them. Then there was a blinding flash of pain, and then there was nothing.

IT WAS as if she were swimming under water. There was a light somewhere above her; and somewhere above her lay memory and pain. She fought off consciousness. It was better to stay down under the water. She tried to hold



"The darned thing sank!"

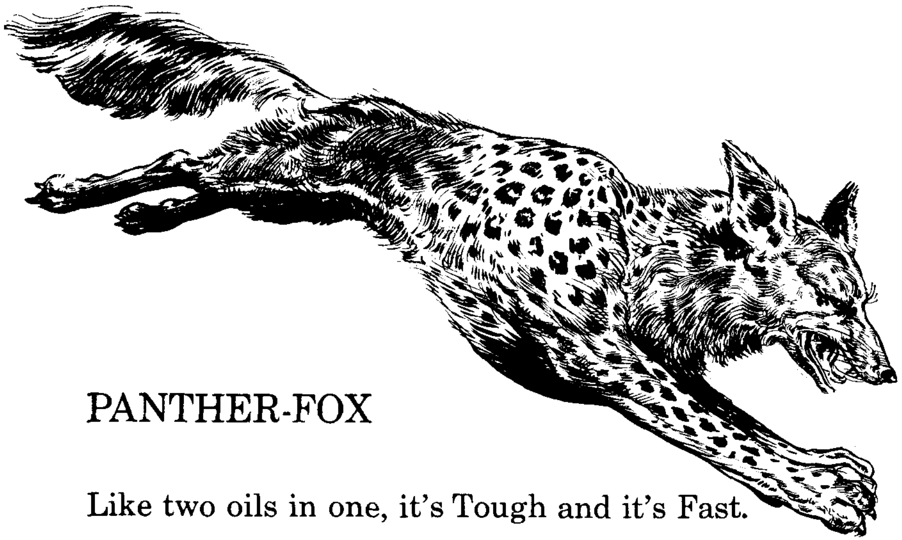
ERIC ERICSON



P is for Panther—
Cat without frills.
His me-ow is so **TOUGH,**
It gives you the chills!

F stands for Fox,
Known well for his cunning.
His legs are quite **FAST,**
And so is his running!

Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
And there is the secret of **New Golden Shell.**

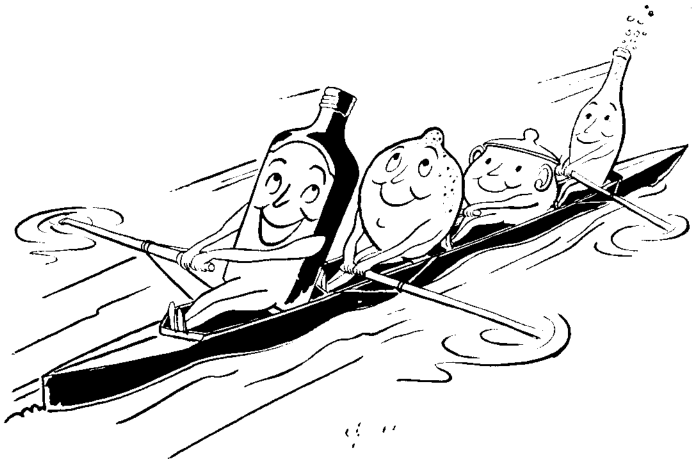


PANTHER-FOX

Like two oils in one, it's Tough and it's Fast.
It **Cuts Starting Wear,** and how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell
The New Motor Oil
SHELL



Does it mix?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think, when you neither **smell** nor **taste** it in the finished drink

In a smooth Tom Collins, gin must pull in perfect harmony with its companion flavors. The finished drink should have no "ginny" smell or taste.

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the distinctive American taste that demands smoothness in mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for *mixing*—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy Fleischmann's Gin. Next time you order a Tom Collins, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin, 65 Proof

Copr., 1937 by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation

THE REAL AMERICAN MIXER 90 PROOF

4/5 Quart

FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
DRY GIN
4/5 QUART

her breath and catch on to something, but she was rising, rising, until suddenly the great dizziness washed away from her, like waves receding. She lifted heavy lids, and followed a column of white cloth up to Andy's face. He was in a white hospital jacket. She began to cry, trying feebly to remember.

Andy's voice was gentle and soothing. "You're all right, Neal. It was best to bring you to the hospital."

Her thoughts struggled for clarity. Her lips felt thick and numb and she smelled the heavy sweetness of anesthetic. The words were slow in forming on her tongue.

"Jenny? Tell me, Andy. Don't let me not know—"

"Jenny's perfectly all right." His hand was brushing her forehead. "Jenny's perfectly all right. She's all right, Neal. I sent her back to the house in a taxi with Gladiola. She's probably in bed and asleep by now. She's all right."

She tried to speak again but she felt herself slipping back into the waters of oblivion. Her fingers gripped tight on Andy's and holding his hand was the last thing that she knew.

SHE was in the hospital for weeks. Afterward, Andy told her that she had been very ill—partly shock, and partly a nasty fracture that refused to heal. It was strange to have been so ill, and not to have known anything about it. She had been aware that there were nurses and doctors, but she had never felt that they were real, or that she was real. Almost everything was like a dream. She dreamed that Florabel and Morris had stood by her bed one day and told her they were married; she dreamed that Jennifer came, every now and again, and talked about her picture. But nothing made any actual impression on her mind. Everything seemed remote, separated by a shredding wall of unreality. Only Andy was real; his hand and his voice were the only real things in a dim, unfocused universe.

One morning she opened her eyes and saw that there were flowers in her room, and that the sun was coming in beneath the lowered shades. She saw her nurse's face, which looked too large at first, but which had a pleasant smile. Cornelia smiled, too, and fell asleep. When she woke again, Andy was there, sitting next to her, with his hand over hers. "Please don't go away," she whispered. "Oh, Andy, I love you!"

Her recovery from then on was very swift. She was soon sitting up in a chair, admiring her leg, which looked like a building and supply yard, in its heavy plaster cast. Andy brought her a pair of crutches, and she learned to walk on them—first around the room, and then up and down the hospital corridor. "I think I'm wonderful," she said modestly. "Look, I can even run on them."

Andy said, "You crazy goop, you try any stunts like that, and I'll turn you over my knee."

They were almost as close as they had ever been, but they never once mentioned Julia's name, or Gilman's. Gilman sent lovely roses every day, but from Julia there had only been a short, affectionate note rejoicing in Jennifer's safety, and wishing Cornelia happiness and fulfillment.

On the afternoon that Cornelia was to go home, she felt that she must voice what was never absent from her thoughts. She was so sure of herself, with Gilman. It was one of those things that had fallen so beautifully into place with her recovery—it was one of those things that had suddenly become clear, and she hadn't needed to think about. But Julia was different. It was Andy's privilege to love and want her, and if he did, Cornelia would have to learn the monstrous lesson of acquiescence. "If I could live through losing the baby and through the day that Jennifer was lost, I can live through anything," she told herself.

Talking about Julia happened very naturally and simply. Cornelia's hat and coat lay on the hospital bed. She put them on, and studied herself in the mirror with a discouraged frown. She said wistfully, "I'm not the sort of woman who stays beautiful when she's sick. Just look at me—"

"I am looking at you," said Andy, "and you're perfect." Then he added soberly, acknowledging her unstated thought, "Julia's gone to London, Neal. She's signed an English contract. She asked me to tell you goodby for her."

"Oh," said Cornelia. She patted her hair into place beneath the rim of her hat with unsteady fingers. "Andy, what you once said was true," she brought out with difficulty. "She's an awfully sporting person."

Andy put his arm around her. "When it comes to sports—" His voice broke huskily, but his kiss told her all that he wanted to say.

They drove out to Crest Haven. A colored man opened the door to them and, with a broad welcoming smile, helped Cornelia into the house. She sank gratefully onto the sofa in the living room.

"Bring Mrs. Lane some brandy, Jefferson."

Cornelia was bursting with curiosity. "I don't need the brandy, but I'm glad you sent him out. Where'd he come from, Andy?"

"Don't you like him?"

"I adore him—the most gorgeous teeth! But what happened to the Austrian?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. When the dog died—"

"What dog?" she interrupted. "The Dane? I was wondering where they were when we drove up—"

"Oh, no. The Dane didn't die. Neither of them. They just got given away. They're in the movies now. We've got new dogs. A police dog, an Irish terrier, a collie and a mutt. I meant Mademoiselle," he elucidated.

"Did something happen to Mademoiselle?"

"Yes. It was just one of those things. Gladiola bundled her out of the house one day. She's taking care of Baby Kitty now."

"That's nothing less than a stroke of genius. But what happened to the Austrian? You still haven't told me."

"Gladiola did that, too. It seems her husband was out of a job."

"I didn't know she had a husband!"

"Neither did he." Andy was being very reasonable. "You see, she didn't marry him until after he got the job."

"Oh," said Cornelia slowly. "I see. *After the dog died!* That old joke, you idiot."

"Go to the head of the class," he congratulated her.

"Tell me the rest," she begged.

BUT he didn't have to. There was a soft slip-slop coming along the marble hall and Gladiola appeared, one of Mademoiselle's starchy uniforms a veiled constraint over her abundance of dusky personality.

"Jefferson jes' tole me you was home. How is you, ma'm?"

Cornelia held out her hand. "I'm fine!"

Gladiola suddenly became self-conscious and apologetic. "Ah hopes you don't mind the changes in your absence, Mis' Lane?"

"I love them," said Cornelia. "It's just like Sycamore Street!"

"A little home away from home," put in Andy with a grin.

"But what about Jenny?" Cornelia asked seriously when Gladiola had left them alone.

"What about Jenny?"

"I mean Jenny and the movies and what you're planning when she finishes the picture she's doing."

"Jenny's finished the picture she was doing while you were in the hospital. She's started another."

"Oh—" It was increasingly difficult to realize that life had been going on for all these weeks and she had not been part of it. She wondered what lay behind Andy's simple acceptance of a situation that had once awakened in him so much conflict and antagonism. "How did you—I mean what made you come to that decision?"

"Chiefly, I suppose, because I did a lot of hard thinking over what Morris said to us that Sunday, Neal. He was right. Being a movie star hasn't even touched the kid, because she was going through the experience without conceit or fear or ambition. We brought those things to it, Neal, and we were hurt. But we have no right to make her pay for our stupidities. Jenny's an actress, and she's happy and healthy and functioning as an actress. It mightn't be according to our wishes or convention, but if fate has ordained her contribution to humanity to be made at the age of six, it's not for us to interfere."

"But you, Andy? Your wanting to go back to New York? Your hospital post—"

"If I'm a good doctor," said Andy, "I can be a good doctor anywhere. That's up to me and no one else."

Cornelia's eyes were full of tears. "Andy, lots of people would think that you were rationalizing yourself into four thousand dollars a week, but I know different. I want to tell you how much I really like you—"

"Hey," he objected, "how about a little something more romantic thrown in?"

Cornelia lifted her lips to his. "When you can like the person you love," she said, " 'at's really somepin."

NEITHER of them heard the uproar at the door a moment later. They were in each other's arms when the menagerie pelted toward them in a great onrush, with Jenny in pursuit. She kissed her mother and proudly exhibited a bleeding knee.

"Oh, darling—" mourned Cornelia.

"Hi, there!" David Morris appeared in the doorway, brushing dog hair from his suit. Cornelia waved to him, as she ducked a wet smack from an affectionate Airedale.

"Is it too much for you?" shouted Andy above the din.

"No; I'm enjoying it!" Cornelia screamed back. "But I think you'd better put iodine on Jenny's knee!"

"Pooh," said Andy proudly. "That's nothing. You should have seen the mess she was in last week when the collie tripped her up!"

"Nothing?" David stamped indignantly into the room. "My highest-priced star could be hobbling around on crutches and you would say: 'It's good for her; she should be a normal child!' "

"You forget her mother's on crutches." Cornelia brandished hers toward David. "The tendency runs in the family—"

"I couldn't wait to welcome you home." David solemnly shook hands with the outstretched crutch. "So I just came along with the dogs in the station wagon. Florabel wants to see you, too. She's going to pick me up."

FLORABEL'S name on his lips brought with it an overtone of deep happiness. The loneliness and the hard bite of ambition seemed to have vanished from him. The way he looked made Cornelia know that she, too, held the same kind of happiness in her own hands.

"I'm glad," she said, and it seemed to make sense.

Eventually they all trooped upstairs, the dogs bounding ahead with Jenny, and Andy and David making much ado about helping Cornelia manipulate her first flight of stairs. Jenny was waiting for them on the landing, looking mysterious and important.

"Did you tell her the surprise?" she whispered to Andy.

"Oh," said Cornelia faintly, "are there changes up here, too?"

"Just a few," said Andy. He led her to the door of his room. "This," he announced, "is where the master's mistress sleeps."

"Now that's darned sensible," Cornelia approved. "But who, may I ask, sleeps in the master's mistress' former room?"

"Me!" cried Jenny, hopping up and down with excitement. "And the dogs sleep in the sitting room; that was the surprise!"

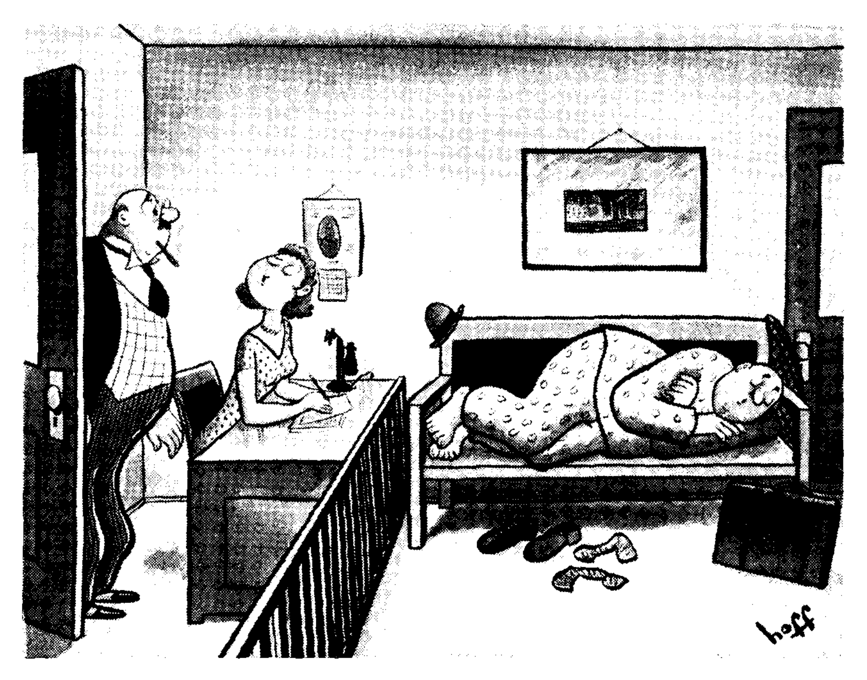
"That's the most beautiful surprise I ever had!" Cornelia cried. "But what about that lovely nursery? It seems a shame to let it just stay empty—"

Jennifer nodded knowingly.

"Daddy told me he's going to do something about that," she confided. "But he didn't tell me what."

David let out a great hoot of delight. "That's a million-dollar curtain line," he said.

THE END



"The gentleman has been waiting for some time" SYDNEY HOFF

THE ARISTOCRAT · OF MOTOR OILS ·

IT ONLY HAPPENED

Once

THEY found it in Russia and Roumania ...in Persia, Poland and Peru...in Mexico, India and Trinidad...in North and South America.

And strangest of all is this: of the countless oil pools that enrich the earth not one produces the peerless crude that comes from the small Bradford district in Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Bradford-Pennsylvania crude only happened once. It is the costliest crude in the world. Veedol—Aristocrat of Motor Oils—is refined exclusively from the Bradford-Pennsylvania product.

The supreme quality of Veedol needs no argument. When Nature creates for excellence she has the first and last word.

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

Made 100% from Pennsylvania's Costliest Crude—Yet No Extra Cost to You

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

Why Spend Good Money for Roof Coating that Flies Away?

ORDINARY
ROOF
COATING

Insist on RUTLAND because more material stays on

There's not much sense in using roof coating that blows right away. Yet actual tests show that *one-third* of the weight of some roof coatings evaporates within a few hours. Your hard-earned dollars are *blown away!*

Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating wears longer because it isn't "loaded" with solvent. More material per gallon *stays on*—forming a heavy, tough film of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres.

There's no tar in Rutland. Does not crawl, crack or peel.

Rutland may cost a trifle more per gallon but far less per year. You can Rutlandize your roof for only 1½¢ to 2¢ a sq. ft. Ideal for all roofs except shingles. Write direct if your local dealer does not stock Rutland. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. C-2, Rutland, Vt.

Also makers of Rutland Patching Plaster, Furnace Cement, Stove Lining, etc.

Stop that leak in your roof
RUTLAND
NO-TAR-IN
ROOF COATING
1 U.S. GALLON
Protect your roof from leaks

P. S. For badly worn holes, around flashings, etc.—use Rutland No. 4 Plastic Cement

Your Success is a matter of Minutes—*Not Years*

• READ HOW 15 MINUTES A DAY WILL UNLEASH THE IMPRISONED POWER WITHIN YOU —AND BRING YOU LIFE'S RICH REWARDS

A FINE position, a beautiful home, motor cars, travel—sweet are the fruits of success. But how can I get them?—you eagerly ask. *By attaining, day by day, the knowledge that will unleash the imprisoned power within you and bring success without years of waiting.*

The *universal* knowledge that success demands—the ability to talk intelligently and confidently on a thousand and one different subjects that interest the alert, active people you meet.

This ability can only come from one source. An intimate acquaintance with the greatest minds of all ages—men who have made the world's history, written its wit and wisdom, phrased its philosophy. Knowing their thoughts, your own thoughts become freshened, inspired. You have greater power to impress and influence others. Acquire all this easily by following the simple plan outlined here.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
(THE HARVARD CLASSICS)

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLET
P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Ave., New York
By mail, free, send me the Booklet that tells about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time. 815-HC
Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Address ....

15 MINUTES A DAY WORKS WONDERS

Thousands of men and women have paved the way to advancement by spending 15 minutes a day with Dr. Charles W. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books (*The Harvard Classics*).

Dr. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, knew your problems—knew they could be solved by a *planned* reading of the imperishable masterpieces he selected from the great books of the world. With this priceless library, you sit in the front row while the vast panorama of civilization unfolds before your eyes. You absorb man's most sublime thoughts on religion, government, philosophy and life. *You get the essence of a liberal education.*

FASCINATING BOOK—FREE

A most interesting book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day", outlines this practical plan . . . tells about Dr. Eliot's fascinating Reading Courses . . . and how you may have this priceless library for little more than the average person spends for newspapers.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

Stop *wishing* for success, while better-read, better-prepared men are *getting* it. Take the first step now—by filling in and mailing the coupon before you read another page.

The Human Side

Continued from page 21

Mayo turned. "What's that?"

Brighton gave a grim chuckle. "Passig. I was searching the place; I was about half through, and had found nothing, when I heard a key in the lock, so I ducked into the bedroom and hid in a closet. It was very quiet and for a while I didn't hear him. Then he made a phone call, a Stuyvesant number, and asked for Mr. Henderson. Then after a minute he said, 'How is everything?' Then he said, 'I think I will be able to close a contract next week at five hundred a week, if she will take it. Meantime, stay under cover. They are watching every move I make. Also, every move she makes.' Then he said some more, I don't remember the exact words, but the gist of it was that he was trying his best to get some money together and this fellow at the other end of the wire was getting impatient. Then he hung up and after a couple of minutes I heard a door close. I barged out, and so help me there was Passig still in the apartment. He must have opened the door, then changed his mind and closed it. I practically ran right into him. He hit me and I hit him and then he hit me in the ribs and I went down and he ran out. Did you know he had a key to her apartment?"

Mayo's face was gray, wooden. "No."

"Well, anyhow, I went down to police headquarters and got Lieutenant Fitzhenry to check on that telephone number. It's a place in West Tenth Street; here's the number, and the phone, on this piece of paper. A rooming house."

Mayo handed him the photograph of Rader. "Go down and wake the janitor, or whoever they have there, and see if Henderson is Rader."

"Suppose he is?"

"Hold him. They know we're after them so we may as well come out in the open. I'm going up and finish what you started at Leah Carrigan's apartment."

SHE was dressed in white lounging pajamas of heavy silk, braided with blue, blue-roped at the waist. She was flushed and her hair was a little disheveled. Behind her, the apartment was brightly lighted.

"I told you—" she began.

But he interrupted with, "I didn't come exactly to see you."

There were bags and trunks strewn all over the living room.

His voice was dry: "Going away?"

She had closed the door. "I don't know what's got into you," she said warmly. "I wish you'd go."

He gave a short ironic laugh and strolled into the bathroom, the bedroom. They were empty. He returned to the living room, removed his topcoat and threw it onto the divan. Then he crossed to one of the trunks and began pulling out the contents of the drawers.

"Are you mad? Are you crazy?"

He said over his shoulder, "Will you please stop shouting? Sit down." He shook out a nightgown, tossed it aside.

She put her hands on the back of a chair and gripped it tightly and her eyes, round and incredulous, watched him as he ransacked the trunk from the top drawer to the bottom. Her breath was jerking spasmodically at her breast, her throat, and on her forehead the ends of her hair were damp, clinging.

She choked, "Possibly you're—drunk!"

"No, Leah, I am performing a duty."

Suddenly she ran across the room and beat with her fists upon his chest. "You can't do this!" she cried hoarsely. "You can't come in here and act like a madman!"

He caught hold of her wrists and backed her up and pushed her gently down upon the divan. "I would say you were acting like a mad woman. Will you please be quiet?"

She shrank away from him, her eyes wide with terror. "I knew there was something strange about you. I knew it the first time you met me in that cocktail lounge."

He turned away from her and crossed to the second trunk and as he began emptying the top drawer she leaped up and ran to the telephone. He beat her to it, closing one hand over the instrument, barring her way with the other.

"What do you think you are going to do?" he asked.

She wilted and backed up and covered her face with her hands. "I don't know; I don't know," she murmured. She dropped to the divan and then suddenly burst into tears and buried her face in the cushions.

MAYO looked at her, his lips flexing, a pulse beating at his temple, his hands opening and closing. He turned abruptly and went back to the trunk and as he continued his search from drawer to drawer the sound of her crying made his skin prickle, each sob was like a hammer striking at his own chest. From the trunk he turned to her bags, and finding nothing in them stood for a moment with his hands on his hips and looked round the room. Lying in one of the chairs was a fat leather portfolio, and as he moved toward it Leah ran across the room and snatched it up.

He said gravely, "Give me that."

She held it behind her back and retreated, shaking her head. "No, no. It's nothing—it's my—"

"Leah, I want it."

Real terror was in her eyes now and Mayo, recognizing it, was determined to see the portfolio. He backed her into a corner of the room: taking it from her, then, was easy. And he thought, I hope to God I never have to go through a thing like this again.

She had stopped crying and was staring at him out of dry, expressionless eyes. Her body was drawn up, straight, rigid, and a grimace lay frozen on her mouth. Her expressionless eyes followed him as he carried the portfolio to the desk and sat down.

On the desk was a bunch of keys and one of them opened the lock of the portfolio. Its leather wings folded back and inside there were a number of small leather pockets stuffed with odds and ends: cards, a few clippings, stamps, writing paper, envelopes. There were two large pockets and one of them was fat with old letters. They were, he discovered, his own letters, four sheaves of them, each sheaf tied neatly with a blue ribbon. He felt the back of his neck grow red.

Going on with his work, he found some old theater programs and remembered the shows, shows they had seen together. Across each one she had scrawled something: "Bo and I were so in love at this one"; or, "This was the night he said he could never live without me. Could I, without him?" He read no more.

He looked across the room at her. She was still in the corner, her face white and fixed as marble and her fingers splayed motionless against the wall.

Dropping his eyes, twitching his shoulder, he emptied the second large pocket and from a flat silk box saw a ring, two pairs of earrings, a brooch, fall out. These he had given her. His eyes clouded.

There were more letters, old ones, all

his, and his fingers flew through them and he felt suddenly like rising and running from the room. And then suddenly he found an envelope with his own name written on it, but no address. Nor did he recognize the handwriting. It had been torn open and resealed; that much he could see. He tore it open again.

Leah made a small whimpering sound and fled into the bedroom. Listening, Mayo heard her throw herself on the bed. He tore open the envelope, saw "Dear Bo" at the beginning and, flipping the double sheet over, saw "Carolyn" at the end. It began, "I am lying in a hospital bed thinking . . ." He read on, the hair standing on the back of his neck and wave after chill wave traveling through his bones. He dropped the letter and sat for more than a minute, stunned and glassy-eyed. And then he rose and went into the bedroom.

STANDING beside the bed, he looked down at Leah. Her face was imbedded in the pillow and she was quivering but making no sound.

He said, "So you went to Harcutt's apartment that night to get your sister Carolyn and while you were there his wife and brother broke in and you hid Carolyn beneath the bed and took the blame yourself. Oh, Leah, you fool!"

Her voice came muffled out of the pillow: "There were her two babies to think of, and her husband, and I loved her too."

"Why didn't you tell me these things when I came to you then? You said nothing. You were cold, distant. Or why didn't you send me Carolyn's letter?"

"While she was alive? And afterward, there were still the children. I—I just kept it. I don't know why, except that I thought I might die before you—and it would reach you then—and you'd know that after all . . ."

The ringing of the telephone was in his ears. He went into the living room and picked up the instrument.

"Mayo?"

"Yes," he said absently.

"This is Brighton. I've got the stuff."

"What stuff?"

"The plans and specifications Rader stole."

"Oh."

"You don't sound pleased."

Mayo quickened his voice. "Of course I'm pleased. What else?"

"Well, Henderson is Rader. I showed the photo to the janitor and we went up to Rader's room and he wouldn't open the door. I finally said, 'It's Uncle Sam, Rader. Open it or I'll take it down.' Then when he didn't open it, and when I heard much activity inside, I took it down. There he was before the fireplace trying to burn the evidence. I socked him and put the fire out. I'm sitting here with him now. Find anything up there?"

"No."

"I don't think you will. She's been duped by these fellows. Rader says he wrote her when she was in Europe and asked her to try to locate a man named Josef Passig in Paris. Rader was a student over there five years ago and met Passig then and learned he was an international spy. So the girl located Passig and gave him Rader's address, and there's your hookup. Then Passig got the idea of being her manager and using her as a front here in the States. Rader wanted twenty thousand for the plans but Passig had only ten with him and planned to get the rest managing the girl here and in Hollywood. She tried to get in touch with Rader at his old address and couldn't, of course. They never met here. Passig was against it. He apparently suspected you right off the bat, because he hired a private detective to shadow you. That was the guy I pointed out. Passig used a passkey to get into her room, so he could hide there and listen to any phone conversations she might have with you. What'll I do now?"

"Take Rader into custody. We'll deport Passig."

He put down the telephone and returned slowly to the bedroom. Leah was lying on her back, her eyes wet.

She said, "What was that you said about Josef Passig? About deporting him?"

He sat down on the edge of the bed. "I'll tell you some other time. Right now, I want to look at you, and I want you to look at me. I am not going to touch you, because there are so many things you'll have to forgive me for, if you love me, and I shan't blame you if you don't forgive me. Do you mind if I just sit here and look at you?"

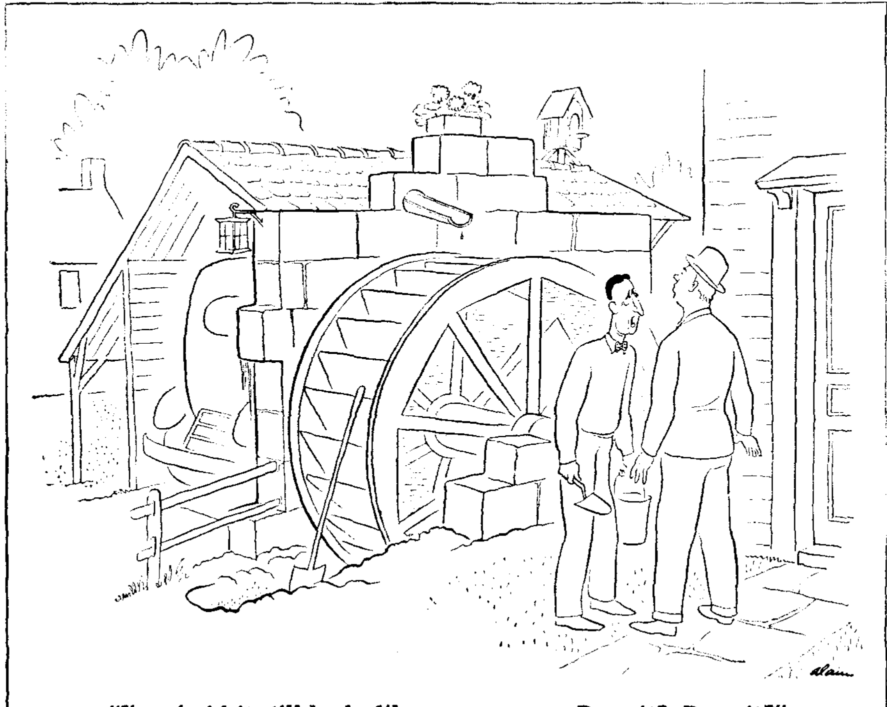
She gazed up at him for longer than a minute and then reached out and took hold of his hand. "I was going back to Europe tomorrow. Being on the same continent with you, when I found I still loved you so much, was more than I could bear." She turned over on her side and pressed her cheek against his hand.

"I love you," he said.

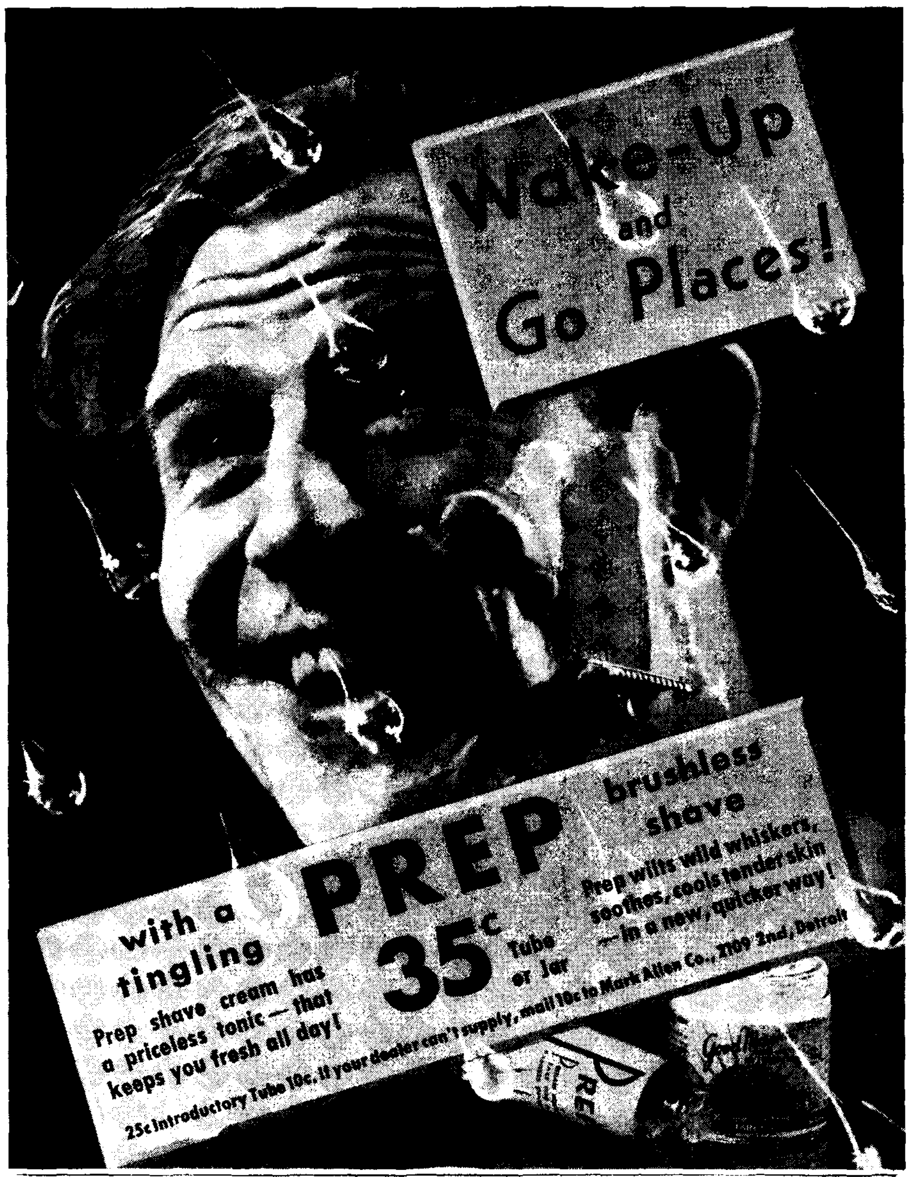
"Even if you didn't I couldn't stop loving you."

"But I do. I do, darling."

"I know," she said. "I feel it in your trembling hand."



"I'm afraid it still looks like a garage. . . . Does it? Does it?" ALAIN


Wake-Up and Go Places!
with a tingling
PREP
brushless shave
35c
Tube or Jar
Prep shave cream has a priceless tonic — that keeps you fresh all day!
Prep wilts wild whiskers, soothes, cools tender skin — in a new, quicker way!
25c Introductory Tube 10c. If your dealer can't supply, mail 10c to Mark Allen Co., 2109 2nd, Detroit

DEATH TO FLIES AND MOSQUITOES
Spray FLIT
FLIT

Now obtainable everywhere at popular prices COPR. 1937, STANCO, INC.

Don't Call Me Napoleon

Continued from page 26

fense plans up to the minute—and resigned the very next day to give his military talents a vacation and his business ones a more exacting test.

He was getting $12,000 a year with his Army rank and flying pay; he pitched into the automobile industry for $25 a week, on the tag end of the line at the Marmon factory. In no time he was president of Marmon; later president of Stutz, and a chief of the Blackfeet tribe to boot, with a name that I can't spell but means "Eagle that flies high."

Along came the air-mail cancellations of 1934, and civil aviation in the United States took to its sickbed with cold towels around its head and hot-water bags at its feet. Like most patients, it was short on temper, and quarreled with itself. In a lucid hour, it decided that future success and the dividends—which, as yet, were strangers to it—did not lie in fighting with the government, with competitors, and with dispersion of research and manufacturing activities.

At the Drop of a Hat

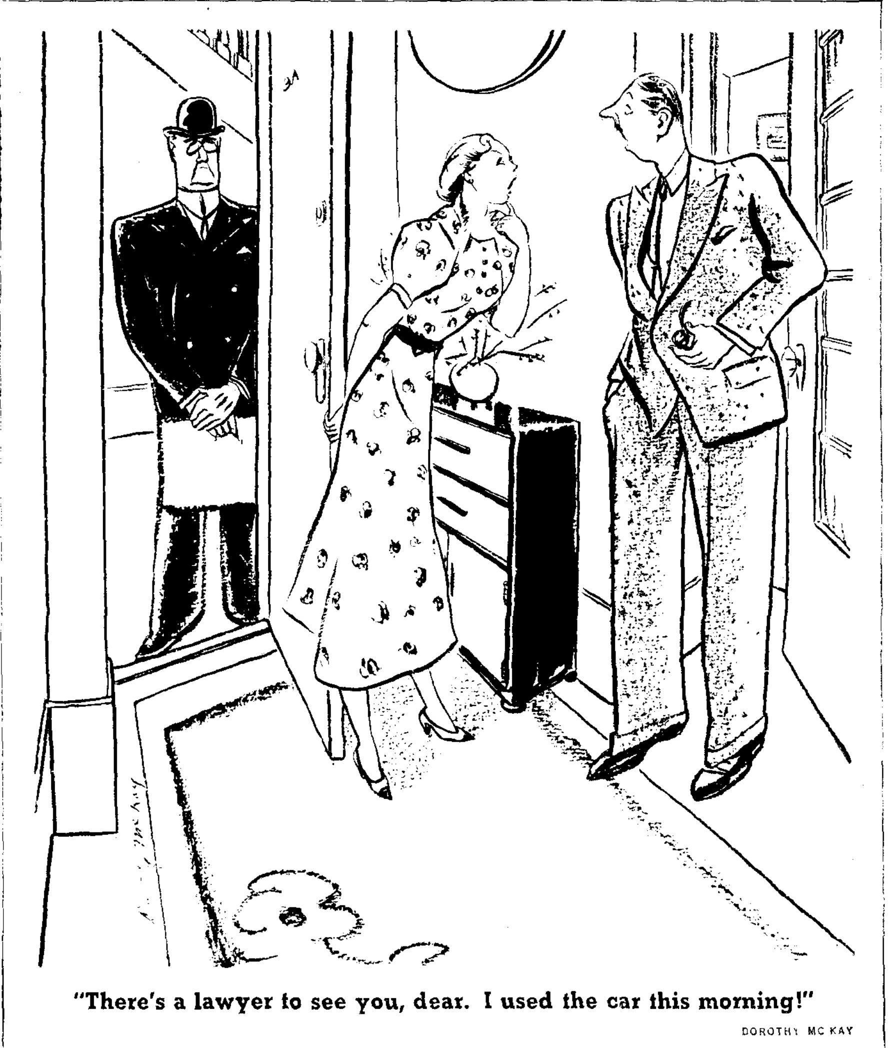
The Air Transport Association of America was formed, with a membership that includes the country's leading air-mail and passenger operators; and Edgar S. Gorrell was installed as its first president, on January 14, 1936. First public impressions likened him to the "czars" of other notable industries: Hays, of the movies; Landis, of baseball. Gorrell, however—and he will resent any smart remarks that bring his nickname, "Napoleon," into play—maintains this is a misapprehension of his job, that he is no czar, rather a co-ordinator and interpreter.

There was a useful step at once: the association pooled its financial and technical resources toward the development of a standard plane for the air lines. Rivalries that menaced safer operations were adjusted. Most important, American civil aviation had gained a spokesman who held the respect of its critics, and who stood alert to its visions as well as to its realities. It is his job, for which he is paid, to do the best he can for his industry; and you get the idea he will deliver his money's worth, but that to do so he will not depart from the truth, as he sees it.

His own conception of his task is threefold (and it is the Army officer and zealous American who lays down the first plank), that is: Complete the whole projection of civil aviation into its great and invaluable place in the national defense. Secondly, he wants to get the air lines into the black. This is what business doctors—by immemorial prejudice—term a healthy condition. Lastly, he proposes to campaign for regulations and policies that will enable the air lines to remain healthy, profitable.

Colonel Gorrell is the first "efficiency man" I have ever known who has warm dark eyes instead of cold blue ones. He has the mannerisms of a shy man, but he will make public addresses at the drop of anybody's hat; indeed, there is a reliable story in Chicago that once on Michigan Boulevard, when a passer-by's hat was blown off, the Colonel, walking with friends, stopped, cleared his throat, and began: "Mr. Chairman, honorable members of the—"

He is short and solid and perennially young; with energy that alarms his opponents, exhausts his associates, and has reconciled his wife to being—in their Lake Forest home—the first American civil aeronautics widow. It is a break for his son, Pete, though. "Nap," says Pete—who actually does call him that—"would play with my airplanes and break them if he was home oftener; but now he hasn't got time."



"There's a lawyer to see you, dear. I used the car this morning!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

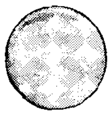
Copr. 1937 F. W. Fitch Co.

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
TRADE MARK

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA . . . . TORONTO, CAN.

EYES get irritated, watery, reddened and often become overly tired from hard daily use. Murine is recommended to relieve, soothe, cleanse and refresh the eyes because it is safe, genuinely helpful—in use for 40 years. Murine helps nature keep the eyes healthful, and healthy eyes are beautiful eyes. Use Murine daily.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

WORM YOUR DOG

AT HOME

EASY HOME METHOD RIDS DOGS OF TAPE, ROUND AND HOOK WORMS

With the "No Guess" Pulvex Capsules, you need know nothing about worms, yet you can easily worm your dog at home . . . positively free him of tape, round and hook worms . . . without gassing, gagging or harmful effects.

Protect your dog against incomplete worming or your unfamiliarity with worms; use Pulvex Capsules, the only complete treatment in one package that expels all three types of worms. In puppy or adult size, 75c. At all pet, drug and dept. stores.

PULVEX Combination Treatment WORM CAPSULES

TO ATHLETE'S FOOT SUFFERERS!

END IT QUICKLY—SURELY—THIS WAY

3XB **Scientific formula for Athlete's Foot (Ringworm, Foot Itch) will do exactly what you hope for—quickly and effectively.**

Back of 3XB is a 7-year record of unfailing success. Introduced in 1930, physicians, hospitals and institutions quickly discovered its marvelous effectiveness. They now regard it as standard treatment for Athlete's Foot. Athletic directors and trainers, skeptical at first, now use 3XB exclusively. Hundreds of sufferers throughout the country, grateful for quick relief, say that 3XB works when all else fails.

The success of 3XB is due to treating Athlete's Foot as a fungus and not a germ. By its 3-way action it penetrates the entire infection, isolates and kills the fungus, and then peels off the diseased skin. Pain and itching are ended instantly, and in 7 to 15 days the fungus is destroyed. Costs $1 a bottle—a low price for sure relief.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Get 3XB at your drug store or by mail. If not absolutely satisfied, return used bottle for full refund. The 3XB Corporation, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

JUST ASK FOR "THREE EX-BEE"

3XB
RINGWORM
ATHLETE'S FOOT

The Big Umbrella

Continued from page 11

says, "I will never find out anything more about this guy than I know now, if the offers I am getting keep on coming in. I will not have to find out," he says. "We must have a hundred propositions right now, and I am going to commence taking some."

Naturally the blats make quite an uproar when they discover that an ex-king is training to be a fighter, and they are full of stories and pictures about Jonas every day, and of course Spider does not discourage this publicity because it is responsible for the offers of matches for Jonas from all over the country.

But the matches Spider finally commences accepting are not the matches the promoters offer, because the promoters offer opponents who may have no respect for royalty, and may try to knock Jonas' brains out. The matches Spider accepts have his own personal supervision, and they are much better for Jonas than what the promoters might think up.

THESE matches are with sure-footed watermen, who plunge in swiftly and smoothly when Jonas waves at them, and while everybody knows these matches are strictly tank jobs, nobody cares, especially the customers who almost break down the doors of the clubs where Jonas appears, trying to get in. The customers are so greatly pleased to be permitted to observe an ex-king in short pants that they scarcely pause for their change at the box-office windows.

Of course Spider does not tell Jonas that these contests are dipsy-doos and Jonas thinks he really is belting out these porterhouses, and as he is getting pretty nice money for the work, he feels very well, indeed. Anybody will tell you that it helps build up a young fighter's confidence to let him see a few people take naps in front of him as he is coming along, though Jonas is slightly bewildered the night at the Sun Casino when a generally very reliable waterboy by the name of Charley Drunckley misses his cue and falls down before Jonas can hit him.

The boxing commission is somewhat bewildered, too, and asks a few questions that nobody tries to answer, and Spider McCoy explains to Jonas that he hits so fast he cannot notice his punches landing himself, but even then Jonas continues to look somewhat bewildered.

He continues living at Spider McCoy's apartment, because Spider is by no means sucker enough to let Jonas get very far away from him, what with so many unscrupulous characters around the boxing game who are always looking to steal somebody's fighter, especially a fighter who is worth his weight in platinum, like Jonas, but from what I hear Miss Margie Grogan continues to play plenty of ice for him.

She goes to see him fight once, because everybody else in town is trying to go, but Margie is pretty cute, and she can spot a tank job as far as anybody, and while she knows very well that it is Spider McCoy and not Jonas who is responsible for these half-Gainors that are going on, she tells Spider that if Jonas is not a big umbrella he will be fighting somebody who can really fight.

"Over my dead body," Spider says. "If I even hear of anybody that can really fight trying to fight my Jonas, I will cause trouble. And Margie," Spider says, "do not call Jonas an umbrella in my presence. It hurts my feelings."

But Jonas is a great disappointment to Spider in some respects, especially about publicity angles. Spider wishes to get a tin crown made for him to wear going into the ring, but Jonas will not listen to this, and what is more he will not stand for as much as a monocle, because he claims he does not know how to keep one in his eye.

Well, the dough is rolling in on Spider and Jonas just with tank acts, but some of the boxing scribes are commencing to say Jonas ought to meet real competition, and I tell Spider myself it may be a good idea to see if Jonas really can fight.

"Yes," Spider says, "I am sometimes tempted myself. He shapes up so good that I get to thinking maybe he is the makings, at that. But I think I will let well enough alone."

"Anyway," Spider says, "what a sap I will be to throw him in with competition as long as the suckers will pay to see him as he is. I can go on with him indefinitely this way," Spider says, "but one smack on the chops may finish us up for good. Yes," he says, "I think I will let well enough alone."

Now, one day a chunky guy with a big mustache and his hair cut short comes to see Jonas and has a long talk with him, and Jonas tells Spider that this guy is from his home country over in Europe, and that he is sent by the dictator who runs Jonas off, and his cabinet, who wish Jonas to return home to talk to them about certain matters, which may include a proposition for him to be king again, and Jonas says it sounds like a fair sort of proposition, at that.

"Why," Spider says, "nobody can talk business with you now. I am your manager, and all propositions must come to me first. Is there any chance of us making any real dough out of your going back to being king?"

Well, Jonas says it is by no means definite that he is to be king again, but that there is something in the air, and as he now has plenty of dough, and it is safe for him to return, he wishes to go home awhile if only to pick up a few belongings that he does not have time to collect the last time he departs.

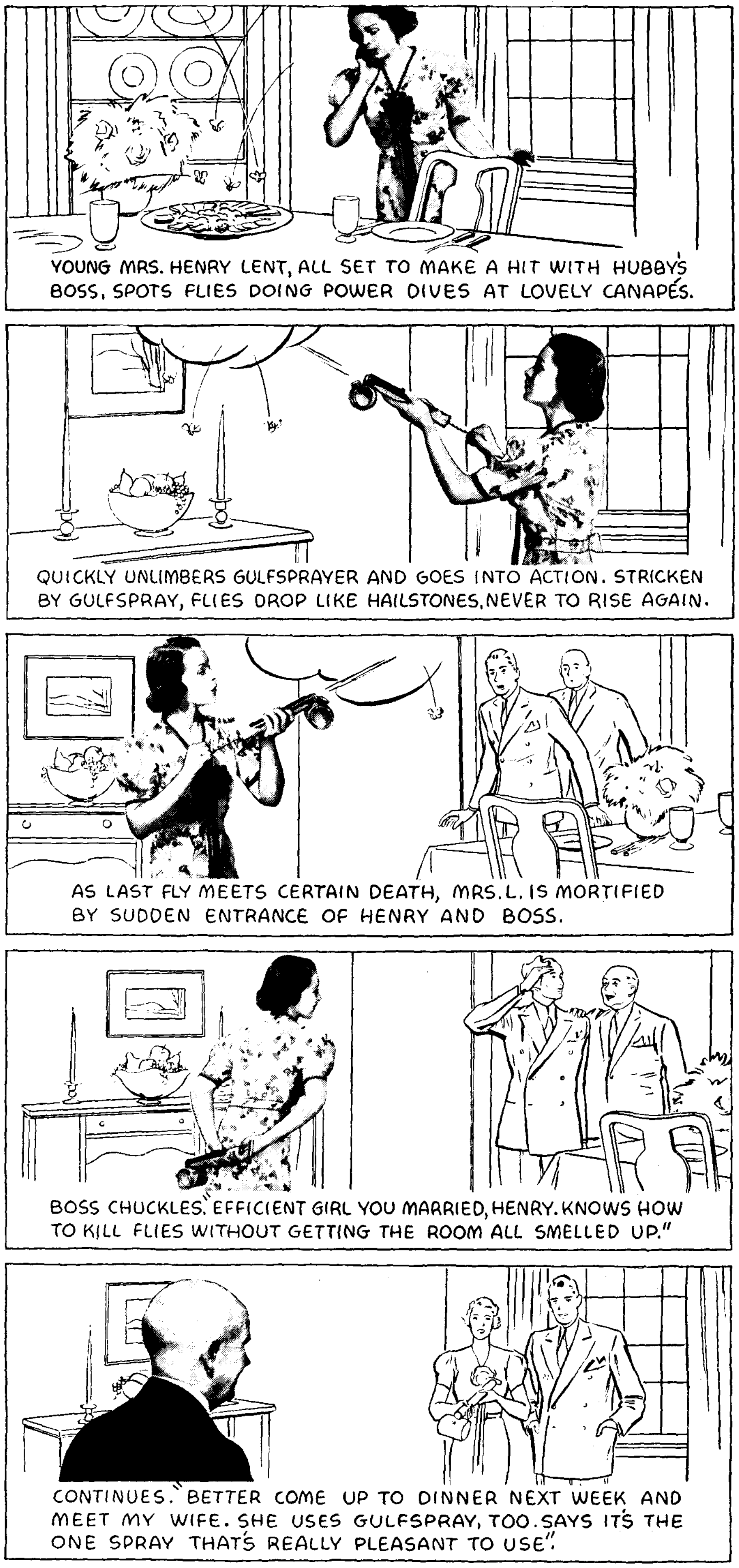
Furthermore, nothing will do but Spider must go with him, and Spider says this means Miss Margie Grogan will have to go, too, because she is practically his right arm in business, and every other way, and Jonas says he thinks this is an excellent idea. He says Margie looks to him as if a sea voyage will do her good, and when Spider mentions this opinion to Margie, she says she wishes the big umbrella will stop looking at her to see how she looks, but that she will go just to spite him, and so they sail away.

WELL, it is some months before I see Spider McCoy again, and then I run into him on Broadway one afternoon, and he is all dressed up in striped pants, and white spats, and a cutaway coat, and a high hat, and before I can start asking him questions he says to me like this:

"Come with me to No. 23," he says. "I am on a meet there with somebody, and I will tell you all."

So from now on for a while this is Spider McCoy's story:

Well (Spider says), we have a most satisfactory journey in every respect. Going over on the boat, what happens what with the moon, and the stars, and the music, and dancing, and all this and that, but Margie and Jonas get so they are on slightly better terms, and this makes things more pleasant for me, as they are together quite a bit, and this



CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

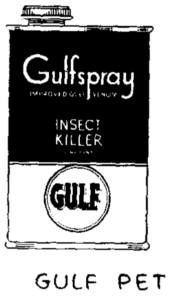
YOUNG MRS. HENRY LENT, ALL SET TO MAKE A HIT WITH HUBBY'S BOSS, SPOTS FLIES DOING POWER DIVES AT LOVELY CANAPÉS.

QUICKLY UNLIMBERS GULFSPRAYER AND GOES INTO ACTION. STRICKEN BY GULFSPRAY, FLIES DROP LIKE HAILSTONES, NEVER TO RISE AGAIN.

AS LAST FLY MEETS CERTAIN DEATH, MRS. L. IS MORTIFIED BY SUDDEN ENTRANCE OF HENRY AND BOSS.

BOSS CHUCKLES. "EFFICIENT GIRL YOU MARRIED, HENRY. KNOWS HOW TO KILL FLIES WITHOUT GETTING THE ROOM ALL SMELLED UP."

CONTINUES. "BETTER COME UP TO DINNER NEXT WEEK AND MEET MY WIFE. SHE USES GULFSPRAY, TOO. SAYS IT'S THE ONE SPRAY THAT'S REALLY PLEASANT TO USE".



BUY GULFSPRAY ... THE SPRAY THAT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS, THE KILLING INGREDIENT. KILLS FASTER, SURER. GOES FARTHER, LEAVES NO ODOR WON'T STAIN ANYTHING. AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE OR GULF DEALER'S.

NEW LOW PRICES 39¢ PINT

GULFSPRAY
THE SURER INSECT KILLER
69¢ QUART · $1.95 GALLON

GULF PETROLEUM SPECIALTIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.

END RADIATOR RUST!

MOBIL HYDROTONE

STOPS CORROSION—PREVENTS SCALE

PUT MOBIL HYDROTONE into the water in your car. Then your radiator will be safe from rusting and clogging—safe from expensive repairs. Mobil Hydrotone neutralizes corrosive action. It prevents scale. You get months of protection with one 35c can.

Buy where you buy Mobiloil or Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS · MOBILWAX · MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY · MOBIL UPPERLUBE

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

MAKE UP TO $125 By Christmas

Sell 50 Personal Christmas Cards for $1.00
All beautiful double-folders *with name inscribed.* Big value. Liberal cash profit on every order. **Samples FREE.** Also sell complete line Christmas Box Assts. 50c and $1. Write today.
General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-153, Chicago, Ill.

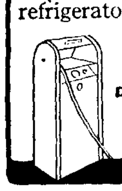
X·ER·VAC TREATMENTS

(Alternate VACUUM and PRESSURE)

REVITALIZE INACTIVE HAIR CELLS BY IMPROVING CIRCULATION

• Licensed for use under the methods of André A. Cueto, M.D., Cincinnati, Ohio, and according to U. S. Patent No. 2055128. Other U. S. Patents Pending.

• The XERVAC, through the action of alternate vacuum and pressure, tends to produce a normal circulation in the deep network of capillaries that feed the hair cells. Undernourished, inactive hair cells are revitalized by the nourishment supplied by the renewed circulation, and normal hair growth is stimulated. Your barber or beauty shop can supply treatments. If you wish to purchase an XERVAC for home use, see your local Crosley radio and refrigerator dealer—or write direct to



THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 837-C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Copyright 1937,
The C. R. Corp.

gives me time to catch up on my drinking, which I neglect no little when I am so busy looking after Jonas' interests.

He gets a wonderful reception when we reach his old home country, what with bands, and soldiers, and one thing and another, but I am surprised to find that none of the natives hear of me as his manager. In fact, it seems that his reputation there rests entirely on once being king, and they never hear of his accomplishments in the ring, which consist of eighteen consecutive k. o's. This really hurts my feelings after all my work with him in the gym and the trouble I go to in picking his opponents.

Personally, his country does not strike me as much of a country, and in fact it strikes me as nothing but a sort of double Jersey City, and the natives speak a language of their own, and the scenery is filled with high hills, and take it all around, I do not consider it anything to get excited about, but it is plain to be seen that Jonas is glad to get back there.

WELL, we are not there more than a few hours before we get a line on what is doing, and what is doing is that the people wish Jonas to be king again, and they are making life a burden for this Dictator Poltafuss, and his cabinet, and Poltafuss figures it will be a good scheme to put Jonas back, all right, but first he wishes to discuss certain terms of his own with Jonas.

The very afternoon of the day we arrive, there is a cabinet meeting in the palace, which is a building quite similar to a county courthouse, and Jonas is invited to this meeting. They do not invite me, but naturally as Jonas' manager, I insist on going to protect his interests, and in fact I consider it quite unethical for them to be inviting my fighter to discuss terms of any kind and not including me, and then Jonas requests Margie to also accompany him.

The cabinet meeting is in a big room with high windows overlooking a public square and in this square a large number of natives of Jonas' country gather while the meeting is in progress, and *talk among themselves in their own* language.

There must be thirty characters of one kind and another sitting around a big table when we enter the room, and I figure they are the cabinet, and it does not take me long to pick Dictator Poltafuss. He is sitting at the head of the table and he is wearing a uniform with about four pounds of medals on his chest, and he has short black whiskers, and a fierce eye, and anybody can see that he is built from the ground up.

He is as big as a Russian wrestler, and looks to me as if he may be a tough character in every respect. A solid-looking Judy in a black dress is sitting in a chair behind him with some knitting in her hands, and she does not seem to be paying much attention to what is going on.

Well, as we enter the room and Jonas sees Poltafuss, a look comes into Jonas' eyes that is without doubt the same look I sometimes see in the gymnasium and in the ring, and which is the look that makes me wonder about him and keeps me from ever putting him in without knowing his opponent's right name and address, and, thinks I to myself, he is afraid of the guy with the sassafras. Thinks I to myself, Margie is right. He is a big umbrella.

Poltafuss begins talking very fast to Jonas, and in their own language, and after he gets through, Jonas does a lot of talking in the same language, and finally Jonas turns to us, and in our language he tells us what Poltafuss says to him and what he says to Poltafuss, and what Poltafuss says is really somewhat surprising.

"He says," Jonas says, "that I will be returned to the throne if I first marry his sister. She is the chromo sitting behind him. I tell him she is older than he is, and has a big nose, and a mustache. He says," Jonas says, "that she is only a year older which puts her shading forty, and that a big horn indicates character, and a mustache is good luck.

"Then," Jonas says, "I tell him the real reason I will not marry her, which is because I am going to marry someone else."

"Wait a minute, Jonas," I say. "You mustn't never tell a lie, even to be king. You know you are not going to marry anybody. I do not permit my fighters to marry," I say. "It takes their mind off their business."

"Yes," Jonas says, "I am going to marry Miss Margie Grogan. We fix it up on the ship."

Then all of a sudden Poltafuss jumps up and says to Margie in English like this:

"Why," he says, "the idea is ridiculous. He cannot marry you. He is of royal blood. You are of common stock," he says.

"Look, Jonas," Margie says, "are you going to stand here and hear me insulted. If you are, I am leaving right now," she says.

Then she starts for the door, and Jonas runs after her and grabs her by the arm and says:

"But, Margie," he says, "what can I do?"

"Well," Margie says, "you can boff this big ape for one thing, as any gentleman is bound to do, unless," she says, "there is even more umbrella in you than ever I suspect."

"Why, yes," Jonas says. "To be sure, and certainly," he says.

And with this he walks over to Poltafuss, but old Polty hears what Margie says, and as Jonas gets near him, he lets go a big right hand that starts down around China and bangs Jonas on the chin, and Jonas goes down.

Well, I thinks to myself, I am only glad this does not occur at the Garden some night when the joint is packed. Then I hear Margie's voice saying like this:

"Get up, Jonas," Margie says. "Get up and steady yourself."

"It is no use, Margie," I say. "You are right, he is an umbrella."

"You are a liar," Margie says.

"Margie," I say, "remember you are speaking to your Uncle Spider."

I AM still thinking of how disrespectfully Margie addresses me, when I notice that Jonas is up on his feet, and as he gets up he sticks out his left in time to drive it through Poltafuss' whiskers, as Poltafuss rushes at him. This halts Polty for an instant, then he comes on again swinging both hands. He is strictly a wild thrower, but he hits like a steer kicking when he lands, and he has Jonas down three times in as many minutes, and every time I figure Jonas will remain there and doze off, but Margie says get up, and Jonas gets up, and when he gets up he has sense enough to stick his left in Poltafuss' beard.

There seems to be some slight confusion among the members of the cabinet as the contest opens, and I take a good strong grip on a big chair, just in case of fire or flood, but I wish to say I never witness a finer spirit of fair play than is exhibited by the members of the cabinet. They stand back against the wall and give Jonas and Poltafuss plenty of elbow room, and they seem to be enjoying the affair no little. In fact, the only spectator present who does not seem to be enjoying it is Poltafuss' sister, who does not get up out of her chair to get a better view, and furthermore does not stop her knitting, so I can see she is by no means a fight fan.

"GLOVER'S *Double Action* FLEA POWDER GETS 'EM EVERY TIME!"

POSITIVELY KILLS FLEAS and LICE!

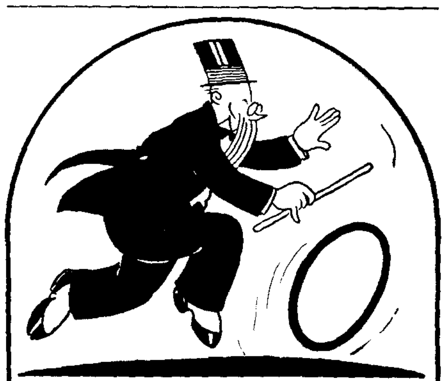
That's the guarantee you get with **GLOVER'S Double Action FLEA POWDER**—or your money back. Try it on your Dog or Cat. Safe and sure. Saves you money. Don't accept a substitute.

ONLY 35¢

GLOVER'S KENNEL and FLEA SOAP—thoroughly cleanses the coat and removes doggy odor; promotes normal hair growth; kills Fleas and Lice; relieves itching. 25¢
FREE DOG BOOK with Symptom Chart, write

GLOVER'S

Dept. D 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Keep AWAKE *and* ALERT

End DROWSINESS and FATIGUE when you Drive, Work or Stay Up long hours

NŌDŌZ AWAKENERS

● Highly endorsed by motorists, office workers, students & others. Non-habit-forming... harmless as a cup of coffee. Quickly effective in reviving energy and alertness. Minimizes alcoholic effects. ● For sale by druggists, service stations, cigar stores, etc. Send 10 cents for generous sample, 25 cents for large package, and see how quickly **NODOZ AWAKENERS** will snap you back to wide-awakeness. ● Salesmen's, dealers' and distributors' inquiries invited. Write Dept. B., **NODOZ AWAKENERS, INC.,** Sacramento, Calif.

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. *Single subjects if desired.* Free Bulletin on request.
American School, Dpt. HC-81, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

FALSE TEETH

Klutch holds 'em tight all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. ***You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.*** Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste*** money on substitutes but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2507-H, Elmira, N.Y.

FOOT ITCH

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves intense itching at once; kills the fungi it comes in contact with and helps healing of the red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between or on the toes. Insist on *Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.* Sold at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. Write for booklet. Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

Pretty soon Jonas' left-hand sticking has Poltafuss' nose bleeding, and then one eye begins to close, and I find myself getting very much interested, because I now see what I am looking for all my life, which is a dead game heavyweight, and I can see that I will no longer have to be worrying about who I put Jonas in with. I see the next heavyweight champion of the world as sure as I am standing there, and I now begin coaching Jonas in person.

"Downstairs, Jonas," I say. "In the elly-bay, Jonas," I say.

So Jonas hits Poltafuss a left hook in the stomach, and Polty goes oof.

"The old one-two, Jonas," I say, and Jonas stabs Poltafuss' nose with a long left, then follows through with a right cross, just as I educate him to do, and this right-hand cross lands on Polty's chin, among the whiskers, and down he goes as stiff as a board on his face, and when they fall in this manner, you may proceed at once to the pay-off window.

The next thing I know, Margie is in Jonas' arms, dabbing at his bloody face with a little handkerchief, and shedding tears, and a member of the cabinet that I afterward learn is the secretary of war is at one of the windows yelling down to the natives in the square and they are yelling back at him, and later someone tells me that what he yells is that the king just flattens Poltafuss and what they are yelling back is long live the king.

"Spider," Jonas says, "I never have any real confidence in myself before, but I have now. I just lick the party who can lick any six guys in my country all at once and with one hand tied behind him. Spider," he says, "I know now I will be heavyweight champion of the world."

Well, Poltafuss is sitting up on the floor holding his nose with both hands, and looking somewhat disheveled, but at this he puts his hands down long enough to speak as follows:

"No," he says, "you will be king, and your sweetheart there will be queen."

AND this is the way it turns out (Spider says) and Jonas and Poltafuss get along very nicely indeed together afterward, except once at a cabinet meeting when King Jonas has to flatten Poltafuss again to make him agree to some unemployment measure.

"But, Spider," I say, as Spider McCoy finishes his story, "you do not state what becomes of the dictator's sister."

"Well," Spider says, "I will tell you. It seems to me that the dictator's sister gets a rough deal, one way and another, especially," he says, "as her beezer is by no means as big as some people think.

"So," Spider says, "while I will always regret blowing the next heavyweight champion of the world, I console myself with the thought that I get a wonderful and ever-loving wife, and if you will wait a few minutes longer, I will introduce you to the former Miss Sofia Poltafuss, now Mrs. Spider McCoy."

Home Relief

Continued from page 15

try the Chinese idea of displaying one treasure at a time.

In place of table linens continually, so easily cast down by one spot, try straw mats that will give a cool country look to your dining room and can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

Having done everything possible to eliminate work and present a fresh and cool aspect, your next step is to keep it so. And for that you'll need a system. No weekly clean-up orgy, but day by day. Twice a week is generally often enough to vacuum, with the carpet sweeper on duty in between. A daily dusting over all. For special spots like bookshelves, work out a scheme of rotation for thorough cleaning, so that no one day ever becomes a burden.

To do every job thoroughly and quickly, you'll need the right equipment, conveniently placed and well kept. The less you have of it the less work you will have to put in taking care of it, so let your judgment be your guide in selecting your tools.

Polish As You Go

System and preparedness will save time and temper in the kitchen, too. Any chef's kitchen will give you an idea. Here everything is out in the open, with pans hanging from racks over the work tables, ladles, knives and such in racks strategically placed. All you need do is reach up or over, and there it is. Everything is in perfect order, of course, so that there is no effect of clutter. Only the very handsome decoration of gleaming metal and smooth enamel, the tools of your job.

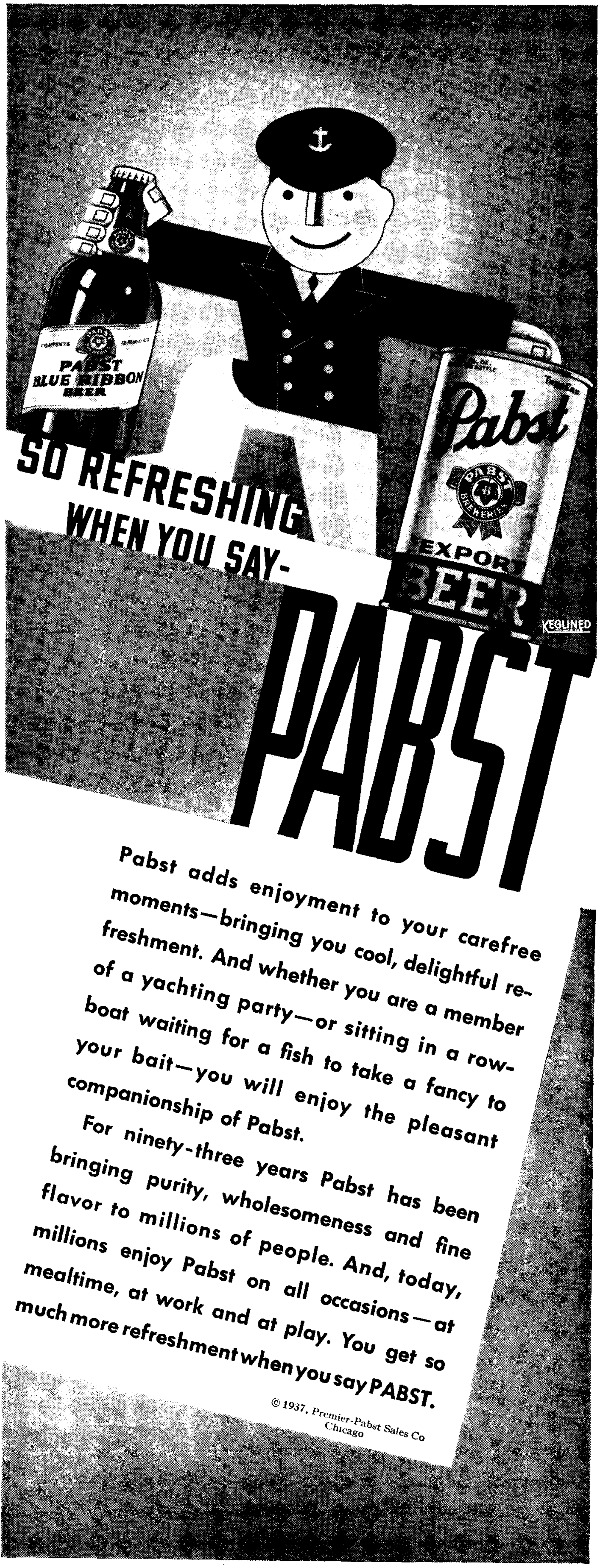
Out on parade like this, they make you stick to another principle that will actually spare you dreary hours. Each pan is polished when it is washed, with no saving up of dingy pots and burned ones for a future day of reckoning that will never be welcome. Don't have a silver-cleaning day, either. Keep silver polish handy, and when a spoon shows tarnish deal with it in a second.

If cupboards are what you have and prefer, follow expert practice and don't stack your pans, or the one you want in a hurry will always be on the bottom. If you can possibly manage the space, this goes for mixing bowls, too. Muffin tins and such can go on end, separated by easily tacked-in partitions.

Check up on supplies and make sure that the scissors you are always needing at dire moments are a permanent part of kitchen equipment, that pad and pencil are at hand for grocery lists and menu inspirations, that spice jars and cans are set so that you can read which is what. When you are getting a meal, have the dishpan filled with sudsy hot water sitting ready in the sink for dishes as you dirty them. By the time you are through mussing around, they are ready for the drying rack.

Food should be in the same state of readiness, to avoid hot last-minute scrambles. Keep salad dressing made up ahead, with a clove of garlic standing in it. Piecrust and cookie doughs will keep, too, so make a good batch at a time. When vegetables and fruit come in, wash them on the spot. Prepare the vegetables that are to be cooked that day and set them to soaking and improving in cold water. Put the rest into the hydrator.

Finally, stop stewing. Take things easy, Follow your well-worked-out recipes, but if you pop in an extra egg by mistake, or haven't all the called-for ingredients on the shelf, be a free spirit and experiment. Maybe you are creating a masterpiece. There's room for variety and you're an original soul. So don't harry your food or your house or yourself, and you'll turn them all out much cooler and more collected and fetching. Maybe you won't even do a thing we've told you. But if you and your audience are pleased with your results, we don't mind a bit.



SO REFRESHING WHEN YOU SAY- PABST

Pabst adds enjoyment to your carefree moments—bringing you cool, delightful refreshment. And whether you are a member of a yachting party—or sitting in a rowboat waiting for a fish to take a fancy to your bait—you will enjoy the pleasant companionship of Pabst.

For ninety-three years Pabst has been bringing purity, wholesomeness and fine flavor to millions of people. And, today, millions enjoy Pabst on all occasions—at mealtime, at work and at play. You get so much more refreshment when you say PABST.

© 1937, Premier-Pabst Sales Co
Chicago

Religion in a Free Land

RELIGION is a potent factor in the lives of the American people. We hear pessimistic words concerning vacant pews at Sunday services. The motorcar and athletic sports are said to have drained the churches. The losses are more superficial than profound.

Actually the growth of American churches has been uninterrupted during the last thirty years. During the ten years from 1926 to 1936 nine million new members joined the churches. Every year marked an improvement in the position of the churches.

Last year more than 63 million members were recorded on the church lists. One out of every two Americans was attached to some church. The proportion with church affiliations increased instead of diminishing. They who say that the churches are losing in the United States do not know their America.

This record of steady growth of church membership in this country is in striking contrast with the experiences of the churches in numerous other countries. During the last twenty years the Russian government has fought the Russian church as a deadly enemy. The German Nazis are engaged in a relentless struggle to subdue both the Catholic and Protestant churches. They began with war on the Jews. Most of the Mexican churches have been closed during the past ten years. Religious services have been outlawed and simple people who congregated for worship have been shot down by government troops. War on the churches was one of the conspicuous features of the Spanish revolution.

Whenever dictators have seized power and suppressed the liberties of the people, the churches have been repressed. In these countries the alliance between church and state was historically close. When political power was captured, at once the churches were feared and fought. Dictators dread any organization they do not control.

The complete separation between church and state established in our Constitution has been the great bulwark of American churches. The government is a dangerous friend of any church in time of change. Free churches, wholly unpolitical in support and in management, have proved their capacity to survive and grow.

The absurdities of the German fanatics, intent upon rooting out Christian teaching and re-establishing a worship of the ancient mythological divinities, reveal the fundamental weakness of the war against the churches. Neither an ancient Thor nor a modern Hitler is an adequate substitute for Jesus. Nor, in the long run, will a Lenin supplant the Founder of Christianity. Hate is not permanently more desirable than good will.

Our churches have been strong and enduring because they appealed to the best instincts and ideals of a free people. Nobody has been compelled by governmental authority to join any church or to attend any religious meeting. Yet half of all Americans are counted church members and the overwhelming majority including those who attend no services derive their sense of right and wrong from the churches.

In this country, certainly, religion has been the teacher of morality. Our standards of right have been expressed and upheld by the churches. Back of every advance in morality has been the teaching of a leader nurtured in one of the churches. The history of social reform in this country is a record of the activities of men and women who were awakened by religious experience.

The strength and growth of the churches are a great stabilizing influence in our national life. The surface differences between the various denominations are wide enough but the moral ideals upheld are fundamentally the same. Catholic, Protestant and Jew teach the ideas of right, of justice, of mercy and of the good life.

The churches have kept their hold in America and have continued to grow because they fill a basic need in our lives. Ideals and aspirations make men different from other animals. Merely to live, to bring children into the world, to struggle for material possession or power has never satisfied men. Other needs which only the churches have served have always driven men to religion.

As a people, we have not experienced any great religious awakening or been stimulated by a widespread religious revival during recent years. The growth of the churches has been unspectacular but steady. The appeal has been quietly made and quietly answered by the millions in the fellowship of the churches.

There is reassurance in this. So long as the American people look to the churches for guidance in the problems of life, we shall be strong and honorable, good neighbors to ourselves and to all the world. The growth of our churches is a witness to the soundness of our character as a people.

COPLAN

Three little words by Noah Webster...

dry: lacking sweetness

tell why you'll like Paul Jones

Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
92 PROOF
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

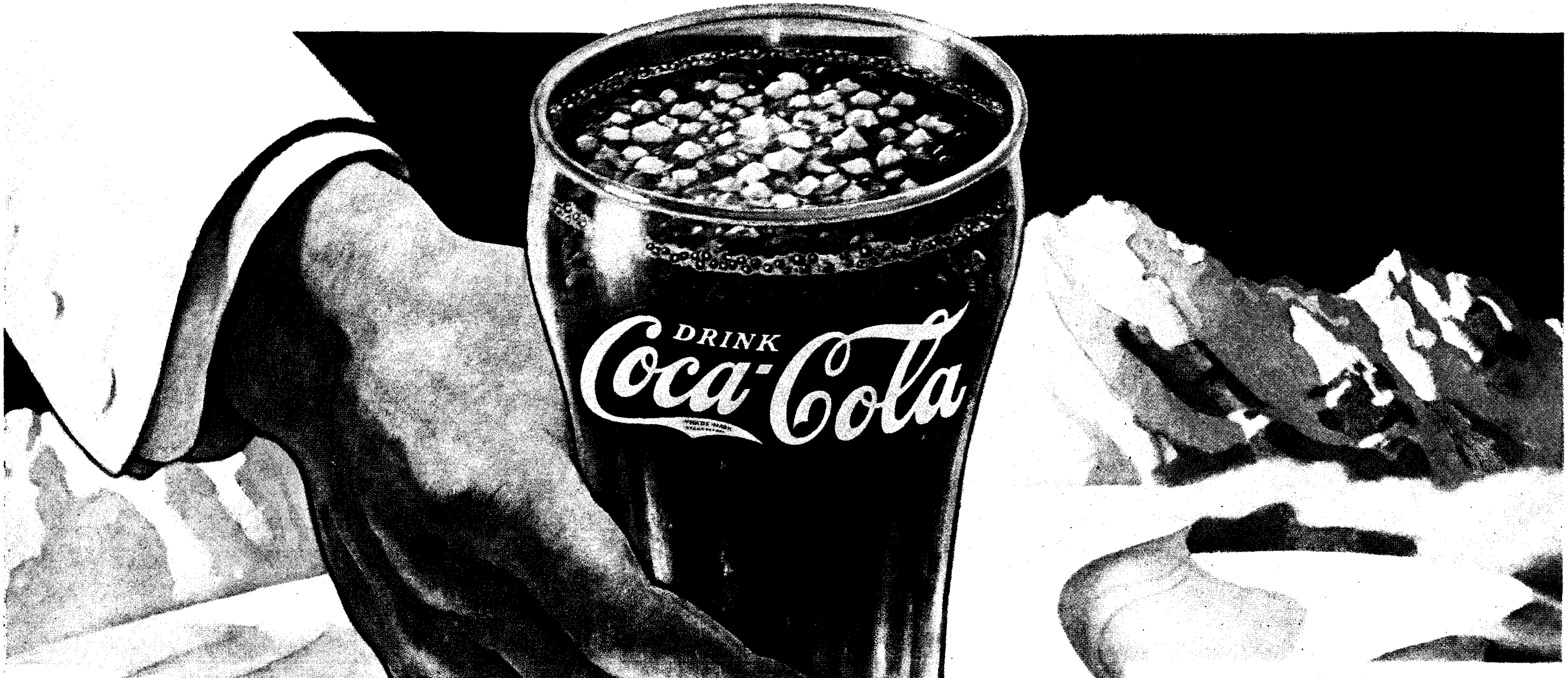
WE'VE lifted three little words out of the dictionary to tell you one of the reasons why so many gentlemen find keen satisfaction in Paul Jones whiskey.

That reason is that Paul Jones is a *dry* whiskey—robust and deep-flavored—yet utterly lacking in sweetness. And it's this *dryness* that gives a whiskey—(champagne and sherry, too)—its tang and brisk flavor.

In fact, the pleasing *dryness* of Paul Jones, coupled with its other forthright qualities, will quickly convince you that this noble liquor fully merits the renown it has enjoyed as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865.

★ ★ ★ ★

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper brand, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies—90 proof. *Also Paul Jones Four Star Distilled Dry Gin (90 proof), distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits*


DRINK
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The pause that refreshes . . . and cools

Gone is winter's cooling snow. But cooling Coca-Cola—ice-cold—is around the corner from anywhere, every day of the year. And where are you? On your way right now to a bright and cheerful fountain—if you want to enjoy *the pause that refreshes . . . and cools.*

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN